THE ANNALS OF LOVE,

Containing Select

HISTORIES OF THE Amours OF DIVERS PRINCES COURTS,

Pleasantly Related.

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THE PREFACE.

THE *Age we live in, pretending to ſo much ſubtilty, and the liberty of writing Intrigues, being grown ſo common; to prevent publick miſtakes, I have thought good to premiſe this Advertiſement; That theſe* Annals of Love *are really Hiſtory, whoſe Fountains and Originals, I have on purpoſe inſerted in the enſuing Table. They are no witty and facetious Inventions, exhibited under true Names (of which kind I have ſeen lately an ingenious Eſſay) but faithful touches taken out of Hiſtory in general. There was formerly a Counteſs of* Caſtile, *who ran away from her Husband with a Pilgrim into* France. *There were* Fraticelles, *and they condemned for the ſame Crimes by* Boniface VIII. *and* Clement V. *Let no man expect a Scheme of our preſent Hypocriſie in this Book; he that does, will be miſtaken, and find nothing but a faithful Relation of the Iniquity of old times. I confeſs I have preſumed to add ſome Ornaments to the ſimplicity of Hiſtory: The Majeſty of Hiſtorical matters will not allow a judicious Author to dilate upon Accidents of Love, he ſpeaks of them but* in tranſitu, *and it muſt be no leſs than an eminent Battel, or the ſubverſion of a State, contempt him to a di-*

gression. I have excused my Annals for this sort of austerity. When the History of Spain tells me a Soveraign Countess of Castile followed a poor Pilgrim into France, I cannot imagine things could run so high in a moment: they must see one another, they must meet, and discourse, before she could come to so strange a resolution. I have augmented the History therefore with several Enterviews, and amorous Dialogues of mine own: If they are not what they really spake, they are at least what they might. I have no Memoires to trust to, but my own Fancy; when I am better supplied, or assured my Gallants delivered themselves better than I have made them in my Annals, I will be content with all my heart, to have my Complements expunged, and their own put in their places. But considering the Historians do all render them mute, why should not I make them speak as I think good my self.

If in the Conferences and Passages I have invented, there happens any resemblance with the Intrigues of our Age, it is no fault either in the History or in me, that was writ long before I was born, and I protest I thought nothing of the present, when I spake of what was past. But there having been Lovers, and loving from the beginning of the World, it is hard to conceive but those who have been always susceptible of the same sentiments, will be liable to the same actions. A man is a man now, as he was six hundred years since. The Law of our Ancestors is ours, and we love, as they loved formerly: Is it to be admired then, if what happened in former Ages, bears a Conformity with ours? It is no more extraordinary to see a Lover in 1669. make Love as they did in 950. than it is to see a Child

a Child born this year with the same Members or Elements which composed the Children of Adam and the Patriarchs. These are the common effects of Nature, not subject to the revolutions of time; and I cannot but wonder people should be so idle, as to Philosophize upon so natural a similitude. Besides this, I have endeavoured to comprehend a Moral sense in all things, though (apparently) never so irregular. If I bring in a Religious person speaking abominably, and contrary to the Sanctity of his Name and Profession, 'tis but to render that kind of Impiety the more horrible, and to illustrate the Excellence of Vertue: If I drive on the Immodesty of Women even to Impudence, 'tis but to represent that Vice in its more natural Colours. Indeed it is many times dangerous to give a feeble and imperfect description, in some cases a Woman may be overcome by a temptation, which (had she known all the consequences of the History) she would probably have master'd. And that I might interlace, and inlay my Examples with profitable Precepts, I observe this Maxime in all of them, to punish Vice, and reward Vertue. With this Caution it is lawful to bring the most detestable action upon the Stage. The Scenes of Congregations and Colledges are filled with Assasinations and Murders; Sacriledge and Martyrdom, we see frequently confounded; and yet there is no thoughts of putting them down. As the Crime is not exposed, but for the Triumph of Innocence, so no body hath so ill an opinion of his Neighbour, as to take that for an Exhortation to Vice, which is but an ingenious way to discourage it. I conjure the Readers of my Annals to have a care of that fault; they may meet Vice in this Book represented many times to the life; but let

them take notice also, if they please, these Pictures were drawn but to render it more ugly. The Allegorical sense makes good the literal all along, and the liberty of the style, which perhaps runs high now and then in serious occasions, ought to be looked upon but as designs of diversion, otherwise they will injure the intention of the Author, who meant no more than their divertisement.

An Account of some Historical Passages contained in the Annals of Love.

Don Garcias Ferdinandee Count of *Castile*, and the Countess his Wife, History of *Spain*, in the Reign of *Raymire* sixteenth King of *Oviedo*, and fourth of *Leon*, Tom. 1. from the year 941. to 956.

That which I have added to the truth of this History, is easily observed by the Reader.

Alfrede *called by that Name, History of* Engl. *in the Reign of* Edgar, 975.

There are so few additions or alterations in this Story, they are not worth the taking notice of.

Otho III. *Grand-child to* Otho *the Great, and* Mary *his Wife.*

Frisin. lib. 6. Sigon. lib. 7. and for further satisfaction the Abridgment of the general History of *Jurcelin*, in the year 984.

There is more of invention in this Story, than in any of the rest, but if the Reader will take the pains to examine it, he will perhaps find the truth so well disguised, he will not go about to find fault with the Author.

The

e three Princeſſes of Caſtile, *and their three* French *Lords, Hiſt. of* Spain *in the Reign of* Alphonſo VI. *third King of* Caſtile, *and* 20. *of* Leon. *Anno Dom.* 1083. *to* 1127.

If the Reader will pleaſe to examine that Hiſtory, he will nd the Invention and the Truth not ill intermingled; the ounds are abſolutely Hiſtorical, the Fabulous part (which the Ornamental) does not want its reſemblances, all taken y hints out of the Hiſtory it ſelf.

Frideric *or* Frederic *ſirnamed* Barberoſſa, *Sigeb. in his Chro. Friſin. in the Hiſtory of* Frederic, *Sigon. l.* 12. *Abridg. of Jurcelin, An.* 1154.

The difference betwixt the Pope and the Emperour, is eſcribed formally in the Story. The Sedition of the *Guelphs* nd the *Gibelins*, and the Marriage of *Henry* IV. with *Conſtance* (who had been four years a Nun) is no leſs authenick. The *Galantrie* of the Cloiſter is taken out of private Memoires; and ſome are of opinion *Conſtance* was Niece to *Clement* III. and not to *Alexander*. But beſides that, that Circumſtance is uncertain, and not poſitively to be decided: it is of ſo little importance to our Annals, I think it not worth the time to diſpute it.

The Amours of James *King of* Arragon, *Hiſt. Hiſp. Reg. Ferdinand. IX. Caſtil. Reg. An. Dom.* 1228.

This Story is taken almoſt word for word out of that Chronicle. That that is added, is only a little piece of Gallantry to bring in the Articles of Marriage.

The Fraticelles.

This Hiſtory is taken out of ſo many famous Authors, ſo many Memoires and Manuſcripts, that it would take up a whole Table to recite our Authorities. *Platus* hath a whole Chapter upon them. *Baronius* is ſo particular in their debaucheries, I dare not expoſe them to a modeſt Reader. I confeſs *Hortenſia* is the Daughter of mine own fancy, but there was a neceſſity of ſome perſon which might give occaſion for the declaration of their Doctrine. If it

was

was not to this *Hortenſia*, they ſpoke what is mentioned in my Annals, it was to ſome body elſe; for by conſent of all Authors, that was their thoughts. If any of my Readers be ſcandalized with that liberty, I refer him to my Preface.

The Extravagance of Dulcinus *King of the* Lombards, *and of* Marguerite *his Wife. Annal. Eccleſ.* 1310. *S. Anth. Arch. of Flor. lib* 20. *Abr. de Turcel. Reg.* Hen. *VII.*

This Extravagance is in Hiſtory repreſented ſo horridly, I thought it my duty to give it a better ſhape. *Dulcinus* and *Marguerite* introduced a cuſtom of promiſcuous injoyment in all ſorts of people, without choice or diſtinction. I have moderated that, and turned it to the changing of Husbands and Wives, which though it be contrary likewiſe to the Laws of the Church; yet among Perſons of Honour, I think it would be more excuſable than the other. As to *Nogaret*, there was a man of that Train, at that time accompanied by *Sara Colonna* into *Italy*: and ſuppoſing there was ſuch an Examen of Husbands diſcontented, and Wives not ſatisfied, it is not improbable but their Arguments and Impeachments might be of that nature.

Don Pedro Rex Caſtil. XIV. Hiſt. Spain, Regn. ejuſd. Anno 1344. *ad* 1360.

This Story is well-near word for word, only the Amour of *Nugnez* is ſuppoſititious.

If the fidelity of this Table be ſuſpected, I only deſire the Readers to ſuſpend their Judgments, till they know the Author; when they know who it is, they will believe in good breeding he deſerves ſome connivence; and perhaps ſome of them may confeſs there is more in his Annals, than they expected from him.

THE

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE FIRST PART.

LOVE is agreeable in all forms, and hath its influence upon all persons. We have seen Queens in Love with the meaneſt of their Officers; it reigns in the dull and almoſt dead eye, as well as in the brisk and ſparkling: nor is there any Condition of Mankind, from the Prince to the Pilgrim, but ſtoops to that yoke, and may become an Ornament of its Triumph. Of this the Counteſs of *Caſtile* is a moſt pregnant Example.

ample. She was descended from the Illustrious Family of the *Vermandois*, she was a great Beauty, and married to a Count, whose Estate since that time hath composed a considerable Kingdom. His Court was numerous, and the *Castilian* Gallantry, the most remarkable in all *Spain*. But it was not with the Charms of a Courtier, the Countess was to be won, her Vertue was impregnable as to Magnificence, or Spruceness; it must be a Hat with large brims, a Rochet set with shells, must work upon her. The Lustre of that Diadem to which her Husband *Don Garcia Fernandez* was born, made less impression upon her heart, than the counterfeit humility of a Pilgrim of S. *James*. This Hero travelling to *Compostella* through the Kingdom of *Castile*, and understanding the Countess was originally *French*, and particularly gracious to that Nation, he resolved to have his share of it as well as the rest of his Country-men. He got himself presented by the Master of the Hospital at *Burgos*; where being received, and the excellence of his *Meen* piercing through the obscurity of his habit, the Countess found him immediately so compleat, she retarded the accomplishment of his Vow for some weeks, she conjured him to repose himself for some time at her Court in *Castile*; and because his Equipage was not likely to render him considerable, she found out a pretence to furnish him more nobly her self. There was not a Family in *France* to which he said he was allied, but was akin likewise to the Countess: so covering the real indigence of her Pilgrim with the Mask of voluntary Penance, he was introduced into the Court under the Name

of

of *Hugo d'Anjou descended from the Counts of* Guien *first Cousins to the Countess*, and *that out of an excess of Devotion he was marching in Pilgrimage to* Compostella. He could not have had better Titles to recommend him in that Country; for *Don Garcias* loved his Wife very well, and the *Castilians* are a people naturally sensible of any act of Devotion. Thus far therefore our *Hugo* is happy, being lodged in the Counts own Palace, and reverenced by his whole Court for the profound humility which they supposed in him. His change of Habit could be no disadvantage to him; it is not to be imagined, but he was as graceful to the eyes of the Countess in the Fashion of a *French* Lord, as in the Weeds of a Pilgrim. She made him tell her the Adventures of his Voyage, and pressed it with as much importunity as was possible, she would not suffer him to omit the least Circumstance, and for as much as good Lodging is a rare Commodity among Pilgrims, and he had occasion sometimes to mention the unkindness of the Servants where he lay, the good Lady was so tender-hearted, and so sensible of his sufferings, she could not forbear blurting out into tears.

As sly Æneas *told his mournful tale*
To gentle Dido, *and so plaid his part;*
Not only for belief he did prevail,
But riggled himself into the Ladies heart.

So our Land-Pilgrim understood so right
To explicate his troubles by the way,
That not a stumble, or a start in th' night,
But spoiled the Countess's Eyelids all that day.

How great is Love! and arbitrary, all
Follows the mighty dictate of his will,
Interest, Honour, what we Generous call,
Ambition, truckle to his Scepter still.
Religion (which I'd thought would ne're submit)
Stoops with the rest, and kisses Cupids *feet.*

Hugo d'Anjou the Pilgrim perceiving (by the compassion the Countess expresst in the beginning of his disasters) that the was favourably disposed towards him; resolved to give her better occasion than the bare relation of his Pilgrimage. He was perpetually attending, and indeed so much that his assiduity would have been suspicious in any body but a Cousin. He was always ready with some pleasant Story or other, when ever she commanded, he gathered constantly the best flowers for his Lady Cousin, and her Chamber; and then cutting off his discourses with sudden and most profound sighs (which were easily distinguishable from throbs of Devotion) he inspired so much Curiosity into the Countess, that nothing could serve her turn but the History of his Life, she prest him very hard, she must have every Accident, and *Hugo* was so cunning to let her press as often as he thought was necessary, to make his compliance the more grateful, at length he did it in this manner.

The History of the Pilgrim.

I Will not tell you, Madam, that I am of a Family hath reckoned Kings of *France* among it Prede-

Predeceſſors. The ridiculous Proverb, that *Travellers may lye by authority*, renders Strangers ſo ſuſpectible of that vanity, that the beſt way to diſcover ones Quality, is to conceal it. Here the Counteſs interrupted him, and pretending to know him better than he knew himſelf, ſhe ran out into ſo large a Genealogy of his Illuſtrious Anceſtors, that ſhe ſaved him the trouble of inventing one; ſhe deduced him from *Eudes*, and *Robert* Earls of *Anjou*, Governors of the Kingdom of *France* under *Charles* III. ſirnamed the Simple, and quoted ſeveral hiſtorical Chronologies to prove it, which perhaps ſhe had never ſeen in her life, ſo that the Nobility of his Extractions coſt him nothing but two or three nods with his head by way of concurrence and confirmation.

Since then, Madam, continued the Pilgrim, I find you ſo well verſed in my Pedigree, I ſhall trouble you with nothing but the affairs of my heart.

The Counteſs bluſht at that word, and *Hugo* perceived it well enough, but like a cunning Sophiſter, took no notice, but went on with his Diſcourſe.

I was never aimable enough to be beloved; had I ever had that good fortune, I would have dyed before I would have betrayed it: but (having been always ill treated) I may confeſs (without indiſcretion) I have had ſome little inclinations formerly to a Lady of our Court, of as great Beauty and Quality as moſt that were there. Her cruelty rather than any inconſtancy in me, diſingaged me in a ſhort time; and ſince, but why? Madam, ſaid he (as if he had recollected himſelf) ſhall I be ſo vain, as to diſco-

ver my own weakneſſes? Yes, yes, I will do it. You are an excellent perſon, and I have already had experience of your goodneſs.

I had framed an Idea of Beauty to my ſelf, which I worſhipped at my ſoul, but could not meet with it in any perſon I could find: this pleaſant *Chimera* entertained me whole days, I was unquiet, made Verſes, as I had been in Love, I deſcribed her with the beſt Eyes, the beſt Mouth, the beſt Hair, made her ſhape incomparable, her ſmile bewitching, and when I had done, gave up my ſoul wholly to the adoration of the Picture, though it my ſoul had been at ſtake, I knew not where to have found out the Original. This paſſion bordering much upon folly, I was not a little aſhamed of my ſelf, and the inſtances of my reaſon tormenting me with remorſe, as often as the pleaſantneſs of the folly inveigled my deſires, I became ſo melancholy, I was hardly to be known. A particular Friend of mine, a man of great ſagacity, was the firſt which perceived it, he asked me the cauſe, and our intimacy not permitting me to diſſemble, I told him the truth. He had more patience for my Phrenſie, than I expected he would have had; for though he was ſevere to himſelf, he had great kindneſs for his friends. He judged by the relation I had made of my follies, that Remonſtrances, or Arguments would do but little good, and therefore concluded upon another way of giving me relief; He caſt my Nativity, rectified his Figure moſt accurately, and according to the ſtricteſt Rules of that Art, and at laſt found, that if any thing reſtored me to my former tranquillity, it muſt be a Pilgrimage to Saint *James*. I was affrighted

frighted at the Propoſition; people of my Age and Quality, do not reliſh thoſe exceſſes of devotion: But the hopes wherewith my paſſion had been flattered, having tranſported it to the higheſt degree of irregularity, it was not poſſible for me to reſiſt its violence any longer; I put my affairs in as good a poſture as my impatience would give me leave, and colouring my Journey with a ſpecious pretence, that it was a Vow my Father had taken before, that dying of a ſudden, he had injoyned me to accompliſh it for him, I began my Pilgrimage. This, Madam, is the true reaſon that hath tranſported me from *Hugo d'Anjou*, to a poor Pilgrim of S. *James*, and though I cannot ſay my ſubmiſſion to the direction of the Heavens, hath moved them to compaſſionate my folly, or attribute it to the effect of a Sympathy with which I dare not flatter my ſelf; yet this I do certainly find, that my deſires are tending to their accompliſhments, that my mind is more at eaſe in *Burgos* than in any other place, and that the favours you are pleaſed to vouchſafe me, do afford more conſolation to my diſquiets than I could be capable of receiving from any one beſides.

The politick Pilgrim durſt not explain himſelf any farther the firſt time, but reſerved it to future Converſation to make himſelf more intelligible, the Character of his Chimerical Miſtreſs, anſwered exactly to the qualifications of the Counteſs, and he loſt no opportunity of inculcating the reſemblance, to which the diſpoſition of the Stars contributed very largely. The Counteſs was the Wife of a Soveraign Prince, and in appearance inclined

naturally to Vertue; but when one is carried away with an opinion of the Celeſtial Influence, there is no room left for the Counſels either of Honour or Reaſon. No doubt but the good Lady was ſorry at the heart for the fatality of her Stars, but ſhe did not believe it was poſſible to evade them. She would have ſworn her adventure was decreed from the Creation of the World, and how then could ſhe withſtand ſo firm a predeſtination? She yielded therefore without any farther reluctancy; the Pilgrim ſpake his mind, and it was favourably received; and that I may not ſpin out more time in the inſinuation of a thing ſo eaſily comprehended, *Hugo*'s affection languiſht not above a month in the agonies of its diſcovery: having paſt ſo painful an obſtetrication, the Counteſs and he began to uſe more liberty in their converſe. But is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe to him one day, that the accidents you have related to me of your life, ſhould be true? But is it poſſible, replied the Pilgrim, you can doubt it after what you have ſeen? Am not I *Hugo d'Anjou*? Was not I going for *Compoſtella*, when I had the happineſs to ſee you? Did I not adore you from the firſt moment I beheld you, and if I may believe your gracious glances, were not you ſenſible from the firſt, of the Love you had kindled in me? Believe me, Madam, this Sympathy is but an effect of my Star, which could never have bin excited by any body but you; And I believe the ſame Sympathy would not have been acted in you for any body but me; but we were born to love one another, the Conjunction of the Stars have ordered it, and it is not poſſible for us to reſiſt our Deſtiny. To tell

you

you the plain truth, replied the Countess, with a sigh, this Destiny you speak of hath taken but an odd kind of way to arrive at its ends, for it might well have excused making me the Wife of a Prince, seeing I was born to be the Mistress of a Pilgrim: at this rate they had several Discourses; their pretended Consanguinity furnishing them with an unsuspected liberty of entertaining themselves when they pleased; but this was not sufficient for our Pilgrim. He was in perpetual fear something or other should be discovered, which might be fatal either to his Love, or his life; and not being able to continue at *Burgos* much longer in that anxiety, he ventured to propose to the Countess to bear him company her self. The motion was somewhat sudden, but she was more surprized than offended when she heard it, and no wonder; for a Woman which once yields up her heart to disloyalty, makes no scruple of running forward upon whatever she is desired; the greatest difficulty was, to find a specious pretence. The first thing they pitcht upon was a Pilgrimage, which had been so favourable already to *Hugo*'s designs, they expected no less in the behalf of the Countess. But *Don Garcias* was inexorable, they despaired to prevail with him; he could not endure to be so long from his Wife, who pretended necessities and revelations, but to no purpose, he was deaf to all her inspirations, and had he not fallen into a desperate fit of sickness (as it had been in revenge of his obstinacy) he had never consented to the Countesses peregrination: But the danger he was in, giving her the pretence of a vow for his recovery, and the approbation of certain good

good Christians (of which that Climate is very fertile) having fortified her resolution; she promised solemnly in the presence of the great Officers of the Court to go on foot to Saint *James*, if it pleased God to restore her Husband to his health. He recovered, to the great satisfaction of our Lovers, and the Countess counterfeiting the fear of his relapse, if she did not accomplish her Vow with all possible speed, used her utmost endeavour, that she might accompany her Cousin in his religious Voyage. This extravagant zeal displeased *Don Garcias* exceedingly, he would have chosen a second distemper, rather than the departure of his Wife: But the Religious people in *Burgos* belaboured his resolution so hotly, they overcame it at last, and the pious Countess was permitted to march. In this manner she was turned Pilgrim, and upon her way to *Compostella* with her well beloved Cousin. The slenderness of her Equipage being an essential part of her Vow, she would let no body attend her but an old Governess, (very subject to compassion for the frailties of Nature) and a Foot-man, which by the consent of all Authors, served all Offices, and was sometimes the *French* Cook, and sometimes Gentleman Usher. Such extraordinary Pilgrims as these, ought to have no ordinary Conduct: they advanced by small Journeys; whatever was better than ordinary in their Inns, they would be sure to have it; if Musick, and Songs were to be had, they would have their share: and now I speak of Songs, it puts me in mind of a few Verses in the nature of a Satyr made upon their Pilgrimage, which I hope the Reader will not take unkindly, if I insert in this place.

We

We, we, are Pilgrims of Saint James.
We burn like you, with wanton flames.
Be ſure, you ſend your Wives from home,
For we plant Horns where e're we come:
And in our Travels take ſuch meaſures,
We preach up death, but practiſe pleaſures.

You that hate all ill words, but what you give
And Priſoners in Palaces do live;
Rub up your Piety, and a place endow
Where we may mollifie your Mates, and you.

And the good man whoſe Charity's ſo great
To furniſh us a cloſe and ſafe retreat;
We'l pray the Gods reward him with long life,
And do as much to's Daughter, and his Wife.

The deſign of our Lovers being to follow the Road to *Compoſtella* no longer than needs muſt; the Counteſſes Magazins were provided for a much greater Journey: ſhe had Money, and Jewels good ſtore, and the Lacquay being very well choſen, they fetcht a ſhort turn, and recovered by his induſtry whatever was convenient for their progreſs to *Bayonne*. They repoſed there for ſome time, and her Honour not thinking it fit to retain the name of *Iſabel de Vermandois*, by which ſhe was called being *Don Garcias* Wife, ſhe aſſumed the Title of *Madame Valerie*, with which ſhe paſt ſeveral Cities and Towns, till at length ſhe arrived in *Paris*, a place more proper to conceal her Intrigues, than any other, and moreover it was the place where her

her Gallant was born. The Pedigree of this Pilgrim proved not so Illustrious as he had hinted at *Burgos*; he was scarce a Gentleman, and but meanly provided with Estate, but the merit of the man supplied his defects.

In the mean time *Don Garcias* (who consented to the Pilgrimage of his Wife, with no little regret) began to be impatient for her return. He could not take a nap, but he lookt upon it as ominous, the commonest Accidents past for Prodigies with him; and though the Countess writ to him from all places, and dated her Letters from the Road to *Compostella*, yet he had a secret Devil tormented him violently, and nothing could satisfie him, but he must go after her himself. He departed from *Burgos* without any Train, only some certain necessary Officers, and two or three of his most intimate Courtiers, supposing he had not had above two or three days Journeys to his Countess, he ordered his affairs at home according to the proposed time of his absence, but he was mistaken in his scale, and might have gone twenty times to *Compostella*, and never heard of his Wife, had not the curiosity of some people shortned his Journey. The persons which attended him, growing weary of their Voyage, and (perhaps) suspecting the truth, resolved amongst themselves to try if they could discover the business, instead of inquiring upon the Road to *Galicia*, they sent towards *France*, for Intelligence that way, and it was no hard matter to inform them: For the Countess was remarkable, and all the descriptions that were made of *Madame Valery*, answered exactly to the Countess of *Castile*. News

of

f this Nature is ſo unpleaſant to tell, the Courtiers with *Don Garcias* complemented one another for ome time, who ſhould have the honour to deliver t, every man being unwilling to be the Meſſenger of ſo unwelcome Intelligence. At length an ancient Officer of the Counts (more familiar with him ſomthing than the reſt) undertook the deſign; he took his advantage one night, ſtaid in the Counts Chamber when the reſt were gone out, and having premiſed ſome unprofitable morſels of Morality, he deſired *Don Garcias* to proceed no further in his Journey; for (ſaid he) it is not in the Road to *Compoſtella* your Lady is to be ſought: it is eaſie to be imagined, whether the Count was ſurpriſed at that word. He had often ſuppoſed that the convenience of this Pilgrimage might deliver the two Couſins from the ſcruple of Inceſt pretended; but he could not believe the Counteſs could carry it on farther than ſome few falſe oaths of conjugal fidelity. He queſtioned the old Domeſtick, and the more queſtions he askt, the more he was informed; and yet not being able to convince himſelf of ſo incredible a thing, he could not without great difficulty believe what he ſaw.

He diſpatcht new Scouts upon the heels of the old; he gave order for purſuing the Pilgrims, not only where he judged they might poſſibly be, but in ſuch places likewiſe where he was aſſured they were not. Theſe Hue and Crys confirmed him in what had been told him; he received atteſtations from all the Inns where the devout Lovers had repoſed betwixt *Burgos* and *Bayonne*, and of the liberty they uſed. *Don Garcias* underſtood ſo many particularities

ticularities of their Travels, that he doubted not but he was a Cuckold. That Title disquieted him more than any thing else, it was an appellation he always reckoned amongst the most insupportable in the World. But he must be patient in spight of his teeth; he was not the only man had practised that vertue; for whilst he was making the best of a bad Market, and meditating revenge suitable to his injury, *Cupid* was taking care to provide him Companions, that the fellow-feeling of one anothers calamities might be an alleviation to them all.

The Star that was so fatal to the Husband this year, had not confined its influence to the Climate of *Castile*; the cold as well as hot Countries felt the force of that Constellation. Earl *Ethelwold* a Favourite to *Edgar* King of *England*, had gained so far upon the affections of his Majesty, that he governed both his Subjects and desires as absolutely as himself. This King acted nothing but by his Counsels, saw nothing but by his Eyes, and as if he had been to love nothing but with his heart, he intrusted him to go and view a young Lady called *Alfreda*, (Daughter and Heir to the Duke of *Devonshire*, one of the greatest Lords in that Kingdom) of whom he had heard so well, that if his Favourite found her as she was represented, he resolved to make her his Wife. Besides her Beauty, her Fortune was so great, it was no Policy in the King, to commit the choice of her to *Ethelwold*. The Duke of *Devonshire* had been the cause of great troubles during the Reign of the precedent King; for which he was confined to his own Territory, and that was the

the reason *Alfreda* had never appeared in the Court of *England*. In this manner was this Favourite qualified with a Commission to furnish the King with a Wife, and the Throne of *England* with a Queen. This Conjuncture seemed very consonant with his designs, he flattered the King in his desires of marrying *Alfreda*; and though intending nothing less than that she should be his Queen; he departed with absolute power, to conclude or break off the Marriage as he judged convenient.

MAXIME I.

He that with too much power imploys his Friend
In Love Intrigues, runs greater hazard far
(Example tells) than he's perhaps aware.
Unbounded power, (whate're it may pretend)
But seldom answers the expected end.
For if by chance unfaithful one does prove,
(And who will strive against his own desire)
His very trust provokes him to aspire.
He that can once for's friend with freedom move,
Takes greater freedom, and fr' himself makes Love

Ethelwold being arrived in *Devon-shire*, and the private Article of his Commission, being the examination of her Beauty, he resolved to see her before he made any Proposals. He pretended he had taken that Journey to set the Duke right once more with the Crown of *England*, and this good office deserving all the Civility could be shewed him, the Daughter was called down, to bear a part in the acknowledgments. Never did old Story speak

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ofany Lady with ſo much advantage as the *Engliſh* Chronicle does of *Alfreda*: the deſcription made of her therein, reliſhes more of Romance than veritable Narration; and yet the effects her Beauty produced were ſo ſtrange, and ſo great, they ſeem to juſtifie the Elogy they gave her. The Count was dazled at the very firſt glance, and this ſurpriſe was preſently converted into a violent paſſion, and that into a reſolution never to put her into the arms of his Maſter. He proceeded preſently to a Treaty, but it was for himſelf, thereby teaching Poſterity, that in matters of Love they ſhould never give their Agents ſo abſolute a power, as may tempt them to abuſe it. There being no perſon in the Court of *England* ſo great as *Ethelwold*, the Duke of *Devon-ſhire* took the Propoſition as a very great Honour, and granted it without any demur; ſo that all things being concluded, and nothing wanting to conſummate all but the Nuptial Benediction, *Ethelwold* gave the Duke to underſtand, that in duty he was obliged to let his Majeſty know of it before; under which pretence he took his leave of the Duke for ſome time, and returned preſently to Court, where he gave *Edgar* a deſcription of *Alfreda* quite contrary to what he had already conceived. True it is, Sir, ſaid the Count to the King, *Alfreda* has all things about her requiſite to the making a Lady handſom, and yet with all thoſe ingredients, ſhe is far from it her ſelf. She has an ill Meen, which diſcredits her ſhape, ſhe has a red Lip, but without any ſweetneſs; her Eyes are large, grey, and well ſet, but ſhe has a way of opening them, which renders them abominable; her looks

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are ſo childiſh, and ſilly, they take much from the excellence of her Complexion; in ſhort, Sir, the features and proportions of this Lady are not made for one another, they are ſo hudled together, their confuſion ſpoils their retail, and never was there perſon before the Duke of *Devon-ſhires* Daughter that had ſo much hard favourdneſs, and ſo much Beauty together. To this extravagant Character *Ethelwold* added certain pretended reaſons of his own; as that ſince the Duke of *Devon-ſhire* had been baniſht the Court, he had contracted great debts, and ingaged a conſiderable part of his Country to the Earls and Dukes that were his Neighbours; that he was odious to the *Engliſh*; that his Journey into *Devon-ſhire* having given ſome Alarm, and ſuſpicion, the people began already to declaim againſt the Match, and in this manner imploying all parts to divert his Majeſty from thoſe inconvenient deſires; he wrought upon him ſo, that he gave over his deſign. But this ſingle effect of his Counſels could not content him, he knew *Edgar* was of an amorous Complexion, and he muſt find out ſomething or other to entertain him. *Ethelwold* ſent up and down, inquired himſelf, and it was not long before he was provided; *England* is not barren of Beauties, and it was a Miſtreſs for his Majeſty he wanted. He pitcht therefore upon a young Lady called *Wilfrede*, who had withdrawn her ſelf into a Monaſtery to avoid the inſolences of her Guardian. She was young, unfortunate, and next the Dukes Daughter the handſomeſt Woman in that Kingdom. The Count preſented her to the King to obtain his protection againſt her Guardian,

who would needs marry her to a person she could not possibly love; and seconding his Harangue with all the commendations he could give her, he represented the good qualities of *Wilfrede* with such efficacy, that before she left the King, she received sensible marks of his inclination. *Ethelwold* liked his success very well, he used her with all kindness and compassion, undertook to be her Mediator in that affair, and in a short time managed things so, that he had brought her to his Lure, and got an absolute command of her. Finding the King ingaged with this Lady, he took occasion to renew his Counsels against the Duke of *Devon-shire*, he pretended advice of intelligence betwixt him and the Duke of *Normandy*; and pressing his Majesty to put a stop to the ambition of this man, by marrying his Daughter to one of his Subjects, it fell naturally into the Kings head to bestow her upon him. It is easie to believe he consented without any great trouble, and yet he called it a Sacrifice, pretending that *Alfreda* was her self so unacceptable to him, that no consideration but the Peace of the Nation could have prevailed with him to marry her. But to serve his Master, and advantage the Nation, what was it he would not readily endure? At length having used all the *Grimaces* and Artifice he could think of, *Ethelwold* is dispatcht into *Devon-shire* to marry the Dukes Daughter, for the tranquillity of the Kingdom. Never was any man so happy as this Lover, he admired *Alfreda*, even to adoration; he esteemed her a thousand times more handsom since she was his Wife than before, and though it was obedience only which obliged *Alfreda* to marry him, having

having never loved any thing but him. The bare act of Marriage wrought as effectually upon the heart of this young Lady, as long Love did upon other people. The presence of her Husband was quickly dear to her, she apprehended his absence; and perceiving him laying his design of returning whither his ambition called him: Ah, Sir, said she to him one day, this is that I have been always afraid of; the Loves of a Servant, and a Husband are exceedingly different, I remember a roguish Song my Governess taught me when I was a Child, which I fear contains a fatal prediction of my destiny: having said so, with an innocent smile that almost ravished her Husband, she began to repeat them.

SONG.

Whilst Love's suspended, and in fear
Of a Repulse, nothing's too dear
Or good, to hang at Ladies ear.

But if the Damsel once complies,
And pities Rheum in Servants Eyes,
Farewel all future Sacrifice.

Six days possession at the most,
Makes a man curse his former cost,
And reckon time, and Presents lost.

No, no, dear *Alfreda*, replied the amorous *Ethelwold*, catching her fast in his arms, nothing shall ever extinguish the passion I have for you. I am too much enamoured, and you are too handsom not

to be always the Miſtreſs of your Husband. Why, this leaving me then, my Lord? replied the melancholy *Alfreda*, could you leave me ſo ſoon, if you loved me as you ſay? Nay, my Dear, replied the Count, my Journey is of neceſſity, I muſt needs go where my duty requires me, would you have me renounce the favour of my Prince, the advantages it brings me, and the care of the State, which his moſt gracious Majeſty hath committed (almoſt entirely) to my Conduct? What neceſſity of this State, replied *Alfreda*, or thoſe Chimerical advantages? Is not the Duke my Father rich, and great enough to erect you a Fortune? And can you think that when I cannot enjoy you, the thought of your travelling for the good of the Nation, will give me any eaſe? Ah, my Lord, let us conſider our own private felicity, and leave the general to others; the ſatisfaction, and pleaſantneſs of the whole World, will not wipe off one of the tears your departure will bring upon my cheeks: and to tell you my final reſolution in a word, either you muſt be kind, and ſtay here with me, or ſo merciful as to let me bear you Company, otherwiſe God knows what danger there will be of our meeting no more. Theſe two Propoſitions were equally fatal to the Count, he uſed all his Art to reduce her to reaſon. He loved *Alfreda* very well, and his Fortune no leſs; he was conſcious of the cheat he had put upon the King, and he had no mind his Wife ſhould come to Court to convince him. He excuſed himſelf therefore by the illneſs of the weather, he promiſed to return again very ſpeedily: But the new Bride would not be paid in that Coin; ſhe charged him ſome-

ſometimes with inconſtancy, ſometimes with contempt, and not allowing him any intermiſſion, ſhe forced him at laſt to confeſs the whole truth. What confidence is to be placed by a Husband in a young perſon whoſe heart has been acquainted with Love but a few days, and that in a Conjugal way? *Ethelwold* expected that narration ſhould have ſtopt her deſires of accompanying him to *London*, and have cleared that doubt, that he loved her not as he ſhould do. But alas! he was not acquainted with the humor of the greateſt part of that Sex; Ambition is natural to them, and the honour of being a Queen will ſtartle the moſt Philoſophical Lady of them all. The Counteſs eaſily comprehending by this Diſcourſe, that *Ethelwold* had not only cheated her of a Crown, but deprived her of all opportunity of going to Court whilſt *Edgar* was living. She found her ſelf poſſeſt with ſo great an abhorrence of her Husbands diſingenuity, that ſhe began to hate him more than ſhe had loved him before. And in truth after this diſcovery there was no need he ſhould fear her following him againſt his will: She could have ſeen him depart for the Valley of *Jehoſaphat*, and not ſpoke one word in order to his ſtay. She looke very coldly upon the Walls of the Town, as her perpetuall Priſon, and the only part of the World ſhe would never like to ſee. She was ſtill talking with her Father, or the new Servants her Husband had left with her, about the Beauty of the City of *London*, the Magnificence of the Court, *&c.* and revolving that ſhe was baniſht for all her life time, at leaſt for her Youth, from a place where ſhe might have reigned

as Queen, but for the Treachery of *Ethelwold*, ſhe gave her ſelf over to Melancholy, ſo that nothing could comfort her. The Duke imagining this ſadneſs had proceeded from the abſence of her Husband, aſſured her conſtantly of his ſpeedy return. He ſhewed her the Letters he had received to that purpoſe, and uſed all means poſſible to divert her: But it was not the ſight of her Conſort ſhe longed for, ſhe feared it as much now as ſhe had deſired it before. Whilſt her thoughts were in this agitation, a Painter arrived at that City, who went from Court to Court to make a collection of the Pictures of all the fine Ladies in *Europe*, to hang up in the Gallery of his Maſter the Duke of *Modena*. This Picture-drawer had heard much of the Beauty of *Alfreda* from a *French*-man of his acquaintance in *Rome*, who had been ſome time in *England*: Upon the report of this *French*-man, he concluded he could carry nothing more grateful to his Maſter than the Picture of this Lady. He came therefore to *Devon*, and having withal due formality, begged leave of the old Duke that his Daughter might ſit, he obtained it without any ſcruple. The Old man loved his Daughter very tenderly, and not knowing his Son in Laws Intrigue, he thought the giving her Picture but an indifferent thing: But the Counteſs lookt upon it in another nature, ſhe contributed all her power to make it more amiable, and perceiving ſhe had hit her deſign, and her Picture very well done, ſhe told the Painter, if he would acquit himſelf well of his Commiſſion, he muſt go to the Court of *Edgar*, where the greateſt Beauties were; but the Painter intended that before. The *Engliſh* Women

Women in all Ages have been allowed the handſomeſt in the World, and though the *Italian* had got the choice of all in the Picture of the new Countels, yet he muſt needs have *Wilfredes* too, for the reputation ſhe had of being the Kings Miſtreſs. As ſoon therefore as he had diſpatcht in *Devon-ſhire*, he repaired to *London*; but *Alfrede* having diſpatcht ſome of her Creatures before, ſhe cauſed a report to be ſpread abroad under-hand of an *Italian* Painter, who was coming thither with moſt admirable Rarities. She had been told that *Edgar* was very curious in Pictures. She hoped by this means he might come to have a ſight of hers, and be taken out of the errour the Count had drawn him into, without her contribution: Nor was ſhe miſtaken in her fore-caſt. The King would needs ſee his Pictures as ſoon as he heard he was arrived: And though the Duke of *Modena* had directed him to ſhew them to very few perſons, the liberality of the King removed that difficulty. When a thing is deſired in that way by a King, he is ſeldom denied. The *Italian* promiſed *Edgar* he ſhould ſee the beſt he had, and the King choſe *Wilfreds* Chamber to ſee them in, as being deſirous to have her ſhare in the divertiſement. The Painter beſeeched that he would bring as few with him as he could, and to comply with his deſign, *Ethelwold* was the only Perſon had the Priviledge to attend him. The firſt Picture the Painter took up was *Eleonor*, Daughter to the Earl of *Guyenne*, married afterwards to *Lewis* (ſirnamed *le Jeune*) King of *France*. Hiſtory has repreſented this Lady ſo beautiful, it will be needleſs in me to deſcribe her: She it was that charmed

the brave *Saladin* General of an Army of *Sarrasens*; and having let him know that she could not believe his protestations of Love, unless delivered in her own language, she forced the great Captain to betake himself to his Book, and to study the *French* Tongue, which he attained in some sociable proportion in a fortnight. After her came the Picture of *Elvira*, Mistress to *Ramire* the Conquerour, who first erected the County of *Arragon* into a Kingdom. *Ethelwold* who knew the story very well, and had a mind to be entertaining of *Wilfred*, giving them the relation, he told the King. This *Elvira* is a famous Example, that Honour and Love are not incompatible in the heart of great Persons. Never was Prince more renowned than *Ramire*; they reckoned his Victories by the number of his days, and yet he thought Love so necessary to his Courage, that he used to leave his Mistress in some weak place when he went to engage, that his desire to preserve her out of his Enemies hands, might oblige him to extraordinary Actions in the Battel. This kind of History pleased *Wilfred* exceedingly, she made her acknowledgments to the Count by her simpring, and nodding her head; and promising to her self that he would tell her as much of every one she should see, she addrest her self to him to know who that *Adelaid* was which the Painter was then shewing. She was formerly, Madam, replied the Favourite, Queen of the *Lombards*, and dyed lately Wife to *Otho* the Great, who is at this day Emperour of the West. The *Amazonian* Habit in which the Painter has drawn her, corresponds exceedingly with the actions of her life; for she defended

fended a Town in *Lombardy* in the abſence of her firſt Husband, as well as the beſt Captain he had: in the War *Otho* the Emperour had lately with the *Sclavonians* and *Dalmatians*, ſhe did him as much ſervice as the beſt of his Generals. Theſe Actions of Valour, replied *Edgar*, interrupting him a little, are rare in perſons of that Sex, and I cannot but commend the Judgment of the Painter in the Election of his Pictures.

In this manner the King of *England* and his Favourite were diſcourſing of the *Italians* Pictures, and the Count perceiving his Majeſty much delighted with his ſtories, there was not a Character of Beauty, a Punctilio of Art, nor the leaſt particular Adventure, but gave him opportunity of ſome pleaſant Narration; when of a ſudden the Painter changed the Scene of their mirth by producing the Picture of *Alfreda*, and ſtruck the poor Count, as it had been a clap of Thunder. The Counteſs had given him no notice that her Picture had been drawn, and ſo he was utterly unprepared againſt ſo unexpected an Accident: He look't pale, he trembled, and the King perceiving his diſtraction, and attributing it to his ſurprize (in which he ſhared with him himſelf) Is it poſſible, ſays he to the Painter, that this Picture ſhould be after the life? Yes, Sir, ſaid the Count, interrupting the Painter, and it is the Picture of my Wife: but ſo flatter'd, and improved, that if the other Ladies you have ſeen, be uſed at the ſame rate, I dare aſſure your Majeſty, there is no one Original to be known by its Copy. The Painter knew well enough it was no hard matter for him (in her caſe) to juſtifie the

fidelity

fidelity of his Art. *Alfreda* was much handſomer than her Picture; and ſhe was not above three or four days Journey from *London*: But obſerving the Count her Husband decrying her Beauty with more than ordinary vehemence, he ſuppoſed very prudently he had ſome private reaſons for what he did; and being unwilling to contradict a Perſon of his Authority, he replied very coolly, I have not ſeen, Sir, all the perſons whoſe Pictures I have with me, ſome of them are Copies, as *Adelaid* and *Elvira*, who are both of them dead, others were taken by ſome of my Companions, who have aſſiſted me in ſatisfying the impatience of my Maſter: But for thoſe I have done my ſelf, I dare aſſure his Majeſty, I have added nothing to the life. This prudent and judicious anſwer one would have thought might have eaſed the Count of his trouble; but the King was ſo ſurpriſed with the contemplation of *Alfreda*'s Picture, that he took no notice of what had been ſaid. What, ſays he in great tranſportation, is it poſſible but the features of this face muſt make the handſomeſt Woman in the World? Tell me, *Ethelwold*, and tell me ingenuouſly, has your Wife theſe Eyes, this Mouth, this Noſe, and, in ſhort, this *Tour* or mould of her Face. Yes, Sir, replied *Ethelwold*, (much diſtracted with thoſe kind of queſtions) ſhe has all of them, and if your Majeſty be pleaſed to recollect, you may remember, that in the deſcription I have of her, I told you that never an ugly Woman was ſo well provided to be handſom, and that all the features in her Face were excellent; but they are not ſo well laid and connected in her Face, as in the Picture: The Majeſtick and

and vigorous Air you behold, is but the fancy and ſtrong imagination of the Painter, and not at all viſible in the life. I will ſee this Prodigy, replied the King with ſome eagerneſs: For if *Alfreda* has all theſe lineaments as his Pencil has repreſented, and be ill-favour'd notwithſtanding, ſhe is in my judgment the greateſt Miracle in the World. This Propoſition of *Edgars* made both *Ethelwold* and *Wilfred* tremble, and though *Ethelwold* did his utmoſt to conſtrain himſelf, and anſwered the King (as if he had bin nothing concerned) that his Wife would be much honoured with ſuch a Viſit, yet nothing is more certain than that he turned every ſtone that might divert his reſolution. He admoniſht *Wilfred* to contribute what ſhe could, he counterfeited Letters that *Devon* was viſited with the Plague, and when he had done, opened them in the preſence of the King; he bribed all the Phyſicians to oppoſe themſelves againſt his Journey, but all to no purpoſe. The Picture of *Alfreda* had inſpired ſo fierce a Curioſity in the breaſt of the King, that no danger, nor difficulty could withſtand it; he appointed a Hunting-match at a Country-houſe he had about a days journey from *Devon*, and reſolved to ſee the Countes the next day: All the Count could obtain was the liberty to go two or three hours before, to give the Duke notice of his coming. There is no difficulty to conceive how his thoughts were imployed all the while he was upon the Road. His Ambition, and his Love divided them equally. When he conſidered the crime he had committed againſt his Majeſty, in betraying his confidence, and the inevitable danger he was in of being diſcover

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ed; he believed he could do no leſs, than to deliver up his Wife with his own hands to the King, and to try how far that would work for his pardon. On the other ſide when he remembred her endued with all the Beauties which were capable to adorn her, he reſolved to dye a thouſand deaths, rather than to ſee her in the poſſeſſion of another; and this laſt reſolution being fortified with the ſight of her, he uſed all his Rhetorick to perſwade her to counterfeit her ſelf ill, and conceal her ſelf from the King. But good God! to whom was it he addreſt himſelf? *Alfreda* would have purchaſed that ſight he prohibited, with the loſs of her life. She told him that the humour of concealing her ſelf from the Kings curioſity, would but aggravate and augment it; that he being King, and ſhe his Subject, he would ſee her ſome time or other, if he had made it his reſolution; that the beſt way was to appear cheerfully, ſeeing there was no poſſibility to avoid it. Theſe Arguments made the poor Count almoſt deſperate, but conſidering there was reaſon in what ſhe ſaid, and that the King, if he ſaw her not that day, would be ſure of her another, ſeeing ſhe conſented her ſelf, he cryed, Well then, ſee him if you pleaſe, ſee the moſt curious Monarch in the World, he is our Maſter, he will ſee you, and I know very well you are pleaſed with his reſolution: but let me deſire one thing of you, dear *Alfreda*, not to make the beſt of your Beauty, nor exhibit to his Eyes all the Charms with which it is in your power to attaque him: let me beg of you at leaſt to be ill dreſt, negligent, to ſpeak little, and what you do, as far as you can from the purpoſe.

poſe. *Alfreda* made the ſame uſe of his Doctrine, as a witty Woman would do; ſhe knew (by his directions how to diſpleaſe the King) what courſe ſhe was to ſteer, to give him ſatisfaction.

MAXIME II.

No, you'r deceived when you ſuppoſe
Your Wives will part with Whisk, or Cloaths,
Or paint, to purchaſe your repoſe.

If their obedience you deſign,
Bid them be proud, unconſtant, fine,
Their dutiful, my life for thine.

But, but confine them (though to th' Court)
The Law of Nature will exſert,
And God knows what becomes oth' Fort.

Whatever he injoyned her, *Alfreda* did clear contrary, never was ſhe ſo handſom, nor never ſo well dreſt. The King went away ſtrangely enamoured, he admired, and loved her already at his very ſoul, her Wit, her Air, and every thing took him; inſomuch that not being able to conceal his reſentment of the Counts infidelity, he had certainly clapt him in Priſon, had not the apprehenſion of diſpleaſing his Wife reſtrained him. It is not to be askt, whether *Alfreda* came to Court after this Viſit. *Edgar* found her too handſom, to ſuffer her to languiſh in the ſolitudes of the Country. He conferred great Offices and Preferments upon the Duke, to bring him nearer with his Daughter: The Duke came, and his fair Daughter along with him. *Ethelwold* forbid

forbid his Wife coming near *London*, but to no purpose, ſhe had too great a Protector to apprehend any revenge he could deſign; his beſt play was patience: But ſuch kind of uſage being troubleſom to ſuch Husbands as have more the ordinary affection of their Wives; the poor Count took his misfortunes ſo deeply, it would have been charity to have knockt him on the head. In a ſhort time he dyed of Melancholy, and the love of *Edgar*, being no longer reſtrained by the preſence of *Ethelwold*, it ran up to ſo high a degree, that no leſs than the Throne of *Great Britain* was able to circumſcribe it: and indeed it was not long before *Alfreda* was advanced to it, in ſpight of all artifices to the contrary: the fury her Ambition exerciſed in ſo eminent a place, makes the moſt Tragick part of the Hiſtory of *England*. *Wilfred* was poyſoned, the Children ſhe had by the King had their throats cut, and *Edward* ſent out of this World, to be one of the greateſt Ornaments in the next: But theſe are accidents more proper for Tragical, than amorous Annals. I deſire of the Reader I may not ſtraggle too far from my deſign, I fear *Don Garcias* takes it ill I have left him ſo long pining in his regrets for the loſs of his Lady, without inſerting the effects his juſt indignation did produce.

This good Count, whoſe confidence had been ſo ill requited, and who was notable to make uſe of the remedies of a diſcreet Husband (who conceals with all poſſible care his domeſtick diſorders) perceiving his diſgrace publick all over *Caſtile*, and that it was ridiculous in him to ſuſpect only he was laught at, he reſolved to repair himſelf of the injury had

had been done him, in such a way as should extinguish the reproach. He made his Uncle *Alphonso de Castile* Governour in his absence, and parting from *Burgos* without any Equipage but a single Gentleman, he traced Madam *Valery* to the City of *Paris*. It was no easie matter to discover in that place a Woman who lived obscurely, and whose Mother-tongue was the Language of that Country. And *Don Garcias* undertaking that difficulty, concluded it necessary to get some assistance extraordinary for the accomplishment of his design: he made a solemn Vow, that if he was so happy to be revenged of his old Consort, he would take another from her debaucheries, and place her upon the Throne of *Castile*. Let not the Reader be surprised at this kind of Vow, it is not so fabulous as he may imagine; for it was not only made, and executed by *Don Garcias*, but it has past to his Posterity, is the common devotion of the *Castilians*, and they believe they gain Battels sometimes, by such good intentions; nay even in our days we have seen the greatest Lords in *Spain* practise that custom, as one of the most pious engagements in that Country. The Count of *Castile* desirous to put himself into a condition of fulfilling his resolution, and judging moreover he was most likely to find his Wife in the Company of loose and licentious Women, he insinuated with one of that sort, the most subtle, and famous in *Paris*, he shewed her money enough to convince her he was worthy of her fidelity, and desiring her to convey him amongst the Ladies of her Acquaintance; she gave him a Munster of about twenty Harlots, all very handsom, and fine, and under

under the protection of a rich Officer of the Treasury, which delivered the Stranger from a considerable expence. Among these chast Damoiselles, *Don Garcias* had an opinion he might find his Wife: the errour she had committed with the Pilgrim, promised him no less, but he was mistaken, for the good Woman was more faithful to *Hugo*, than she had been to him: he could not find her in that Inventory, nor in several others of the same nature which he examined afterwards. To render his fortune more favourable, he thought his best way would be to hasten the accomplishment of his Vow, and casting his Eyes upon a brown young Lass called *Radegond*, with whom the action as he thought would be more pious and charitable than any other; he intimated to his old Friend that that was the person he desired to marry. His liberality had prepared the good Bawd for his service; he had scarce spoke the word, but the Victime was brought to the foot of the Altar: The Girl was witty, never Wench better killed in the Mysteries of Love, nor understood the Art of Cullying better: one had need to have had good Judgment in Magick, to have won her to a compliance, and yet she had a natural tendency to be prodigal of her favours; that *Don Garcias* had he had any designs upon her that way, must have used violence to obtain them. But he had no such intention, his thoughts were only to reclaim her, and having given her a description of Vice, (which was more tedious to her than the vice it self) he promised her the Crown of *Castile*, as the price of her Conversion. The first part of his Sermon astonished her,

she

ſhe underſtood not that kind of Divinity, but the concluſion fetcht her again. The moſt diſſolute Dame of them all would promiſe Penitence for a leſs reward than a Soveraignty; and our *Radegond* forgot not to make uſe of her Wit at that time: She caſt her ſelf at *Don Garcias* feet, gave his Highneſs many thanks for his gracious offer, and ſwearing (with an ingenuity ſhe had often counterfeited before) ſhe had never uſed any ſuch Complacency but out of pure neceſſity: She promiſed the Count ſo ſincere a Converſion, that the Ages to come ſhould ſpeak of her Piety: after what had happened, *Don Garcias* ought to have been wiſer; but he was of the temper of the Cat metamorphoſed into a Woman, and returned to his own Nature. The good Count looked upon *Radegond*, as a ſecond *Egyptian Mary*, and giving her an account of his Vow, and the cauſe of it, he conjured her by the intereſt ſhe had in its accompliſhment, to aſſiſt him in the diſcovery of his Wife. And indeed he could not have addreſt himſelf better. *Radegond* was own Siſter to *Hugo*; ſhe ſerved the Counteſs by the name of Madam *Valery*, in the quality of a Waiting-woman; and the Gentlemans means growing ſmall, and *Valery*'s beginning to leſſen, the young Gentlewoman, his Siſter was forced to make uſe of her own parts for the ſubſiſtence of the Family. It could be no great difficulty therefore for her to promiſe *Don Garcias* the accompliſhment of his deſires; but having heard, and remembred an unlucky ſtory of the Seamen, who make great vows in a ſtorm, and forget them when they are out of it: She was afraid the Count of *Caſtile* ſhould make but

little conſcience of breaking with her, when ſhe had no farther obligation upon him than his word. She contented her ſelf to flatter his hopes for the preſent, and then betaking her ſelf to a great Lord of the Court, who had had the firſt fruits of her favour, & for that reaſon protected her upon all occaſions; ſhe told him her adventure, and the probability ſhe was in to be Counteſs of *Caſtile*. Her Protector could not believe (at firſt) one word that ſhe ſaid, and looked upon all as Chimerical; but *Radegond* promiſing to bring him to the ſpeech of *Garcias*, and giving him the ſame Arguments to preſwade him it was true, as ſhe had exacted from the Count for the ſtrengthning of their own faith, he believed her by degrees. His advice was to make the diſcovery of the Counteſs as difficult as ſhe could, he gave her leſſons of Hypocriſie to impoſe upon the Count, and pretending himſelf her Uncle, he made *Don Garcias* a Viſit, to draw him to a promiſe under his hand of marrying his Niece, if ſhe brought him to Madam *Valery*. The Count conſented to the conditions without any reſiſtance, as well becauſe it was his real intention at that time, as becauſe he ſuppoſed this Uncle not in a poſture to conſtrain him, if he repented it afterwards. The Uncle diſguiſed himſelf in an ordinary Habit, was followed by none of his Servants, and judging his true Name might fright him from promiſing, he took another more ſuitable to the Quality he profeſt, which *Don Garcias* regarded no more, than if he had been no body at all. *Radegond* finding her ſelf ſo well ſupported, ſhe kept touch with the Count, and that without much trouble; for ſhe had

had no more to do, but to deliver him the Key of Madam *Valery*'s Lodgings. The Husband being very angry, got himself conducted by several Footmen which he hired: And *Paris* being a Town, where they who have money may do any thing, and the Count having found his Pilgrim and his Wife close in one Bed, he needed but one stroke to rid himself of both. When he had satisfied his vengeance in this manner, I am of opinion he would willingly have had no further business in *Paris*, than to provide for his return. He began to talk of compounding with *Radegond*, he offered her a sum of money to dispense, and 'tis generally believed his conscience would have been much at rest, could he have prevented the accomplishment of his Vow. But the pretended Uncle would not admit of any such terms. The thoughts he had of seeing one of his Mistresses in the Throne of *Castile*, flattered his vanity exceedingly; he discovered himself who he was, and the Count *de Castile*, being in no condition in *Paris* to contend with the interest of one of the chief men in *France*; he thought it sufficient that he had been the discourse of all *Spain* by his first Marriage, without making himself so at *Paris* by his second. He married *Radegond* as he had promised, and the Marriage being ratified, and all the Grandees in *Castile* assembled, *Radegond* was pronounced Soveraign of *Castile* under the same Name her Brother had carried in that Country before. Some may say perhaps that *Don Garcias* might have as well have accomplished his Vow in the person of his old Wife *Isabel de Vermandois*, as in the person of *Radegond*. The Subjects

were equally diſpoſed, Harlots they were both, and the repentance of the firſt might as well have been expected, as the converſion of the latter. But this ſecond alliance ſatisfied his revenge more than Madam *Valeries* remorſe, beſides the debauchery of the Counteſs was known in *Caſtile*, whereas *Radegond* might paſs there for a Saint. He preſented her to the *Caſtilians* for a great Example of Vertue, for a perſon who abhorring the wickedneſs of her Brothers life, had choſe rather to deliver him up to *Don Garcias* indignation, than to ſee the honour of her Family depraved by ſo ungodly an action: it is ſtrange how the natures of things change, according to their different faces. We know none of theſe intrigues, but by the imprudent diſcovery of ſome perſons concerned: and thoſe perſons appear to us the ſhame of their Sex many times by the incontinence they are charged with, who perhaps are much more diſcreet than they which accuſe them.

Love is a nimble Deity, and marches a great way in a little time. From the Territory of *Caſtile* he has brought us into *England* in the time we can read half a ſheet of Paper; from *London* he has re-conveyed us to *Burgos*, and from *Burgos* to *Paris*, with the ſame expedition, and now he is carrying us out of the middle of *France*, into the Court of the Emperour of the Weſt, without deſiring more time for the Journey, than is requiſite for the writing a few lines. In the preceding ſtories he has pleaſed himſelf in triumphing over Marriage, in this he ſides with it, and leaves the ſucceeding pair an everlaſting inſtance of Conſtancy and Vertue.

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MAXIME III.

Some Husbands ſtill there are, whoſe Love is more
After their Marriage than it was before.
Their Wives are welcome, and themſelves they pleaſe
As much in them, as when th' were Miſtreſſes.
But when the good man's nought, and every room
Smoaks with his curſes, when his Wife comes home.
The ſtory's ſad, and ſurely 't may be ſaid
Love lyes intombed in that Marriage-bed.

Examples of this kind, I muſt confeſs are rare, yet we are not without ſome, and the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Modena* fall very luckily into my memory for an inſtance. This Duke had for a long time been in Love with the Princeſs of *Bavaria*, Daughter to Duke *Henry*, and Couſin German to *Otho* the Third, at that time Emperour of the Weſt. His paſſion for her had ingaged him to follow *Otho* in all his Wars againſt the *Sarrazins* in *Pouille*, and againſt *Lothaire* (the *French* King) in *Auſtraſia*. Love is a kind of *Proteus*, and aſſumes all ſhapes upon occaſion, if it meets with a baſe mind, it becomes the Author of all ſorts of baſeneſs; but when it is ſo happy as to meet with a noble, and ſublime inclination, it excites to the greateſt actions, and nothing prompts more to vertue, or makes a man more illuſtrious. This was the Character it had taken in the heart of the young Duke of *Modena*. The Princeſs of *Bavaria* being the price he had propoſed to himſelf of all his Atchievments, he had done Miracles to deſerve her. For her ſake it

was he had fought many Battels, and defended many Towns. The Idea he had of her beauty accompanied him in his greateſt perils, and (conſidering his Conqueſts, as ſo many ſteps which advanced him towards the poſſeſſion of the Princeſs, and alliance with the Emperour) one may ſay, that *Otho* ought more of his Victories to the paſſion of the Duke of *Modena*, than to the Armies of his Subjects, or the Conduct of his Generals. So glorious an affection could not but be crowned with glory. The Duke of *Modena* obtained the Princeſs of *Bavaria*, as an acknowledgment from the Emperour. The Imperial Reſidence being at that time at *Aix la Chapelle*, the Marriage was celebrated there, and the new Dutcheſs being well worthy of whatſoever the Duke had done for her; and the Duke on the other ſide as worthy of what Love the young Dutcheſs was capable of, never was Bride and Bridegroom more happy, than the Duke of *Modena*, and his Princeſs, they expreſt the ſame cares and complacences, as are uſed by the moſt violent Lovers: they delighted to be near one another, and were never ſeparated but in publick; their Eyes, their actions, their every thing diſcovered the kindneſs of their Hearts; and in a word they loved at that rate, they ſet all perſons a gog who obſerved them. The Empreſs *Mary*, Wife to *Otho*, (who merited as much from him, as the Dutcheſs did from the Duke) not meeting ſo much kindneſs from her Husband, began to envy her felicity. She caſt that Marriage in *Otho*'s diſh upon all occaſions, as an Example he ought to follow, and the reproaches of the good Women, being the worſt way they can take

take to warm the blood of their Husbands, the Empreſs did but little good upon hers: She plagued him ſo continually with that pattern, that ſhe began to be inſupportable: In ſhort they lookt upon one another as Judgments ſent down on purpoſe to torment them; and this ſecret abhorrency betwixt Man and Wife, being uſually a preſage of new paſſion for Strangers, the Emperour and Empreſs might on a ſudden have perceived, that unlawful Love builds always upon the ruines of Conjugal. The Empreſs could not ſee the Duke with his own Wife, without diſturbance; ſhe invented every day ſome new pretence or other to divide them, (not conſidering that little interruptions in things indifferent, render our Loves more ardent in matters of concernment) ſhe by that means inſenſibly increaſed, what ſhe deſired ſo earneſtly to deſtroy. On the other ſide the Emperor finding the Dutcheſs always alone, becauſe the Empreſs could not live without the Duke, that opportunity compleated that flame, which her Charms had ſcarce kindled before: her firſt Confidence was, acquainting her with the impertinence of the Empreſs; how troubleſom, how unappeaſable ſhe was, and from thence paſſing in courſe to a ſolemn wiſh, that ſhe was but half ſo well diſpoſed as the Dutcheſs; his deſire ſtruck ſo plauſibly upon his fancy, he could not afterwards get her off on his thoughts. Had he believed, that this *extempore* wiſh would have one day grown up to a paſſion, and the Empreſs ſuſpected, that the twittering ſhe had for the Duke, would have made her forget all her obligations to her ſelf; there is no doubt but either of them would have

made greater reſiſtance. The Emperour was juſt, honourable, and grateful, and well underſtood his ingagements to the Duke, and the Empreſs was not without her natural inclinations to virtue; but Love ſurpriſed both their Hearts before they were aware, and they diſcovered it not, till he was too ſtrong to be repelled, for when that paſſion has once got poſſeſſion, all the ſtruglings, and all the contentions in the World do but fortifie and augment it.

MAXIME IV.

At Loves firſt ſight, the ſureſt way,
Is to give ground, and ſhun the frey.
For if he once but fix his foot,
No Oak comes harder from the root.

The Love of *Otho* for the Dutcheſs, and the Love of *Mary* for the Duke beginning much about a time, it happened they broke out, and were diſcovered near the ſame day.

There was about that time a famous Painter at the Emperours Court, who had found out a new way of painting, very rare and ingenious in it ſelf. He uſed neither cloth nor colours, prepared after the old way, his work was not infected with the odour of oyl, which diſcourages ſo many from ſitting for their Pictures, his Colours were mingled with Water and Gum Arabick; his Canvas, a ſort of Vellam, and without any more Tools, than two or three Chriſtal-ſhells, and a few Pencils he made ſtrokes which were almoſt inviſible, and his Pictures

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were ſo like, they wanted nothing but ſpeaking, to be the ſame. True it is, he was ſomething long, and for that reaſon as well as the delicacy of his painting, he drew all in little; yet he would expreſs the ſame things in a piece of Parchment of a foot ſquare, as well as another Painter would do in a cloth as big as the life. The Dutcheſs being a great Lover of Arts, would needs ſee this man, and make experiment her ſelf, whether he was as ingenious, as his reputation publiſht: She made him draw her Picture, but her own alone, being nothing ſo grateful to her, as when joyned with her Dukes; ſhe told the Painter he muſt contrive ſome way or other of putting him into the ſame Vellam. He repreſented her therefore as the Painters Muſe, ſetting upon a Bundle of Pencils, with her Marble and Peſtil by her ſide, painting a little Picture with her own hand like a Meddail, wherein ſhe had drawn the Duke of *Modena*'s head. The Portraicture was born up by a *Cupid* with a Garland of flowers about his head; two or three more *Cupids* as it were fluttering about with their wings, pointed to her beauty, and made the Spectators take notice of each feature in ſpight of their teeth, and beſides the Excellence of the Work, which was ſufficiently conſpicuous in either of the Pictures, they had ſo happy a reſemblance to the life, that they were ſcarce to be matcht in all *Europe*. This Picture was carried home to the Dutcheſs at a time the Duke fortuned to be abroad. She ſet it by in his Cloſet till he came in, intending to ſhew it him as ſoon as he returned, & ſome buſineſs having called him into another Room, the Emperour chanced to enter juſt

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as ſhe was gone forth: he thought to take advantage of her abſence, and to write ſome piece of *Galanterie*, ſome merry Conceit or other that ſhe might find when ſhe came again; and having opened the Cloſet-door with that deſign, the firſt thing he caſt his eyes upon, was her Picture, he found it the piece, and the beſt deſign of any he had ſeen, and Love having a cuſtom of turning all things to his advantage, he put it into *Otho*'s head to take hold of that opportunity for the declaration of his Love. He had ſeen Pictures in Water-colours before, and knew they were to be defaced, to that end he wet the corner of his Handkerchief with Orange-flower water (which he found by accident upon the Table) rub'd the Picture of the Duke of *Modena* quite out, and in the place left theſe Verſes, which he writ with his own hand.

Madam, this Picture you ſo highly prize,
Is a Companion too ſlight and poor
For you, a proper Object for your Eyes
Can be no leſs than your own Emperour.

As ſoon as he had writ theſe Verſes, he went out, and left word with the Dutcheſſes Women, that he had left ſomething in her Cloſet, that was not to be ſeen by any but her ſelf, and therefore he charged them to let no body go into it till ſhe returned. They obſerved his Commands, and the Dutcheſs being come back, they told her what word the Emperour had left. She went immediately into her Cabinet to ſee what it was, and finding her Picture disfigured, ſhe was ſo much concerned,

the

ſhe could not get it out of her mind: She believed it might be ſome accident at firſt, but taking it up to look cloſer upon it, ſhe was much ſurprized when ſhe found the Emperours Verſes. Juſt as ſhe was in her aſtoniſhment, the Duke coming ſuddenly into her Cloſet, Ha, my dear Lord, ſaid ſhe, I thought to have preſented you with the beſt Picture I ever ſaw, but whilſt I was but ſtept into the next room, ſome body has ſpoiled it: and I am afraid the injury to the Picture is the leaſt of the miſchiefs it gives us juſt occaſion to fear. And having, ſaid ſo, ſhe told him how it had been deſigned, how ſhe had left it in her Cloſet when ſhe went out, and in what condition ſhe found it when ſhe came in. The Duke, knowing the Emperours hand very well, cryed out, What, by conſent! both in one day! this is too much. After which words, he ſtood ſtill for ſome time, overcharged with reflections which thronged upon his Spirits, and perhaps troubled he had ſaid ſo much. A Perſon of Honour cannot but bluſh to have confeſſed any overture of Love from a fair Lady, let it be in what manner it will: Inſomuch that the Duke being conſcious of the ſame practice from the Empreſs, had no ſooner let theſe words ſlip, but he wiſht they had been unſpoken again; but it was then too late to repent. The Dutcheſs being quick, and apprehenſive, what both? and what conſent do you mean, Sir? ſaid ſhe: have you been ſollicited by the Empreſs, as I have been by the Emperour? The Duke would fain have diſſembled it, and endeavoured to give his words another explication, but perceiving the Dutcheſs could not be put off ſo, and that by her ſilence, ſhe

conceived an invincible ſuſpicion in her ſoul, which he would willingly have illuded; he confeſſed the truth, and told her that the Empreſs had indeed ſignified an affection for him. I had, ſaid he, ſome apprehenſions of it before, but a man of Honour ought not to believe his own ſentiments in ſuch an affair, I obſerved ſhe had great inclinations to my Company, and Diſcourſe, and more than I thought could proceed from a ſimple Civility. She looked upon me (as I fancied) like one that was in Love, and ſhe commended me above the rate of common reſpect; but I had rather give eſteem more than belongs to it, then to grant that to Love which I knew was its due. In this conſideration I waited many times upon the Empreſs upon the leaſt of her Commands, and many times I prevented them, and attended her without; for I had a ſuſpicion, that by denying her paſſion indifferent compliance, I might provoke it to demands more particular, and conſiderable: Upon this ſcore it was I went to her Court this afternoon, as I had done many times before. I found her alone with her Daughters, all of them imployed in ſtringing of Pearl. By misfortune a rich Picture-caſe of a very great value, fell out of the lap of one of the young Ladies, as ſhe was riſing to ſalute me, I ran preſently to take it up, and having preſented it to her who let it fall, I was making ſome Complement for the diſorder I put them to: But the Empreſs coming up to me, and whiſpering me in the ear, ſaid, *Keep the Box, my Lord, your power is too great over the Original, not to have the Copy at your abſolute Command.* I opened the Caſe, and I found (what I expected) the Picture

Picture of the Empreſs. I pretended to underſtand her diſcourſe no otherwiſe than as a tryal of my reſpect; and preſenting the Box with great reverence, No, no, Madam, ſaid I, do not ſuſpect me of Sacriledge, I am ſo Religious an obſerver of my duty, that the very Copy of this Original is too ſacred a thing for me. Be not ſo modeſt, replied the Empreſs, and made ſigns to me to follow her to the Window. Sometimes it is more criminal to refuſe favours that are offered, than to force them where they are refuſed; and then her paſſion having vanquiſht all oppoſition, the inconſiderate Princeſs told things ſo plain (and her Eyes inſinuated the reſt) that I could have wiſht I had loſt the exerciſe of my ſenſes, that I might not have been privy to a thing ſo derogatory to the Imperial Family. The Dutcheſs of *Modena* heard her Husbands relation, with a concernment that was viſible in her face, and looking upon him with tears in her Eyes, Ah, my Lord, ſaid ſhe when he had done, I ſee the Heavens do envy my Felicity, I ſhould have been too happy for a mortal Creature, could I have loved you, and been beloved by you without interruption; but I was not born to ſo much good Fortune, and the Empreſs has reaſon to diſturb it. In what is it that the diſturbs it, replied the Duke, ſomething haſtily? have I complied with her affection? have I concealed it from you? or do you find I love her better than you? No, Sir, replied the Dutcheſs, and I give you thanks that you have not, but I fear what the Empreſſes Charms were not able to compaſs, the ingratitude of the Emperour may poſſibly procure; you lookt upon that Princeſs

ceſs as the Wife of your Maſter, and thought it your duty to the goodneſs of *Otho*, to make a generous oppoſition to the infidelity of his Conſort. But alas, now the caſe is alter'd, and the ſame *Otho* become the greateſt of your Enemies, what is there left to ſecure your affection from a young Princeſs, which loves you ſo entirely, and is the firſt perſon of her Sex in the World? Your Charms, Madam, replied the Duke, interrupting her, are ſo powerful, and ſo rigorouſly adored by me, that they will infallibly ſecure my faith for your ſelf: Reſt you contented in that, and do not imagine that my deſire to be revenged of the Emperour, obliges me to give him a pretence to take his vengeance on me. The Empreſs would be too dear a purchaſe, if I ſhould gain her by the loſs of you; and you would have reaſon to rejoyce at your loſſes, if I my ſelf ſhould ſhew you the way to repair them. This excellent Pair ſatisfied one another ſo amply againſt all the ſuſpicions that conjuncture repreſented; That *Cupid* knowing well he ſhould not have ſuch opportunities every day, to make his puiſſance known upon Lovers of their Character, reſolved to make this Example as famous as it was rare. The Duke reſiſted the kindneſs of the Empreſs with ſo conſtant a firmneſs, it lookt almoſt like contempt; and the Dutcheſs received all the attaques of the Emperour, with the ſame reſolution; but 'tis dangerous ſometimes to puſh things too far. The Emperour made a Treat (one day in a Garden of his not far from the Town) upon the Bank of a River which runs by, it was not long the Trees in it had been planted, and ſo gave not much ſhade; but that

that defect was ſupplied by certain Arbours, or Cabanes covered over with a ſort of Leaves, which put forth ſooner than ordinary. Part of the Cabanes were made into the form of a Labyrinth, ſome were double, ſome ſingle, and all of ſeveral faſhions. Into one of theſe Cabanes *Otho* had conducted the Dutcheſs of *Modena*, and the Empreſs pretending her ſelf weary, was retired with the Duke (who had the honour to lead her) into another. It is to be ſuppoſed, that neither the one Lover, nor the other would loſe that convenience of complaining of their Deſtiny. The Emperour begged, and ſighed, and perhaps wept: The Empreſs (the more impetuous of the two) when fair words would not do, began to threaten revenge. The coldneſs wherewith the Duke entertained the Empreſs, was more intolerable, than that with which the Dutcheſs received the Empreſs. It is an Honour to a young Prince to be a Gallant, and an amorous Atchievment, gains as much reputation ſometimes, as the bloodieſt Victory. But with the Women it is not ſo, a Lady cannot advance one ſtep, but ſhe charges her ſelf with the whole Intrigue; and a repulſe which would be nothing in a Lady to her Servant, becomes an unpardonable indignity in a Servant to his Miſtreſs. The high-ſpirited Empreſs, ſeeing her ſelf rejected by a perſon ſhe had obliged by ſo many favours, conceived ſo great a diſpleaſure, that ſhe could not conceal it. She threatned him with all the miſchiefs an inraged Empreſs could bring upon him, and departing with a geſture importing fury and indignation, ſhe left him to take his choice, whether he would prevent her revenge, or feel the

effects

effects of it. On the other ſide the Emperour perceiving his paſſion as tedious to the Dutcheſs, inſtead of having gained any advantage, he left her, and that as ill ſatisfied as the Empreſs with the Duke. They both of them walkt ſome time up and down to diſpel the trouble their diſappointments had brought them; both of them perceived the Duke and Dutcheſs come forth of the Arbors where they had left them, and enter together into another, where they ſuſpected, they retired to give an account to one another what had paſt. This Arbor was one of thoſe that were double, one might ſlip by betwixt the Pillars without being ſeen of thoſe who were either within, or without. An unlucky concurrence of Curioſity excited theſe two Lovers to hide themſelves behind the Curtain, and though *Otho* knew nothing of the Empreſſes Intrigues, and the Empreſs had but a ſlight ſuſpicion of *Otho*'s, their paſſions carried them (as it were by conſent) to two ſeveral places, from whence (without perceiving one another, or being perceived by any one elſe) they might hear all that was ſpoken. The diſcourſe was very terrible for all four. The Duke and the Dutcheſs underſtanding the danger in which the pertinacity of their Perſecutors (as they called them) had placed them, expreſt their apprehenſions in ſuch terms as confounded the two Eveſdroppers with jealouſie; but when from ſimple Narratives they proceeded to imprecations, what Satyr, what Invective was it, which the Duke beſtowed not on the Empreſs? He called her by the worſt names he could invent, the Dutcheſs making up the Conſort by the ſame Elogies

Elogies upon the Emperour: They ſpoke with full liberty, for being ignorant of the faſhion in which that Arbour was made, they believed they were to fear no body they did not ſee; beſides the Emperour and Empreſs being gone in a huff, they did not expect that either of them ſhould return. In the mean time the two perſons of whom they diſcourſed ſo liberally, heard every word, and I leave it to the Reader to judge how much they were ſurprized to underſtand ſuch tidings of their affairs. The Emperour had no kindneſs for the Empreſs, and the Empreſs had too much for the Duke of *Modena*, to care much for him: But Honour and Jealouſie in their hearts performed the functions of Love. *Otho* could not hear the ill deſigns of *Mary* without paſſion, and reſentment: and *Mary* was as impatient that the Dutcheſs ſhould triumph over all the hearts ſhe had intereſt in. She thruſt her ſelf furiouſly out of the place ſhe was hidden, and perhaps in the firſt motion of her tranſport, might have run into ſome actions leſs ſuitable to her Sex than her deſpair; But the Emperour coming out upon the ſame deſign at the ſame time, they met, and were ſo ſurprized at the ſight of one another, they had no power either to move or to ſpeak. The Duke and the Dutcheſs came out alſo in the nick, and perceiving them in a place where they believed they had heard all they had ſaid, the four Lovers repreſented ſuch a Scene of ſilence, as is more eaſie to imagine than expreſs. The Emperour caſt about his furious eyes ſometimes upon the Empreſs, ſometimes upon the Duke, and ſometimes upon the Dutcheſs. The Empreſs (divided

betwixt choler and ſhame) changed her colour according to the variety of her thoughts: and the two innocent Cauſes of all this diſtraction (apprehending nothing for themſelves, but each for the other) by the motion of their eyes ſeemed to ſay, they were ready to become Victims to their Deſtiny, rather than to fail in the leaſt juſt duty of their Loves. Perſons of their Character and Quality do ſeldom evaporate into unprofitable words; and in theſe kind of occurrences, ſilence is more ſerviceable than Rhetorick. The Emperour withdrew without any other intimation of reſentment than by his looks; and the Empreſs following, in great fury and confuſion, all the Court did the ſame. The Feaſt was interrupted in this manner, and very few knew the reaſon: Every one gueſt as his own fancy ſuggeſted, but ſcarce three of the whole Company could hit of the right. Whether the rage was greater in the Emperour or Empreſs, is not eaſily decided: Some are of opinion that their Love commencing at the ſame time, expreſt at the ſame time, and now diſcovered by the ſame accident to one another, their Revenge kept the ſame conſort: But whether it was *Otho* who had a deſire to rid himſelf of a perſon who triumpht over him, in the heart of his Empreſs, or *Mary* (who had a mind to be revenged for the contempt of her kindneſs, and ſo prevent the reproaches of the Emperour, by taking away the object) ſo it was, the Duke was found murdered the night after the Feaſt. The Inſtruments of the Murder ſet upon him like Thieves, and demanded his Purſe; but they quickly made it evident it was his life, not his money, they ſought for;

for; for having given him three mortal wounds, they left him expiring upon the ground, without taking his purſe which they demanded, or his Jewels which he had in plenty about him. It is not neceſſary to inſert how the fair Widow reſented ſo foul an action. I ſhould have expreſt the affection ſhe had for her Husband but weakly, if the Reader could not imagine the extream ſorrow ſhe conceived for his death. She doubted not but it was contrived by the Emperour, or the Empreſs, and leſt ſhe ſhould miſtake in the object of her Revenge, ſhe reſolved to ſacrifice them both. I ſhall not mention the means ſhe uſed to accompliſh it, ſuch Tragical Cataſtrophes do not accommodate with Annals of Love; and I ſhall refer the Reader to the Chronological Hiſtory, to inform himſelf how the Dutcheſs having revenged her ſelf upon the Empreſs, by the reſentment of the Emperour, made uſe of the Empreſſes Creatures to ſacrifice the Emperour to her Ghoſt. But ſome will ſay, why this inſatiable fury? why doth it not ſtop in the middle of its Career? The Empreſs death was but juſt, and it was no more than the Dutcheſs was obliged to; ſhe accuſed her of the Murder of her Husband, and if ſhe was not the only Inſtrument of his death, ſhe was the moving Cauſe; for had ſhe not loved the Duke, *Otho* had not been bound in honour to have made him away. The Emperour ought not to be comprehended in the Revenge, he might be innocent for ought ſhe knew; and if he were guilty, he might have married her, and ranſomed his life. I muſt confeſs this objection is not altogether impertinent.

But in affairs of Love, all men perſue
Their proper fancies, and the man whoſe Fate
Directs him to a means legitimate,
Is juſt, and happy, though his way be new.
For when the heart's indued with Grace, and fear
Of Heaven, what e're it does, what e're it will,
Is but a Sacrifice to Honour ſtill;
Yet ſometimes (when no ſenſe of that appears)
Vice eggs them on as furiouſly to kill,
As all thy Vertue in the World were there.

The Dutcheſs of *Modena* was neceſſitated by her Stars, and her Revenge juſtified by her Conjugal Love; and perhaps ſhe would have done as much for her Servant, had ſhe had one; for minds as tender and as conſtant as hers, are capable of great Enterpriſes; but marching under the Standard of Duty, that which at another time had been furious and criminal, was at this, an Example of Vertue. But let us leave her in the injoyment of a paſſion whoſe violence was a vertue, and proceed to an Accident of no ſuch Conſtancy and Reſolution.

THE

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE SECOND PART.

THE Chronology of Hiſtory not according exactly with the Chronology of Love, there are ſome years in which no amorous Intrigues are to be found, and there are others in which all the conſiderable Accidents are Love. My Annals containing only matters of Courtſhip, I cannot be ſtrict in the obſervation of Times; but ſhall preſume (upon occaſion) to put the paſſages of the ſame Age, into the Amours of the ſame year, and ſo skip from one Age to another in my Deſcription of Years. I ſhall begin therefore this third Annal, by the

Reign of a Prince who lived about a hundred years after the Emperour I mentioned before. *Caſtile* being a Country too flouriſhing to continue long under the denomination of a County. *Don Garcias Fernandez* (of whom we ſpake in the beginning of our Annals) was the laſt of its Counts. It took the Title of a Kingdom under *Sanchy le Grand*, next Succeſſor to *Garcias Fernandez*: and having paſt in that way, to the time of *Sanchy* III. it devolved by his death to his Brother *Alphonſo* King of *Leon*, who was from that time called King of *Caſtile*. At the beginning of his Reign this Prince was perplext with ſeveral Wars; the *Mores* and the *Sarracens* infeſted him ſo, that he was forced to implore the aid of the King of *France* againſt thoſe Enemies of Chriſtianity. Many Knights and Reformades repaired to him from all parts. But the *French*, as the more Martial, were moſt kindly received. *Raymond* the Son of *William* Duke of *Burgundy*, *Raymond* Earl of *Toulouſe*, and *Henry Lorraine* Son to *William* Earl of *Boulogne*, Brother to *Godfrey* of *Boulogne*, performed ſuch eminent Exploits, that *Alphonſo* believed he could do nothing more for the advantage and ſecurity of his Crown, than to continue thoſe three Captains in the Command of his Armies. He had three Daughters, two of them natural, and the other legitimate. The eldeſt called *Urraca*, he married to *Raymond* of *Burgundy*, and gave him in Dowry the Principality of *Galicia*; *Thereſia* (the eldeſt of the two naturals) married *Henry* of *Lorraine*, and had for her ſhare the Conqueſts in *Portugal*: and the youngeſt, *Elvira* (much handſomer, and better beloved by her Father than either

either of the other) was married to *Raymond* of *Tholouſe* with ſecret ingagement from *Alphonſo* to aſſure to him the Kingdoms of *Caſtile* and *Leon*, after his death. And thus I have given you the Commencement of this year, not ſo eminent for Love, as it promiſed in appearance. Theſe ſix perſons had almoſt no ſooner ſeen one another, but they were married, and no ſooner married, but they differed, ſo that this place would be more proper for an Hiſtorical Abridgment, than the Introduction of an amorous Intrigue.

But hold! determine not, Loves ways are ſtrange,
He has his private and peculiar Laws.
Nothing is ſo remote, but he can change,
And bend it to the Model of his Cauſe.

He makes the Lady fair, the Stateſmen great,
Though one be old, the other near ſo mean,
And when he pleaſe, can both of them defeat,
And throw them down to their old ſtate again.

When he's diſpos'd to ſport himſelf, the man
'S unhappy, let him be as happy as he can.

Elvira was ſo obſequious to her Father, and he ſo tranſcendently kind to her, that *Urraca* (being his only legitimate Child, and by conſequence had beſt right to that preference) began much to reſent it. She had private advertiſement every day, that *Alphonſo* deſigned the Kingdoms of *Leon* and *Caſtile* for his Daughter *Elvira*: and judging it neceſſary, that either the Prince her Husband, or her

ſelf ſhould be conſtantly about his Majeſty, to have the better eye upon his actions, they conſulted together to reſolve which of the two was moſt proper for the Journey, and it fell to Prince *Raymond*. Never did *French* man of his Age, and Spirit, and married for intereſt (as he was) refuſe any opportunity of travelling. *Urraca* in the mean time continued in *Galicia*, to govern that new Territory in the abſence of her Husband; and the Prince ſet forth for the Court of *Caſtile*. The pretence of his Journey, being a concern for the Kings health, it is eaſie to imagine he was not unwelcome at his Arrival. There was no noiſe but of Entertainments, and Balls. *Raymonds* buſineſs there was not to complain, he came thither to diſcery, and make advantage of his obſervation. The young *Elvira* was much pleaſed with Divertiſements, and indeed at her age, who is it that hates them? She was extreamly delighted with thoſe her Brother-in-law gave her, and ſhe wanted neither Civility to invite, nor kindneſs to preſs him to ſtay at that Court as long as he could: And to ſpeak the truth, ſhe had no hard task to perſwade him to ſtay. This Counteſs was one of the greateſt Beauties in the World; *Raymond* had always thought her much handſomer than his Wife: And though *Elvira* had ſcarce ſeen the Prince before he was married, yet ſhe alſo eſteemed him more compleat, than the perſon ſhe married. But Perſons of their Rank, are the leaſt guided by their own inclinations. The advantages *Raymond* purpoſed by his Marriage with *Urraca*, made him prefer her to *Elvira*; and *Alphonſo*'s Election happened upon the Count *de Tholouſe*,

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for his youngeſt. Marriages in this nature do ſeldom ſuffer the Husbands, to conſider the vertue of their Wives. Hence it was the Prince of *Galicia* found his Siſter-in-law as charming under the Title Counteſs of *Tholouſe*, as he had judged her when ſhe was but *Elvira* of *Caſtile*. Behold them therefore in perfect intelligence, the Counteſs took ſingular ſatisfaction in the Company of the Prince, and the Prince was as much pleaſed with the Commands of the Counteſs. Her Husband the Count of *Tholouſe*, being of the ſame Nation with the Prince, and not ill acquainted in matters of Love, was the firſt that obſerved the inclinations of the Prince of *Galicia*. He took the Counteſs aſide one day, and after a long enumeration of the ſubtilties and falſeneſs of Mankind, he concluded his Harangue with a ſerious admoniſhment to guard her ſelf from the inveiglements of the Prince of *Galicia* : of the Prince of *Galicia* ? cryed *Elvira*, in no little ſurpriſe ; alas, my Lord, he hath married my Siſter. And becauſe he hath married your Siſter, replied the Count, is he the leſs capable of being your Gallant ? Believe me, Madam, theſe kind of relations are no impediment at all, on the contrary, the greatneſs of the ſin gives it many times a *Ragouſt*, and I my ſelf have known ſeveral make Love to their Kindred, who would not have regarded them, had there been no Alliance. The young *Elvira* had been brought up ſo modeſtly, ſhe could not hear the word *Inceſt* without trembling, ſhe would have ſworn there had been no ſuch thing committed in the World, ſince the days of *Lot*, and his Daughters : and doubtleſs had the Prince of *Galicia*

ſpake

ſpake half that which her Husband had done, ſhe would not at that time have endured him. But mark the indiſcretion of ſome Husbands, they are many times the Authors of all the miſchief which befals them: and ſome Women are ſo ignorant in thoſe kind of affairs, they would never have known what that Love had meant, had not the reproaches, and impertinent admonitions of their Husbands inſtructed them. The Counteſs fixing her eyes upon the Count, with an aſtoniſhment that demonſtrated her innocence: Ha, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, tell me I beſeech you, in what is it you obſerve the Prince of *Galicia* hath ſuch kindneſs for me? I am not inſenſible of his deſire to oblige me, but I perſwade my ſelf 'tis in conſideration of *Urraca*, and I ſee ſo little probability that a man ſhould be enamoured of his Wifes Siſter, that *Raymond de Burgogne* might tell me ſo a hundred times, and I deſire to be excuſed. He need not tell you once, unleſs you pleaſe your ſelf, Madam, replied the Count, what I have done is but to adviſe you to prevent that declaration, have a care how you are with him alone, interrupt him in any diſcourſe you think tending that way, and ſuffer him not to endanger ſo vertuous an innocence. He loves you, Madam, and it is I do aſſure it: do you not diſcern his diligence, how his eye is always upon you, how he crowds and ſteals himſelf cloſe to you in all Aſſemblies, and how he ſighs when he is forced to forſake you? He was ſo inconſiderate the other day before me, that in deſcribing what Beauty it was he liked beſt, he had no more wit than to delineate you. The Counteſs had taken no notice of that circumſtance, ſhe was too much

much a Novice in Love-affairs to apprehend any ſuch thing, but her curioſity kindling at her Husbands diſcourſe: Why, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, do you call that Love? what hurt is there in that innocent way of diverting the Company? For my part I have always lookt upon Love as a dangerous buſineſs; but if all its effects are blameleſs, as that with which you are ſo highly alarm'd, it is not ſo terrible as I did imagine. You do well, Madam, replied the Count in ſome paſſion, to be no more affected with my admonition, but let me deſire you once more not to depend upon your own Judgment in matters of that importance; the beginnings of Love are always inconſiderable, but the conſequence of thoſe trifles, are commonly unfortunate: and then entring upon a long recitation of amorous Adventures, which no man but her Husband durſt have undertaken to have told her, he cloſed up all with ſome Original Examples, and gave her more knowledge by that ſingle Dialogue, than ſhe had gained of her ſelf in ten years experience.

MAXIME V.

Husbands, let me adviſe you, never tell
Your Wives, whate're misfortunes you foreſee.
They are too apt, and can tranſgreſs too well
Themſelves, though you ne're help their memory.

Better be ſilent far, whate're they do,
Than to be Table-talk, and Cuckold too.

The

The amorous Prince of *Galicia* not knowing how officious the Count of *Tholouſe* had been, to give the Counteſs a ſenſe of his affection, attended with impatience an opportunity to let her underſtand what ſhe was already informed of. He found *Elvira* alone many times; by her deportment ſhe ſeemed not to be cruel, nor did he want either Courage or Wit; but her little experience in thoſe affairs was the thing he principally dreaded; he feared his confidence was not great enough to pronounce the name of Love, much leſs to commit Inceſt; and therefore not daring to venture a ſecret of that nature to ſo young and ſqueamiſh a perſon, he conſumed himſelf in unprofitable deſires, when on a ſudden his Deſtiny befriended him with an opportunity to accompliſh them: and indeed *Cupid* ſeldom abandons his Votaries in their extremities; when a man hath nothing to do but to ſpeak, the greateſt part of his Adventure is done to his hand. There was about this time an Aſtrologer arrived at *Burgos*, or at leaſt a man pretending to be ſo, and ſeveral Miracles were reported of him. Theſe ſort of people in former Ages, being more rare, were more venerable than in ours: formerly the opinion was, nothing of futurity could be predicted but by Magick: But now a days every one pretends to it. Our Aſtrologer having ſet up his Bills, and made a large Panegyrick in Commendation of his Art, the noiſe he made in the Town, by the means of his Officers, came to the ears of *Alphonſo*: *Alphonſo* muſt needs ſee him, and amongſt other admirable things which he preſaged, and would anſwer for them upon his head, he ſhew him

himin a Book the Names of all the Miſtreſſes he had formerly had, and the principal Occurrences in his Amours. He needed no more in the Judgment of the good King to intitle him a Magician: Whereupon he forbid his Daughter, and all the reſt of his Court to have any communication with this man, being aſſured what he had ſhown him was more than natural, and looking upon his Book as a piece of *Lucifers* Library, he believed it compoſed by the Devil. The Prince of *Galicia* who did not fancy the Devils ſo ſociable, apprehended not that horrour for the Aſtrologer, as the King would have perſwaded him to. He ſent for him to his Appartment, and having threatned to cut his throat, if he told him not the truth, he promiſed him a conſiderable reward, if he would be ingenuous and diſcover. The Conjuror being frighted with his threats on one ſide, and incouraged with his rewards on the other, confeſt freely to the Prince that he neither underſtood Signs, nor Planets, that he queſtioned, whether any man alive was ſo skilful as to deduce any certain Preſages from them, and that as to his Book, he owed all the reputation of that to a certain Water he made, which covered what he writ when he had a mind to it, and being expoſed to the rays of the Sun, went away again it ſelf, and left the Character entire. By the help of this Secret, my Lord, ſaid the Aſtrologer, I write down in my Book whatever I know of any perſons Intrigues. When I have done that, I waſh over what I have writ, with the aforeſaid Compoſition, and then laying it in the Sun, I make it appear according as it is neceſſary for my Fortune or Reputation:

tation: But, said the Prince, then you but seldom hit right, for it is impossible you should know all the Intrigues in the World. My Lord, replied the Astrologer, I put so great a price upon the Predictions of my Book, that the Common-people are not able to go so high: it is only Soveraign Princes, and Persons of eminent Quality can reach the recompence I require; and for those of that Character, their most secret Intrigues are known, and so it is they come to think my knowledge infallible. The Prince of *Galicia* was very much satisfied with the integrity of the Astrologer, and inferring from his fidelity in this, he might be trusted in greater matters, he resolved to make use of him for the discovery of his passion to the Countess of *Tholouse*. He gave him so magnificent a Present, that he might promise himself the utmost of his assistance, and passing from thence to the Countesses Appartment, he was so fortunate as to find her alone. He began his converse by the praise of the Astrologer, protested he had told him such things as he could not have learnt but by Miracle, and having understood by *Elvira* that she had not seen that Prodigy as yet, he offered to attend her to him when she pleased to command. Alas, Sir, replied the innocent *Elvira*, I would willingly accept your offer, but the King is so perswaded of the mans communication with the Devil, that he hath injoyned me to the contrary. How injoyned you, Madam, replied the Prince, is it for a Person of your Quality to have any thing forbidden you? were you a Child, or had not the wit or discretion which is requisite at your age, the King might use his Authority; but

but for you, Madam, one of the most ingenious, and prudent persons alive, to be interdicted so indifferent a Curiosity, believe me, Madam, you will deserve that usage, if you endure it without regret; and were it not but to instruct his Majesty in what manner you are to be treated, I would perswade you to see this Astrologer, and I do not doubt but to justifie your disobedience. This discourse jumpt exceedingly with the vanity of *Elvira*, she had desired a long time to be rid of *Alphonso*'s Tuition, and have the management of her own Affairs, but she had a habit of awe upon her, that hindred her from shaking off the yoke: For some time she resisted the Princes Proposition. He saw well enough she had a desire to be with him, but she durst not follow her own inclinations. Sometimes she said she had no faith for such kind of things; sometimes that she had nothing upon her heart, about which she needed to consult an Astrologer; and as the last Argument of all, she told him she did not know how far it might dissatisfie her Husband. He was a passionate man, and she durst not enterprise a thing of that importance, without his permission. Upon this Article *Raymond de Burgogne* began to show his Rhetorick. He told *Elvira* that for her Husband to take cognizance of such particular actions, was Tyranny: that Persons of her Vertue and Quality, were to be left to their own Conduct; and proposing to her the Example of *Urraca*, whom he had left absolute Mistress both of her own actions, and all his Estate, he brought her at length to a resolution of seeing the Astrologer: they agreed upon the next day. The King and the Count being

ing to give Audience to certain Deputies from *Tholouſe*, and that Ceremony being to take them up all that afternoon, the Counteſs had full liberty to ſee the Aſtrologer without danger of ſurprize. The bargain being made in this manner, the Prince returned to his Chamber, ſent immediately for his Aſtrologer (which we ſhall call *Abdemelec*) and having received him with a long ſtory, and a thouſand pretences of kindneſs to him, he told him he had a deſign to put a Trick upon the Counteſs of *Tholouſe*, and he would intreat his aſſiſtance. The Aſtrologer offered his ſervice freely; he had had too great experience of his liberality, to neglect any occaſion of receiving the fruits of it; he wiſhed with all his heart he was as neceſſary in all the Princes Affairs, and never deſired ſo much knowledge in his profeſſion, as at that time. *Raymond* perceiving him ſo well diſpoſed, perſwaded him that he would pretend Love to his Siſter-in-law, and guilded over his intention with whatever he thought might make it appear innocent. He told him it was by agreement betwixt the Counteſs and he, and that it was to be done upon a Wager. *Abdemelec* underſtood very well what he had to ſuſpect; he had Judgment and Experience, and had ſeldom obſerved a Perſon of any Parts enter upon a deſign, without ſome end or other. He promiſed the Prince therefore to diſcharge himſelf faithfully of his Truſt, he put one of his blank Books into his hands, which the ignorant look upon as a Devil. The Prince writ in it what he deſired the Counteſs ſhould find there, and the Aſtrologer ingaging to remember the reſt, he left *Raymond* in great

great impatience of receiving the fruits of his contrivance. The History doth not mention how he slept the night before this declaration wasto be,but I dare affirm (& not apprehend to be thought rash) it was not without interruption. The long wisht for hour being come, *Raymond* fetcht *Abdemelec* to his Lodgings, and carried him from thence to the Countesses Appartment, they shut themselves all three up in her Closet, and the Astrologer being Master of his Trade, began to ask *Elvira* about her Nativity; he examined her Physiognomy, inquired after the principal accidents of her life, and judging he had done enough to give her an advantagious impression of his skill, he began to produce the Book the Prince of *Galicia* had told her of. *Elvira* trembled as soon as she saw it, she had endured the sight, and examination of the Conjuror, with very good courage; but when he mentioned the Book of which she had heard so many Miracles, and which *Alphonso* had assured her was no less than the body of Magick in little, her resolution began to forsake her. The Prince confirmed her as much as he could, he shewed her the leaves of the Book, in which there was no writing to be seen. The Countess having turned them over,theAstrologer took it out of her hand, and going aside to the Window, under pretence of looking out, he laid his Book in the Sun, and having staid there some little time, till he judged the heat had exhaled the Water which covered the Writing, he brought the Book opened to the Countess, with the right end upwards, that she might read with more ease what was about to be discovered. But the poor Lady, affright-

ed to see Characters there where but a moment before she was confident there was nothing, she gave a great shreek, and instead of reading it, threw the Book down, and ran as fast as she could to the door, to save her self from the Devil. The Prince of *Galicia* catcht her by the Gown, and protesting there was nothing but what was natural in all that she saw, he brought her back (almost by force) to a Table where the Book was laid. It was pleasant to see the terrour the poor Countess was in: her Curiosity scarce made her step one foot towards the Table, but her fear fetcht her as far back again towards the door. She put such innocent questions to the Prince, and the Astrologer, they had no small trouble upon them to keep from blurting in her face. But, good Brother, said she to *Raymond*, what if the reading in this Book should put me into the power of the Devil, and he should fetch me away as soon as I had done. Ha, Madam, replied the Prince, he will not fetch you, my life for yours, approach, upon my word: Ha, Sir, replied the Countess, your words will do me no good amongst the evil Spirits, you may give me an hundred before one of them will pass there. But, Madam, replied the Prince in some impatience, hath the Devil carried me away? and yet I have seen, and consulted this Book several times; do you think he can carry away people as he pleases? Alas, he hath not power to carry away those who give themselves to him, much less those who do not. Come, Madam, I beseech you, and then thrusting her to the Table, in a great fear she read these Verses.

Would

Would you be happy, 'bove all earthly things?
A Prince adores you, eaſe his ſufferings.
If Hymens *Law diſſwades, and tells you, no.*
'Tis ſin to love beſides your Husband, know
'Tis none to love him that loves none but you.

And at the bottom of theſe Verſes there was written in Capital Letters,

THIS PRINCE IS
RAYMOND DE BOURGOGNE.

Alas, cryed the Counteſs, after ſhe had ſeen the Name of *Raymond*, if this be all your Aſtrologer can tell me, I might have ſaved my ſelf the labour of ſeeing him, for without conſulting the Stars, the Count of *Tholouſe* told me long ſince what hath happened to day. The Count of *Tholouſe*, Madam? replied the Prince of *Galicia* in ſome heat, Why hath he troubled himſelf to take notice of the paſſion I have for you? Yes he hath taken notice of it, and hath cauſed me to take notice of it, and which is yet more, he hath perſwaded me to accept it. Certainly, replied the Prince of *Galicia*, I did not believe I had been ſo much obliged to the Count of *Tholouſe*, and juſt as he mentioned that word, the Count came into the Cloſet. He had learnt by his Spies, that the Prince of *Galicia* was with her, and carried the Aſtrologer with him; and being of a diſtruſtful nature, and ſuſpicious of ſuch kind of people as *Abdemelec*, he had pretended to be taken ill at his Audience, and came thither on purpoſe to

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but for you, Madam, one of the moſt ingenious, and prudent perſons alive, to be interdicted ſo indifferent a Curioſity, believe me, Madam, you will deſerve that uſage, if you endure it without regret; and were it not but to inſtruct his Majeſty in what manner you are to be treated, I would perſwade you to ſee this Aſtrologer, and I do not doubt but to juſtifie your diſobedience. This diſcourſe jumpt exceedingly with the vanity of *Elvira*, ſhe had deſired a long time to be rid of *Alphonſo*'s Tuition, and have the management of her own Affairs, but ſhe had a habit of awe upon her, that hindred her from ſhaking off the yoke: For ſome time ſhe reſiſted the Princes Propoſition. He ſaw well enough ſhe had a deſire to be with him, but ſhe durſt not follow her own inclinations. Sometimes ſhe ſaid ſhe had no faith for ſuch kind of things; ſometimes that ſhe had nothing upon her heart, about which ſhe needed to conſult an Aſtrologer; and as the laſt Argument of all, ſhe told him ſhe did not know how far it might diſſatisfie her Husband. He was a paſſionate man, and ſhe durſt not enterpriſe a thing of that importance, without his permiſſion. Upon this Article *Raymond de Burgogne* began to ſhow his Rhetorick. He told *Elvira* that for her Husband to take cognizance of ſuch particular actions, was Tyranny: that Perſons of her Vertue and Quality, were to be left to their own Conduct; and propoſing to her the Example of *Vrraca*, whom he had left abſolute Miſtreſs both of her own actions, and all his Eſtate, he brought her at length to a reſolution of ſeeing the Aſtrologer: they agreed upon the next day. The King and the Count being

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Alas, cryed the Counteſs, after ſhe had ſeen the Name of *Raymond*, if this be all your Aſtrologer can tell me, I might have ſaved my ſelf the labour of ſeeing him, for without conſulting the Stars, the Count of *Tholouſe* told me long ſince what hath happened to day. The Count of *Tholouſe*, Madam? replied the Prince of *Galicia* in ſome heat, Why hath he troubled himſelf to take notice of the paſſion I have for you? Yes he hath taken notice of it, and hath cauſed me to take notice of it, and which is yet more, he hath perſwaded me to accept it. Certainly, replied the Prince of *Galicia*, I did not believe I had been ſo much obliged to the Count of *Tholouſe*, and juſt as he mentioned that word, the Count came into the Cloſet. He had learnt by his Spies, that the Prince of *Galicia* was with her, and carried the Aſtrologer with him; and being of a diſtruſtful nature, and ſuſpicious of ſuch kind of people as *Abdemelec*, he had pretended to be taken ill at his Audience, and came thither on purpoſe to

prevent a miſchief he ſo plainly foreſaw. His Arrival was ſo unexpected, and his Entrance ſo ſudden, the Aſtrologer had no time to take his Book off the Table. The Count ſnateht it up immediately, and caſting his eye upon what he had apprehended he ſhould find, he let the Prince of *Galicia* know he was not of an humour to endure ſuch kind of affairs. *Raymond* would have turned all into Raillery, whilſt the Count was reading, he had had ſome time to recollect himſelf, he endeavoured to perſwade him, that this declaration of his Love was but an innocent deſign to puniſh *Elvira* for her Curioſity. But the Count (having ſignified by the ſhaking of his head, and other geſticulations, he was not to be deluded ſo eaſily) he deſired the Prince very gravely, that he would uſe no ſuch Stratagems for the future; and doubtleſs he had paid the Aſtrologer for his pains, had he not foreſeen the ſtorm, and prevented it by a timely receſs. The Aſtrologer was no Fool, he diſcerned by the Princes looks when the Count came in, that this Intrigue was not by conſent, as he had endeavoured to perſwade him. He knew that there was nothing more ordinary than for little perſons to ſuffer in the quarrels of great; ſo that ſlipping away out of the Cabinet while the Count was reading the Inſcription, he was not to be found afterwards when he was wanting; and indeed I am of opinion he would have ſought all over the Town, to little purpoſe; for after ſuch an accident, he thought it would be too hot: and if in ſuch a caſe any man ſhould ask my advice, I ſhould never conſult the Stars to perſwade him to abſcond. From this paſſage of the Aſtrologer,

Astrologer, the Count *de Tholouse* became so jealous of his Wife, that he left her not one moments repose. He gave her Lectures every day, he forbid her the most innocent Recreations: she could not go one step without Spies. And now let any one that knows the World judge of the efficacy of these precautions, and say whether they be like to support and reinforce a staggering Vertue. An unjust Command is the fountain of disobedience, and Women never desire any thing so impetuously, as what is expressly forbidden. But it was the Count of *Tholouse* his Destiny, to advance the affairs of the Prince of *Galicia*, which all the Charms and Oratory of *Raymond* would have attempted in vain. Her desire of punishing the Count for his Jealousie, put it into her mind to give him occasion; so that this imprudent Husband compleated the felicity of his Wifes Gallant, as he had began it: and as the highest effect of the Princes good Fortune. The Count of *Tholouse* was never so well pleased with his imaginary preventions, as at the time when his Wife and *Raymond* had illuded them.

It seasons much a Victory, to owe
It to the Caution of a watchful Foe:
Of all the artifices and tricks we meet
In Love, 'tis circumvention is most sweet.
To cheat Report, is common; but to be
Too wise and vigilant for Jealousie,
Is Loves peculiar Complement to She.

The Amours of our two Lovers continued secret for some time, to the marvellous content of both

Parties. *Raymond* came many times to a Closet-Window, which was no higher than a Buttress, and lookt into a private Walk that was much unfrequented. This Window had an Iron Lettice before it, but the Countess was so cunning, she got a Grate made with Joynts, to be taken down upon occasion; and this was so artificially done, it was not to be perceived. This part of the Palace was so strong of it self, it was not thought necessary to guard it. *Elvira* went to this Closet every night, attended only by one person which lighted her, and was well paid for his pains. It was known her custom was to read, when she was there, so that her Women were not affrighted, if she staid sometimes an hour longer than ordinary. As soon as the door was shut, she took down the Grate, and receiving the Prince (who leapt plum into the Window without the help of a Ladder) they past the time very happily without any discovery. Besides this, they had found another Expedient. There was a Covent of Nuns at *Burgos*, to which the Countess made her Visits very frequently. She carried few of her Friends or Servants with her, pretending unwilling to incommode the young Damoisells in their Retirement. The Prince of *Galicia* had corrupted the Porter so far, as to suffer him to enter the Monastery in the habit of a Gardiner; he met the Countess still in the most obscure part of the Garden, and it was at these Enterviews they agreed where and when they were to meet next. This convenience of private meetings excused the Prince from all formal Visitations; he sees the Countess in publick but very seldom, and

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the Count of *Tholouſe* judging of their Amours by the frequency of his Viſits, was grown to that paſs he could ſleep pretty well. But nothing is ſo cloſe, but time will diſcover; let one manage his affairs with never ſo much prudence, ſomething or other falls out ſtill to detect it. Upon a night as the Count was paſſing from the King of *Caſtiles* Lodgings, the door of one of the Terraſſes of Communication, being ſhut, he paſt by the private way the Cloſet-Window opened in to; no body but the Count of *Tholouſe* himſelf, durſt have taken that liberty, for that being the uſual Walk for the Counteſs, and her Maids, it was kept as ſacred from all other perſons: as he was going by, the Count perceived a light at the Window, he went ſoftly to it, and commanded his Servants to keep back. By diſaſter the Counteſs opened the Grill at the ſame inſtant to let out the Prince, and obſerving the Flambeau which attended her Husband, ſhe not only clapt the Grill to again, but put out her Candle in ſuch haſte, that the great light which was there, and the ſudden putting it out, gave him occaſion to ſuſpect: he ran up directly into his Wifes Appartment to ſee what was the matter: But he found no Prince, for he had had time to ſave himſelf, but with ſo much precipitation, he left his Gloves behind him. The Count knew at firſt ſight who was their Maſter. He fell into great agonies and imprecations; he cauſed her Lodgings to be ſearcht, and threatned fire and faggots to every one that came near to, and calling for his Flambeau to examine the Lattice; he lookt about it ſo narrowly, that at length he found which way it was to be opened. Had he found his Co n-

teſs in that fury, he had doubtleſs been tranſported to ſome violence againſt her, but ſhe had the diſcretion to run immediately to the Kings Chamber; and the fright ſhe was in had produced ſo much compaſſion in the good man, that when the Count followed her with complaints againſt the ill conduct of his Daughter, the old King received him with no other Ceremony than threats and reproach. Not liking that kind of Entertainment, he retired ſecretly from *Burgos*, and left his Wife to her Deſtiny. His firſt thoughts were to have gone into *France* to have raiſed Forces there, and to have demanded reparation with his Sword in his hand; but remembring himſelf that he had heard *Urraca* was an imperious and high-ſpirited Princeſs, he conceived ſhe might probably be made ſo ſenſible of her Husbands infidelity, that ſhe might contribute conſiderably to his Revenge. He took his way therefore towards *Compoſtella*, and indeed to do the Prince of *Galicia* a miſchief, it was the beſt courſe he could ſteer. The Princeſs was of a very ſenſible complexion, the long abſence of the Prince began already to diſturb her. The Count of *Tholouſe* was a very handſom Perſon, and a *French*-man by birth (which is a Nation ſo acceptable in Foreign parts, that the very name of a *French*-man is enough to ſtartle the ſevereſt of the Ladies, and mollifie the moſt unmalleable obduracy amongſt them. *Urraca* no ſooner ſaw her Brother-in-law, the Count, but ſhe felt the force of the *French* Conſtellation: ſhe promiſed him whatever he askt; ſhe gave him abſolute Command over the Town of *Compoſtella*: but theſe were but Complements and

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Formalities as yet. *Urraca* was not ſo beautiful as *Elvira*, but *Elvira* was the Count of *Tholouſes* Wife, and convict of infidelity. In this poſture were our two Brothers-in-law preparing for repriſal. *Raymond de Burgogne* lent nothing to the Count of *Tholouſe* in *Caſtile*, but the Count repaid very punctually in *Galicia* and (ſome ſay) with intereſt: for the Intrigue betwixt *Raymond* and *Elvira* being private; nothing was known of it, but what her Husband had been pleaſed to divulge; but that betwixt *Urraca* and the Count was ſo publick at firſt daſh, there was not any friend the Prince had in *Galicia*, which had not given him advertiſement. This is an offence in which a man generally conſiders himſelf more than any body elſe: Whether the Wife be beloved, or whether ſhe be not, her inconſtancy is always abominable to her Husband. *Raymond* repairs with all diligence to *Galicia*: He was of opinion he need but ſhew himſelf to diſſipate that ſtorm; but he was miſtaken, and kept out at the Gates of *Compoſtella*, the new Governour ſending him word in a Military way, he had found in the Aſtrologers Book, that he ought to be *Urraca*'s Gallant, as *Raymond* had been Gallant to *Elvira*. It is eaſie to imagine this Complement appeared ſomething ſtrange to the Prince of *Galicia*: He was conſcious of having been the Example: but he had kept within the bounds of outward Civility. There was none but the Count knew any thing of his Amours, and he had done his utmoſt to conceal it from him: but to ſee the Gallant of his Wife refuſe him entrance publickly into his own houſe, was a thing he had never ſeen

practiſed

practiſed before. *Raymond* being highly incenſed at the outrage, forgot nothing that might revenge it. He diſpatcht a Meſſenger to *Caſtile*, to demand of King *Alphonſo* poſſeſſion of the Principality he had promiſed him upon Marriage. He ſent into *France* for Supplies from his Father the Duke of *Bourgondy*, and all the reſt of the Allies. The Count of *Tholouſe* ſeeing him take that way, followed his Example; he complained to the King of *Caſtile* of the injury he had received by his Daughter. He writ to *Lewis le Gros*, King of *France*, to deſire his Protection. In this manner all *Caſtile* was in an Uproar; The Province of *Galicia*, like to become the Seat of a bloody War, and all, for the impertinence of Love: Love is ſo ſeditious; it works it ſelf into all Plots, and all Parties. No man can tell its power, till he hath tryed it, and no man that hath tryed, is fit to deſcribe it. *Henry de Lorraine* the Husband of *Thereſia* of *Caſtile*, and Prince of the Conqueſts in *Portugal*, being of a Family to which life and Generoſity were connatural, with great ſorrow underſtood the diſtraction of the Royal Houſe of *Caſtile*. Any body but he would have made his advantage of them: the diſpleaſure of the Father againſt two of his Daughters muſt needs be of great importance to the third: But the Princes of his Race, are not capable of ſo mean a thing as private intereſt. He departed from *Lisbon* immediately, went directly to his Father-in-law the King of *Caſtile*, and undertook to mediate betwixt his two Brothers-in-law. But for as much as new Acquiſitions are more tottering and uncertain than what are anciently eſtabliſht. *Henry* appre-

apprehending his absence might give opportunity to new Commotions, he kept his Journey very close, and leaving *Fernandez Paw*, a *Portugal*, to assist his Wife in the Government of that Kingdom, he departed so suddenly for *Castile*, that *Theresia* had scarce time to write two lines to her Father. But for the making the occurrences at *Castile* (at the Arrival of Prince *Henry*) perspicuous, it will not be amiss if we insert what passed in *Portugal* before he set out. This *Fernandez Paw* (whom he had left chief Counsellor to the Princess in his absence) had long since possest himself of that Character in her heart. *Henry* was a young Prince more enamoured of the Quality, than the Person of *Theresia*. This *Paw* admired her for both; and it is a great satisfaction to a Woman to have her Dominion founded upon her own Excellence. *Paw* therefore had got an intimacy with the Princess upon that score; and having managed it very discreetly, Prince *Henry* had gotten no notice of it. *Paw* served his Prince so well in his Foreign Affairs, he was not the least suspected at home. *Theresia* carried her self with as much modesty as could be expected; but by misfortune, the day before *Henry* was to depart, there had been some Letters past betwixt *Theresia* and *Paw*: the Princess was subject to some Christian reflexions, which had put her Gallant into some confusion. He had writ to her upon that subject, and *Theresia* was so prest by her Husband to close up her Pacquet to *Castile*, that she sealed up *Paws* Letter instead of one to her Father. This mistake was not discovered till three or four hours after the Prince was departed. They had

been imployed all that time in inſtructions *pro* and *con.* But when the Princeſs was alone, and had a mind to read *Paws* Letter, which ſhe believed ſhe had left ſealed upon the Table, ſhe was much ſurprized to find the Letter ſhe had writ to her Father *Alphonſo*, in its place. That ſhe ſigh't, and wept, and tore her hair, is no great difficulty to imagine. Nothing could ſerve, but ſhe muſt dye, *Fernandez* could not comfort her, and to ſpeak truth, he himſelf wanted no little conſolation: But there was no remedy but patience. The Example of her other Siſters gave his ſome relaxation, ſhe could not do worſe, than they had done before her. In the mean time *Henry* arrived at *Burgos*, with *Paws* Letter, inſtead of his Fathers. The good *Alphonſo* was much revived at the ſight of his dear Son-in-law; and looking now upon *Thereſia* as the ſole Inheritrix of that Love, of which *Elvira* and *Urraca* had rendred themſelves unworthy, he obſerved the tears drop down his venerable Cheeks at the ſight of the Letter the Prince preſented him from her. He opened the Pacquet with great joy, and ſuppoſing there was nothing in the heart of his Daughter, to which her Husband might not be privy, he began to read it aloud; but recollecting immediately that it was not *Thereſia*'s hand, he ſtopt at the firſt line, and then looking upon the Superſcription to ſee how it was directed, he found it, *For the King of Caſtile*: and that the Superſcription was written by *Thereſia* her ſelf; he concluded then that ſhe might have ſome reaſons (which he did not know) to make uſe of a Secretary, and then ſtepping to the Window, he read theſe

theſe Lines, which (to accommodate our ſelves to all ſorts of Readers) we have taken the pains to tranſlate out of *Spaniſh*.

Ah, my dear Princeſs, how inſupportable are you grown with your remorſes! have I not told you a thouſand times, that there is nothing owing to Husbands, but the conſervation of their Honours? That the great diſcretion lyes in chuſing a friend, who by the prudence of his Conduct, would keep them from ſcandal: and theſe Formalities being obſerved, there is no more due from you to Prince Henry. *Courage, Madam, overcome this unſeaſonable compunction; and that it may be nipt in the bud, permit that I may wait upon you this night with new Arguments againſt it.*

Never was any man ſo ſurprized as *Alphonſo* at the reading of this Letter. It was to be his common cuſtom to ſee his Daughters diſloyal. *Elvira* had taken that liberty in private, *Urraca* did it publickly, and the old King of *Caſtile* was ſo good a Father as to impute all to the imprudence of his Sons-in-law. He could not believe it was their temperament, or natural inclination which diſpoſed them to ſo unnatural actions. The one was debaucht by the Jealouſie of her Husband; the other by her deſire of Revenge: but for *Thereſia*, he had nothing to ſay in her defence. *Henry* was accompliſht in himſelf, he had ſetled the *French* œconomy in his Family, and *Thereſia* lived at *Lisbon*, as ſhe would have done at *Paris*: He was liberal, frank, and faithful; ſo that *Alphonſo* was ſo much tranſported at the injury done to this Prince,

Prince, that he could not master his first resentments. However it had been but prudence in him to conceal the exorbitance of his Daughter; but the good man was so transported with choler, that he threw the Letter upon the ground, cast up his eyes to heaven as a person under some eminent affliction; and answering his own thoughts as it had been his Daughter, he cryed out, You shall dye, unhappy Child, you shall dye: if your Husband should be so merciful to forgive you, I would tear you in pieces with mine own trembling hands, rather than your infidelity should go unpunisht. The Prince of *Portugal* had like to have swounded at this transport, he could not conceive the Contents of the Letter, nor the cause of *Alphonso*'s disorder; and asking him (in his surprise) what infidelity it was he charged upon *Theresia*, the King took up the Letter again, and delivering it into his hand, here, says he, see what reason I have to be disturbed, and confess I have brought Monsters, not Daughters, into the World. *Henry* took *Paws* Letter from the King, he knew the hand, and reading it half out, was so astonisht at the Contents, he could scarce tell whether he was waking, or asleep. His conversation in the World had not been so small, but he knew a Womans vertue was not to be warranted without good counter-security. He understood the Sex by experience, and was not ignorant that the best friends are usually they which disparage the Husband. But to consider that he should be the Porter of that unfortunate Letter, was a Pill he could not swallow, nor digest. His misfortune was too common to be incredible, but the Circumstance

ſtance with which it was accompanied, was beyond all belief: and it was not ſo much *Paws* Letter that affected him, as that it was his Deſtiny to deliver it. This conſideration ſtownded him for ſome time, and the tranſportation of his Father-in-law, added fuel to his fire; but at laſt the ſtorm was blown over. In that Age (as it is in this) the Title of Cuckold was ſo common, it was ſcarce any trouble to be ſo. The diſgrace lyes only where it is known: when a Womans inconſtancy is publick, nothing is greater dishonour to her Husband: where it is managed with ſecrecy, nothing is ſo trivial. *Henry* lookt upon it as no point of diſcretion, to publiſh the infirmities of his Wife, and therefore gave himſelf ſome few days to digeſt his reſentment. But the Examples of his Brothers-in-law having learnt him ſome Wit, he came one morning to the Kings Chamber, and ſaid to him, You ſee, Sir, by the Letter I have brought you, that your Daughters have no reaſon to upbraid one another. They were born under the ſame Conſtellation, and if any thing diſcriminates me from the Prince of *Galicia*, and the Count of *Tholouſe*, it is this, that their unhappineſs is known, and mine is a ſecret. I have no inclination to publiſh it, and if you pleaſe you may conceal the Letter you ſhewed me: Send word to your Daughter that you kept it from me, and I will never convince her of her errour. In giving me *Thereſia*, your Majeſty gave me alſo a Province, which I hope in time to improve into a Kingdom. I have Children already which may ſucceed me hereafter. There is no neceſſity the *Portugals* ſhould ſuſpect whether they be mine, or

Paws.

Paws. Conceal the diſhonour of your Daughter with as much care as I, and by the Example of your Family we will demonſtrate, that it is the diſcretion of the Husbands which makes the difference betwixt the Women which are prudent in appearance, and thoſe which are really irregular. The King of *Caſtile* took this Propoſition very kindly. He began to repent himſelf of what he had done, inſomuch that magnifying the Generoſity he had expreſt, he ſeconded his Counſels with ſeveral Examples, and moſt irrefragable Arguments: and the troubles in *Caſtile* being appeaſed by the death of the Count of *Tholouſe*, and the interpoſition of the King of *France*, *Henry* returned into *Portugal*, without any mark or token of that he knew. The truth is, he found out a pretence to ſend *Paw* out of the World, and I have been told he had another to make his Wife more obſequious for the future. But (as he preſaged very judiciouſly) his Poſterity have reigned ſeveral years in *Portugal*, whereas the younger Sons of the Royal Family of *Caſtile*, have always diſputed the Crown with the Children of *Urraca*.

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This I'le affirm, let things go how they can,
The marri'd's really the happieſt man.
Let her be what ſhe will, I'le lay my life
His owns more faithful than his Neighbours Wife.

But ſhall we never have done with theſe Daughters? does no other condition of life but the married, afford matter for our Annals? Yes certainly, Hiſtory

Hiſtory is ſo fertile in amourous accidents, ſhe ſupplies us with variety. About the ſame time while things were in this agitation in *Spain*, Love (which had laid about him ſo in the Royal Family of *Caſtile*) was not idle in the Court of the Emperour of the Weſt. This Empire was then under the Dominion of *Frederick Barberoſſa*, a valiant and ambitious Prince. He had ſignalized the beginning of his Reign by remarkable Victories, ſo that there was nothing diſcourſed of in all *Europe* ſo much as his Power and Greatneſs. He kept his ordinary Reſidence in *Rome*, as well becauſe the Climate agreed with his body, as upon certain ſecret Deſigns he had upon the Lands of the Church: and becauſe his remoteneſs from the heart of his Empire, cauſed him to apprehend ſome Mutiny in the Towns of *Germany*, he obliged Prince *Henry* (his Son) to continue in that Province the greateſt part of the year. This young Prince was extremely hopeful; the people of the Empire loved him entirely: So that his Father conceiving ſome Jealouſie thereupon, took the pretence of his Coronation to recal him to *Rome*. They paſt the Winter very lovingly together; and the Emperour having a mind to pry into the Conduct of *Alexander* the Third (who was then Pope, and in poſſeſſion of the Patrimony of S. *Peter*) he ordered his Son to viſit him frequently. The Prince, in obedience to his Father, waited upon him as often as he was viſible. He attended him in all his devotions, and among other places to a Monaſtery of Nuns where his Holineſs had a Niece he loved moſt entirely: She was deſcended from the Blood Royal of *Sicily*,

and her Uncle the Diſpoſer of all Eccleſiaſtical preferments; but as yet ſhe was not of years to be an Abbeſs, and therefore at *Rome* was known by no other name but Madam *Conſtance*. She was as handſom as was poſſible to wiſh, and beſides ſeveral other good qualities ſhe had a good voice, and ſung incomparably well: at one of the Solemnities of that Covent the Prince heard her one day; and being a great Lover of Muſick, he had a great ambition to ſee her; the dignity of her relation to the Pope authorizing his deſire, he askt leave to ſee *Conſtance* when the Ceremony was ended. He was much tranſported at the ſight of her, and had never ſeen ſo many graces in one Aſſembly before. Till that day, he was free, his ſoul was his own; and he ſeemed born for *Mars*'s (not *Venus*) Wars. But he was not the firſt man hath become a Captive to the ſimplicity of a Nun. There is a ſort of people not to be captivated but in this ſhape, and there have been Letters ſeen in our days which have taught us, that of all people in the World, none make Love with that confidence and freedom as the Nuns. The Monaſtical Gallantry hath its Laws and Rubricks apart. There are no elegant Entertainments, no Aſſiduities, nor publick Attendances, all things within the Cloiſter are ſo carried privately and with diſcretion; nevertheleſs their Religious Civility is ſo great, they will not diſcourage any mans affection, and there is but few which attempt them, but they arrive at their deſigns. The Imperial Prince was a handſom Perſon, and a fine Gentleman; *Conſtance* had taken a Monaſtick life upon her, more in obedience than choice, and in vows of this

this Nature, there is ſomething always reſerved to direct the intention: Thus have we brought them into *Cupids* High-way. The Prince ſeconded his firſt Viſit with another, and loſt no opportunity of multiplying them: the more he ſaw, the more he admired her; and *Conſtance* was no leſs taken with him: The Prince ſpoke, *Conſtance* attended. *Conſtance* ſuſpected, the Prince proteſted; and in ſhort, all Formalities being obſerved on both ſides, the Prince perſwaded her he loved her, and was perſwaded himſelf that ſhe loved him no leſs. The Policy of the Grate confining the Princes Viſits to certain and regular hours which his paſſion could not brook; he wanted ſome way of ſeeing *Conſtance* when he pleaſed, and that was not eaſie to find. *Conſtance* was very conformable, and the Order not permitting any Abbeſs of Quality (who would perhaps have known better things) there was a moſt ſevere old Governeſs who would truſt no body but her ſelf with the keeping of her flock: The keys of the doors ſhe brought up her ſelf every night, and laid them in her Chamber. But what is it which Love cannot do? Love is the Father of Invention, and when a Lover has no more to do but to lull the numerous Eyes of *Argus* into a ſleep, he thinks it a trifle, and performable with eaſe. Prince *Henry* judging of the inclinations of the reſt, by what he had experimented in *Conſtance*, reſolved to inſinuate with ſuch of her Aſſociats, as he believed might be uſeful to his deſigns. He ſelected ſuch of the young Cavaliers of his Train as were beſt affected to his intereſt, and moſt like to ingratiate with the Nuns; and gave them in charge to

make Courtſhip to her that kept the Gate, her that was appointed to be preſent at all diſcourſes, and another whoſe Office it was to rouze the Siſters in the morning. The Enterpriſe ſucceeded as was deſired, and the Gentlemen gained upon them ſo, that by their mediation the Prince had all the liberty he could wiſh. She which was to attend their Diſcourſes, reported nothing to the Governeſs but Dialogues of Vertue and Piety. The Siſter which was to awake them, did it as ſhe was directed, and ſhe that kept the Gates was ſo favourable, as to give them the impreſſion in Wax of all the Keys in the Houſe: By theſe impreſſions the Prince cauſed new Keys to be made, and whilſt the rigid old Matron preſuming upon her own providence, was ſleeping quietly in her bed, the Prince and his three Confidents paſt away whole nights with the four Nuns in the Garden: And there was this very remarkable in their Society, that the Nuns were all of them true to their Camarade, leſt they in revenge ſhould be otherwiſe to them.

MAXIME VII.

Some men there are ſo vain, they cannot be
Secure (they think) of their felicity,
Unleſs the World does know't: but let them know,
There's no man counted wiſe, that thinks them ſo.
He who fares well, and cannot hold his peace,
Muſt not be angry at too many Gueſts.

The deſire of things forbidden is an irregularity of Nature, which knows no bounds but exceſs, the reſpect

respect and deference we bear to it, renders it insatiable; and it is commonly seen, the first step one makes towards things which are unlawful, is not long before it is followed by the last. Our Nuns were grown to that pass, they were not satisfied to manage their Loves within the Walls of the Cloister, to receive and entertain their Gallants in the Garden, and to wait upon them out again a good way beyond the Gate; but their temptation increased by the pleasure they found in it. The Coronation of the Emperour was to be celebrated with so many fine Spectacles, that the noise of the preparation was got into their Covent. They were taken with a Curiosity of seeing one or other of them. The heat which is commonly extraordinary in *Rome*, had obliged the Emperour to make choice of the night for the greatest part of the Solemnity; and the custom of going vailed having bin long used in *Italy*, *Constance* and her Companions could see no great difficulty in satisfying their desires. They communicated with the Prince, and he opposed not their designs. The more a Woman transgresses the Laws of Civility, the fewer scruples and impediments a man hath to encounter. For the accomplishment of this Enterprise, he pitcht upon a night in which the Emperour gave an Entertainment in a Garden upon the Banks of the River *Tiber*: and *Frederick* having contrived a new way of Divertisement, resolved to appear in Masquerade, and no persons were to be admitted, but such as were in Disguise. Prince *Henry* caused Masquerade Cloaths to be made for *Constance* and her Camarades; he furnisht them with a Foreign

Equipage, and (committing them to the Conduct of him who was Gallant to her which kept the Gates) took order for their entrance, and places in the Garden. They arrived without any accident; the person appointed to conduct them, attended in an unknown Coach at the Back-gate of their Covent, with Habits proper for their Disguise. The Ladies drest themselves by the way, and left their own Cloaths in the Coach; they entred into the Garden, and placed themselves. The Prince saluted them as Strangers, but whether that Complement made them more remarkable, or the transcendant Beauty of *Constance* pierced thorough her Disguise, she was scarce entred into the Garden, but the Emperour perceived her, and had the curiosity to inquire who she was. Either they could not, or they would not inform him; so that desiring to discover her by her voice, he accosted her, and fell into a discourse. The Prince told her which was the Emperour, as soon as she came in: So that notwithstanding his Disguise, *Constance* understood how she was to depart her self. At first their discourse was about indifferent things, the Emperour commended the fancy and neatness of her Habit, and *Constance* magnified the magnificence of his: But their conversation increasing insensibly, *Constance* (who understood the Emperours affairs better than he did hers) gave him so many pungent and ingenious answers, that augmented his desire of knowing who she was. He conjured her therefore to satisfie him in that point, but her reply was so ambiguous, he might believe she was of any good Family in *Rome*, and not know of which:

And

And at last observing the Emperour to persist in his obstinacy, and fearing lest he should cause her to be dogg'd home to her Covent, or find out some other way to satisfie his curiosity, she promised the next day to give him a meeting in a Garden (which she knew not but by the name) where the Ladies of Pleasure did usually walk. She thought that Circumstance would make the Emperour believe that she which spake to him was a Lady of that Rank, and so thinking her unworthy of his Company, leave her to her self, but it fell out quite contrary. *Frederick* indeed judged of her as she had presaged, but that opinion made his desires more violent: for finding them accompanied with hopes, from their conception, he gave himself wholly up to them without either fear or discretion; he considered *Constance* afresh, her shape, her air, the sound of her voice, the quickness of her Eye, and the pleasantness of her Wit: All of them were as charming in appearance, as they were in effect: and flattering his imagination with a thousand fantastical Chimera's, he took his leave of her, the most enamoured Person in the World. Prince *Henry* discovered this new passion at the very first: he observed the Emperour stick to her, as he had been retained by Inchantment. He bad the Courtiers (especially his Favourites) to take notice of that Lady, of her Presence, and *bonne Mine*, and believing her unknown to the Prince, he called him to him two or three times, to inquire his opinion about her. The Prince was at first well pleased with his Curiosity, but considering the violence of his Fathers humour better, he apprehended what might follow. He

made ſigns to the Conducter of the Maſquerades to retire with them immediately, and he being intelligent enough, took his direction, and making uſe of an opportunity when the Emperour was ſpeaking to a *French* Embaſſadour which was there, and juſt come into the Garden: he withdrew *Conſtance* out of the Crowd, and re-conducted her to her Covent. All the time they were paſſing in the Coach betwixt the Garden and the Nunnery, they imployed in changing their Habits, as they had done as they came. They were juſt got to the Gate they were to go in at, when day began to break (as if it had attended their coming back, before it durſt appear) but who could imagine the misfortune that befel them? She of the Party which carried the Key, had been ſo much taken up with the contemplation of what ſhe had ſeen, that ſhe had forgot where ſhe had laid it. She examined her Gallants Habit, and ſhe examined her Religious, gropt up and down the Coach, turned over her Papers, but no Key: The hour they riſe in the Monaſtery approached. The people which brought Commodities to the Market began to appear in the ſtreets: and not one of the poor Siſters could imagine by what Miracle they ſhould be conveyed out of the Coach where they were, into the Cells where they ought to have been. No wonder if they invoked their good Genius, and made millions of promiſes never to run themſelves into the like errour again. There was not a Saint, nor a Protector belonging to their Covent, but they promiſed a Wax-candle, though by the tediouſneſs of their delivery, they did not ſeem to be accepted: But at length

length their Destiny was merciful, and their Key found in the fold of her sleeve, where she had put it her self, and where (according to the common accident in such cases) she had searcht twenty times, and could not find it. They gave great thanks for so seasonable a discovery; they opened the Gate as easily as they could, and stole to their Quarters without any noise; and in the morning one was troubled with the Colick, another with the Head-ach, every one had her distemper, to excuse their lying in bed the next day. The Emperour in the mean time (prest by his curiosity) was as impatient till the hour of the *Rendez-vous* came, as she was indifferent. He got up earlier in the morning, than his setting up the night before did seem to permit, but all that time he could take no rest, though *Constance* slept very sweetly. Scarce was the heat of the day over, but the Emperour was at his assignation: he took some turns about the Garden, before the Ladies which were used to walk there, could get into a condition to appear; but at length the walking hour approaching, he see four or five the handsomest Courtisans in *Rome* enter, amongst whom he imagined his unknown Mistress was one. He accosted them, and laid her particularly aboard with a Complement upon her good Air, her excellent Shape, and the Majesty of her Walk. The Damoisel was mighty well pleased with his Judgment; she bridled, she strutted, and strained as much as was possible to deserve it; she bit her lips to make them look red, and put her Eyes into the best posture she could: but she might have let them alone as well. The Emperour found his mistake,

and

and that ſhe had neither the Shape, Eyes, nor Voice which he lookt for. The converſation of this Woman was tedious to him, when he compared her with *Conſtance:* and ſo leaving, and throwing his eyes up and down the Garden, he continued there till night, but no Nun, nor no body to ſupply the place ſhe had gotten in his heart. This diſappointment went very near him; he could not think of it without indignation, and his Choler fermenting with his Love, he retired into his Palace ſo agitated, and diſturbed, one would have thought he had been to fight ſome great Battel, or had the Conqueſt of all *Turkey* in his head. Whilſt he was conſuming in his Melancholy, and fruitleſs deſires, the Prince and *Conſtance* did but laugh at his miſery: he underſtood by the perſon he ſent home with them, of the meeting ſhe had appointed with *Frederick*, and of her reſolution to fail: and being told that afternoon by ſome of the Emperours Servants, that the Emperour was gone into the Walks: He thought that a fit opportunity to viſit the Popes Niece, to ſee how ſhe liked the Magnificence of the Solemnity ſhe had ſeen, and to droll with her about the Emperours credulity. Thus we may ſee the advantage youth hath over age, and how ſucceſsful a man is like to be in his Career, when his own Son runs againſt him. The abuſed *Frederick* having to the motions of a violent curioſity, added the impulſes of ſhame and indignation, his life became ſo uneaſie, and melancholy, he was ſcarce to be known. He went from Church to Church, from one Company to another, ſearching of a perſon he did not know when he ſaw, and inquiring

inquiring after one whoſe name he could not tell. Thoſe who pretend great penetration into matters of Policy, attribute that to the Ambition of this Prince, which was indeed due to his Love. The unquiet air which was viſible in his Countenance, portended ſome ſecret deſign. The frequent Viſits he made (in queſt of his Miſtreſs) to the chief Families in *Rome*, preſaged ſome fatal Revolution in the Eccleſiaſtical State. Thoſe who where faithful to his Holineſs, ceaſed not to put him in mind of the turbulency of *Fredericks* Spirit, and that he had ſome evil deſigns or other in his head, which unleſs carefully prevented, would be mature immediately. Upon which advertiſement, *Siena* (as a Town like to be the firſt object of his Ambition) was fortified forthwith: all his Holineſſes Troops had order to march down towards *Milan*, which was lookt upon as inclining to the Emperour. The Emperour having notice of what paſt, thought it high time to look to himſelf. His new Love had laid his Ambition aſleep, but his anger had waked it again; and therefore it was neceſſary he ſhould do ſomething to divert his imagination from the Object that affected him. He drew together what Troops he had in *Italy*, and quarter'd them as cloſe as the Country would bear. To excuſe theſe proceedings, he pretended a neceſſity of relieving *Uladiſlaus* King of *Bohemia*, his near Kinſman and Ally, againſt the *Polander*, who was become jealous of his Kingdom. In the Imperial Court nothing was talkt of but Muſters and Preparations for War. Prince *Henry* (who by his imployments, was hindred from viſiting *Conſtance* as he had been uſed, and

and who foreseeing the Emperours Affairs, must of necessity send him packing into *Germany*) began to suspect his Father might make some advantage of his absence, and signified his apprehensions by Letters to his most incomparable Nun. Having observed one day in one of her Answers, a Curiosity to know what the Emperour thought of his, it stirred up Jealousie, and not able to satisfie her in person, being to draw some Troops some few miles from *Rome*; he sent her his Answer in a Letter. *Constance* had no paper ready to return him an Answer, and the Princes Messenger pressing her to write, because his Master requested it; she did it, and writ her mind in the blancks betwixt the Lines of his Letter, and then sealing it up, sent it back again to the Prince, containing both the Letter and the Answer. The Prince was on Horse-back when he received it, and the Presence of the Emperour not allowing him time to read it, he put it up (as he thought) safe in his Pocket. But whether the trouble which was upon him, hindred him from putting it right in, or that it was the inevitable Destiny of all Lovers to have their Secrets discovered by their Letters; this from *Constance* fell down, and was observed by the Emperour: he made signs to one of his Servants to take it up, and give it to him; and was mightily well pleased, that it was in his power to understand any of his Sons affairs, he opened it as soon as he was got where he might do it secretly. He was surprised at first to see the two different hands, he could not imagine the reason of that Novelty: but at last perceiving one of them to be the Princes, he began with that, and found these words exprest therein. *Madam*,

Madam,

You are too much concerned at what is thought of you, not to rejoyce when it is to your advantage. I am not to give Laws to your Curiosity: yet believe me, Madam, it does a little discompose me, lest to your desire of knowing what the Emperour thinks of you, you should add a readiness to inform him what you thing of himself.

The word Emperour started him a little, but he did not conceive at first it was meant of him. There was at that time three or four other Emperours in being: *Henry* had been a long time at the Court of the Emperour of the East; and he had Intelligence with the Emperour of *Trebisond*: He might therefore have had some amorous Intrigue, where the name of those Princes might be concerned, but he was not long in this doubt, for this was the return *Constance* had made.

Sir,

Your apprehension is a Chimæra my assurances might have dissolved: I love you, you know, and you know likewise you deserve to be beloved: But though you can forget your own merits, and my kindness, remember at least that you are in the Spring of your Youth, and Frederick *in the Winter of his Age.*

This Letter opened the Emperours eyes, he perceived clearly now, that he was the man, and knowing within himself, that he had not had any Frolick

Frolick with a Lady for ſeveral years, beſides what paſt lately with the Lady in Maſcarade; he concluded it muſt be there, and that his Son was his Rival. It would be a hard thing to determine which was moſt violent in his ſoul, the pleaſure he conceived at the news of the unknown Lady, or his diſpleaſure to find his Son was like to be his Rival. His firſt reſolution was to ſend immediately for his Son, to conjure him to tell him where ſhe lived, and her name, and afterwards to forbid him any Converſe with her for the future, under pain of his indignation. But judging upon ſecond thoughts, that in affairs of any ſtanding, or ſettlement, open reſiſtence doth commonly more miſchief than good: he altered his mind, and concluded the beſt way to try what might be done by artifice before he came to violence. He ſet Spies upon his Son, he underſtood he went abroad every night, he imployed people to dog him, and at length diſcovered he went into the Covent to *Conſtance*: and to compleat the diſcovery, he ſaw another Letter of hers (under the ſame hand) lying upon the Popes Table, to whom ſhe had addreſt it. He knew the hand was the ſame with the Ticket he had. From whence he inferred, that *Conſtance* muſt needs be his Sons miſtreſs, but he was not certain ſhe was the diſguiſed Lady. The dignity of *Conſtance*, the reputation of her Vertue in *Rome*, and the Profeſſion ſhe had embraced, all theſe, I ſay, agreed ſo little with her being in Maſcarade, that he had no ſooner formed a ſuſpicion of what was too true, but theſe reaſons confuted it: At length conſidering with himſelf, that a Nun when ſhe forgets the Religious duties

duties of her Profession so far as to love a man more than she ought, she might as well forget her self quite, and see spectacles as well as other people. He thought *Constance* had not perhaps found so much difficulty to accommodate her Disguise with her Profession, as he had himself. He called for his Coach, and away he went to her to the Covent to consult the opinion of his own senses in so extraordinary an Intrigue, and scarce had *Constance* opened her mouth to give him thanks for that honour, but he found it was the same voice he had heard in his Dialogue with the disguised Lady; he peept thorow her Habit, and observed the same shape, and Majesty, which had so far transported him at the Masque. Her Eyes had the same fire, with which the Heart of *Frederick* was inflamed; and though her Monastical modesty would not permit her to use the same Wit and Vivacity as she had done before, yet he found she had the same quickness of apprehension as then. He had seen her several times at the Ceremonies of Saint *Peter*, he knew she was handsom, and sung very well, but looking upon her as a Religious, whose Talent was to be lockt up from the World, he did not trouble himself so far as to consider each particular of her Graces. See him then at this time the most loving, and the most jealous Creature alive. Love in a young man, is but a youthful efflorescence, which reason and time tempers by degrees: But when it seizes upon a man that ought to have more wit, when setled and experienced, reason is not able to oppose it self against its first impulse, time doth but increase it; for never was any man cured of a folly which took him

him at an age when other people grow wise. This first Conversation of the Emperour, was only about indifferent things, he would not discover the bottom of his designs, whilst he had a Person so near him as his Son capable of defeating them: but having a fair pretence to send him farther off; he gave Orders that night that he should prepare for a Journey into *Germany* within four and twenty hours. The Prince had a long time expected that Command, and yet he could not receive it without changing his colour: He produced certain reasons to defer it for some time, but the Emperour would hear none of them; all the favour he could find, was only to be permitted private Conversation with *Constance* for a while. The farewel of these two Lovers was extremely kind, accompanied with great protestations of fidelity. This place would make a marvellous Ornament for a Romance, and I should have a great care how I past it over in silence, were this a Romance, and not a History; but the style of Annals do not suit with Rhetorical Ornations, and therefore I shall refer my curious Reader to the passionate partings in *Cirus* or *Clelia*. As soon as the Emperour was delivered from the presence of the Prince, he laid aside his former dissimulation: He made his Visits to *Constance* openly, and presuming that the young Ladies profession would not admit him to discourse his Intrigues in the Secular forms, he told her bluntly at once, what he understood of her affairs. The Lady was (doubtless) much surprised at that Complement: She denied it couragiously, and believed that it was enough to have hindred the Mascarade from ever, having

having been, if she swore stoutly there had been no such thing. But *Frederick* having wherewithal to convince her by his own Eyes, he shew her the Letter she interlined with the Princes, and swore as heartily as she, he would shew it his Holiness, if she did not oblige him to the contrary by an ingenuous confession. This Menace made poor *Constance* to tremble, she betook her self to her whimpering, and her tears, and beseeched the Emperour that he would not ruine a Person of so Illustrious Extraction, whose Reputation was entirely in his hands. That it was true indeed her Curiosity had been indiscreet, but that at the bottom it was innocent, and that as to her Intrigue and Correspondence with his Son, it was the common Entertainment of young people, and had no other end but the diversion of their minds, and a harmless affectation of making innocent Love. *Frederick* counterfeited a belief of what she said: He was too cunning to testifie the suspicion of a Crime, which would have put an invincible obstruction upon all designs. But the more he fancied her to be chast, the more obstinate he was in his desires to debauch her. Had you consummated your Intrigues with my Son, Madam, said the Emperour, I would dye a thousand deaths before I would propose any thing of that nature for my self; I am too good a Father to him, and not so impious inclined. But, Madam, the Amours and Gallantry betwixt you two having been so innocent, it cannot hinder you at all from granting me some favourable indulgence. These Propositions were close, and *Constance* could not hear them without horrour, she cryed out in her heart for the assistance of her

dear Prince, she accused her self of imprudence in letting him go, and she used the utmost of her Rhetorick to mollifie his Majesty, and render him less importunate. But he was a Person for dispatch, not easily changed in any thing he undertook, and would have thought it a great diminution to his Honour, should he have been wheedled out of his designs by a pitiful Nun. To make him desperate, was but to justifie his Revenge; to satisfie him, was to transgress the Laws, both humane and Divine; all therefore that *Constance* could do was but to beg time, and he gave her much less than she desired. But she was to be contented with what *Frederick* would give her; she was in no case to stand upon Conditions. As soon as she was rid of so troublesom an Entertainment, she ran immediately for Counsel to her three Companions. And having told them in what danger they were of being discovered, she conjured them to assist her in so perillous a station. The most timorous of the three was presently for satisfying the Emperour, it was indifferent to her what Victime they sacrificed to Fortune, so it rendred it favourable. But *Constance* was for dying a thing a thousand times, rather than following her direction. She loved the Prince, and the Tyrannical proceedings of his Father, made her abominate him. It was concluded at last that she should suspend him, and keep him in hopes, till she could by some opportunity or perswasion recover the Letter out of his hands, which was the only Evidence against *Constance*: and that having rescued that, she should then handle him as she pleased for his sacrilegious Attempt. *Constance* pondering very

very seriously about this resolution, she did two things at one time, both opposite, and yet both answerable to her Policy and Address. She writ word to his Holiness, That the frequency of the Emperours Visits alarm'd their Society, and disturbed them in the Exercises of Devotion: for which reasons she did humbly intreat that out of his Pastoral care, he would forbid him any such Civilities for the future: And having at the same time intimated privately to *Frederick*, that she desired infinitely to see him, she put him upon a necessity of displeasing the Pope, and furnisht her self with a justifiable pretence, to receive them no more. This Expedient made great difference betwixt the Pope and the Emperour; so that for some few days *Constance* was quiet. But *Frederick* being too tenacious a Prince to give over upon the first difficulty, bethought himself of a Counter-battery for the Pope. He put *Constance* in the number, and declared himself a Benefactor to the Covent where she was. There was not a night but he pretended some heavenly Revelation, which required him to enlarge both the Revenue, and Fabrick of that Monastery. He designs a Dormitory in this place, a Chappel in that. The Governess lookt upon him as the Tutelar Angel of her Order, and the Holy Father himself relenting at so specious a promise, magnified *Frederick* for his good intentions, and blamed his Niece for having interpreted them so unchristianly. The Emperour finding himself justified by the Pope, began to press *Constance* again to a final resolution, the Walls of the Covent were broken down in some places, in order to his build-

ing, ſo that *Conſtance* might honour him with particular meetings that way, if ſhe thought good; and if ſhe did not, he ſwore deſperately he would be revenged. *Conſtance* obſerving his reſolution, concluded her condition ſo deſperate, ſhe was now or never to make uſe of what remedies ſhe had. She came to an agreement with the Emperour, and gave him an aſſignation in the night. The Emperour got very punctually into the Garden, at one of the Breaches: And all things being prepared both within and without, *Conſtance* preſented her ſelf, where the Emperour attended. She fell into a large Encomium of his confidence, told him that that was the ſureſt way to win her heart, and having ingaged to follow what directions he would give her, ſhe conjured him to return her the Letter, and to chuſe rather to receive her favours from her own pure will, than to owe them to any fear or conſtraint, which would be unworthy of either of them. Whilſt this Letter is in your hands, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you will always believe you obtain that by force, which nothing but your merit ought to make you to hope. This imagination muſt needs trouble your joy, and I am perſwaded you are of a more gentle and delicate temper, than to govern like a Tyrant, where you may reign like a lawful Prince. Reſtore my Letter then, I conjure you, I beg it in the name of whatever it be that is moſt dear to you, and I do promiſe my acknowledgements ſhall follow your Generoſity ſo cloſe, you ſhall not have time to repent you of any thing you do. This Propoſition was not pleaſing to *Frederick*: He had a mind *Conſtance* ſhould make the firſt ſtep, and told her

her ſhe ought to have the ſame confidence in his word, as ſhe deſired he ſhould have in hers: But the cunning Nun knew to complain ſo artificially of his injuſtice to her ſincerity, ſhe was ſo apt to take his unkindneſs to heart, and he was ſo well pleaſed with her tenderneſs, it was not poſſible for him to refuſe her any longer. He pulled the Letter out of his Pocket, and gave it into her hands; but he was much ſurpriſed to ſee her run away with the Paper, and to obſerve that at the very firſt ſtep of her flight, he heard ſome body cry fire round about the Covent. This noiſe was made by her three Companions from their ſeveral Poſts, they had agreed among themſelves of this Stratagem before, and the Emperour ſuſpecting nothing of it, was advancing towards the houſe to examine what might be the reaſon. But the Confuſion was ſo great, and his Train which he had placed without, hearing the Name of *Frederick*, and Emperour, frequently reiterated in the Covent, they perſwaded him ſo forcibly, that it was not ſafe for him to ſtay longer in the Garden, that he retired with all ſpeed, and went directly to his Palace, ſo mad and outragious at the Trick they had put upon him, that had he followed the firſt motions of his Choler, he would have ſet fire to the Monaſtery indeed, and ſacrificed *Conſtance* and all her Siſterhood to the juſtice of his reſentment. But not thinking himſelf ſtrong enough at that time in *Rome*, he durſt not attempt ſo great a piece of violence, beſides it would not have been eaſie for him to have done it; for at the firſt Alarm about the Town, and the Palace of *Alexander*, that ſome body was ſtealing his

Holineſs his Niece, the Monaſtery was immediately encompaſſed with ſuch a number of Souldiers, it would have been a difficult matter to have made any ſuch Attempt. The Pope ſent one of his Officers to inform himſelf of the particulars. *Conſtance* told her ſtory ſo well, there was no body but believed her. She ſaid ſhe had been drawn by force out of her Cell, and carried into the Garden, whence they had certainly conveyed her through the breach of the Wall, had not the Cryes of her Companions (who heard her skreek out) prevented their violence. This Tale was ſo well invented, and the Evidences againſt the Emperour ſo probable, that the Pope doubted not in the leaſt but the Emperour was the Author of this Tumult. *Conſtance* had long ſince complained of his Viſits. She affirmed ſhe heard his voice in the throng: He went abroad that night attended by ſeveral armed men, and had been met in the ſtreet with his Mirmidons, by ſome of his Holineſſes Servants, which put the Pope into the higheſt indignation againſt the raſhneſs of that Prince. He commanded his Guards to their Arms, he beſet the Emperours Palace, with reſolution to revenge himſelf for the indignity done to him in the perſon of his Niece. But *Frederick* had prevented his diligence, he had withdrawn himſelf and his Family into the Quarters of one of his Troops, where he complained as much of the Affront done to him, as *Alexander* did on the other ſide. From hence it was aroſe that famous War betwixt the *Guelfs* and the *Gibelins*, which was the deſolation of *Italy* for ſo long time, and divided all the Princes of Chriſtendom. The publick pretence was,

That

That the Pope refuſed the Biſhoprick of *Ravenna* to a Favourite of the Emperours, but the occult cauſe was *Conſtances* rejection of the Emperours Love, and that paſſion being turned into Rage, by the Trick ſhe had put upon him, it is a hard matter to deſcribe the effects that rage did produce. *Rome* was pillaged, his Holineſs forced to abandon the holy See, and ſeek Sanctuary in *France*: Antipopes were choſen, Excommunications thundred abroad; and all theſe the conſequence of a fatal Amour; though of ſo many dire accidents are reported in Hiſtory, there are few people that can trace them from their true ſource and Original. The ambition of *Frederick*, and the perverſneſs of the Pope are generally charged with theſe diſorders: The latter hath been condemned of ſeverity; the firſt of an injuſtifiable deſign upon the Lands of the Church. The *ſuper Aſpidem & Baſiliſcum* of *Alexander* the Third is recorded in Capital Letters in all the Relations of that time. But there are few *Memoires* which attribute that to *Conſtances* Gallant, which Hiſtory imputes to the Protector of the Antipope: and thus it is the great Affairs of the World are ſecretly carried on: They have all ſeveral faces, and we ſee nothing but as the partiality or ignorance of the Hiſtorian repreſents. But without fear of digreſſing too much from the ways of truth, we may always mingle ſome amorous Occurrences with the Accidents which ſeem moſt remote and foreign to that paſſion; for if we take our meaſures right, there is ſeldom any paſſage, how Tragical ſoever it may appear) of which the Annals of Love may not become a Chronological

Hiſtory. As *Conſtance* was the ſecret Cauſe of the War; it was but juſt ſhe ſhould give her Uncle all the aſſiſtance ſhe could to maintain it. She writ word to Prince *Henry* all the violences the Emperour had deſigned againſt her, and the ways ſhe took to defeat them. Jealouſie hath been always a kind of Apple of Contention, which ſpares not the moſt Sacred Alliances. The Emperour was moſt violently jealous of his Son, as well in point of Honour, as of Love. He ſaw he had a great Reputation in the Army, and he imputed the Affront *Conſtance* had done to him, to her paſſion for his Rival: ſo that the ſecret diſſatisfactions of the Prince, cooperating with the ill diſpoſition of the Emperours mind, they began to look upon one another with diffidence, to that diffidence ſucceeded indignation, and to that, an irreconciliable diſunion. The Prince deſerted him, and went to the Pope, who having interdicted *Frederick* for his Attempts againſt the Eccleſiaſtical See, offered *Henry* to make him Emperour, though his Father was ſtill living: and certainly the Condition he required was but reaſonable; it was only that he ſhould marry *Conſtance* of *Sicily* his Niece: he told him that without that ſecurity, he could not relye upon the word of the Prince; But in ſhort, the Intrigues of his Niece were come to his knowledge, and he found it troubleſom to conceal them; and as certain it is, *Henry* would been have glad if the Popes Generoſity had been entire without terms. He loved *Conſtance* moſt paſſionately, but every one knows.

MAX-

MAXIME VIII.

How're one loves before, the very name
Of Wedding mentioned gravely, does rebate
His edge (no doubt) checks his conſuming flame,
And brings the Martyr to his former ſtate.
The thought of Marriage, to a thoughtful mind,
Opens his nerve, and ſhows 'em he was blind.

But his Holineſs was not affrighted at this Doctrine, and leſs at the difficulty of granting a Diſpenſation for her who had been four years a Profeſſor. But Prince *Henry* was under a neceſſity of ſubmitting, however to comfort himſelf by the conſideration of having Companions, he propoſed to the three perſons (who were Gallants to *Conſtances* three Confidents) to follow his Example. They had made Love as furiouſly as he, he promiſed them conſiderable advantages, and the Pope was in ſo good an humour at that time, he would have given Diſpenſations to the whole Covent, if his Niece had deſired it. But they who were his Camarades in his Amours, would by no means bear him Company in his Marriage. They told him that if they were as accompliſht as he, they might undertake any thing upon confidence of their Merit; but for them who had not been ſo great Favourites of Nature, they could not but fear the Laws of Wedlock might be as eaſily violated, as the Rules of a Covent: That in ſo tender a point one could not be too cautious, and that if the worſt happened that could be, and they muſt marry, they deſired

to

to do it upon his terms, and have an equivalence to the Empire of the Weſt, for their Wives Portion. The Prince did not think it convenient for his Charity to the Nuns, to renounce his poſſeſſion of the Empire, He left them unkindly in their Monaſtery to deplore the ingratitude of the Gallants, and launcht himſelf alone into that Gulf in which his Aſſociats had repreſented ſo many difficulties. He married *Conſtance*, and was crowned Emperour by the Name of *Henry* the Fourth. A famous Abbot in thoſe times, who dyed not long after, and left a great Reputation of his Sanctity behind him, declaimed bitterly againſt this Marriage, and indeed the misfortunes which followed, turned his Imprecations into a Propheſie: But let him ſay what he pleaſe, Thoſe ways which lead a man to the chief place in the World, are always counted the beſt paths one can walk in. And now let us take our leave of our new Emperour and Empreſs, and take a freſh turn about the World, to ſee if we can find any new Adventure in that Age, that may be fit to cloſe up our Annals of this year.

James King of *Arragon*, indued with much natural Chaſtity, and as much Experience as ſixteen years of age could confer, was married to *Eleoner* of *Caſtile*, Aunt to the King which reigned in that Kingdom at that time, who for the number of her years, and her own inclination, was as well skilled in matters of Love, as her young Husband was ignorant. This Princeſs had an Amour with a *Caſtilian* Lord, whom ſhe loved moſt paſſionately. She had paſt her Faith to him, and attended it with ſo many oaths and imprecations, ſhe might juſtly fear the

the Juſtice of Heaven would follow her, if ſhe tranſgreſſed. For this reaſon ſhe did what ſhe could not to marry the King of *Arragon*. She caſt her ſelf a thouſand times at the King of *Caſtiles* feet, though he was but her Nephew: She wept, ſhe ſob'd, ſhe threatned to ſtarve her ſelf, but her tears, and her prayers were to as little purpoſe as her threats. The Marriage was concluded by the Counſels both of *Caſtile* and *Arragon*, to be advantagious to both Nations. *Eleonor* uſed her utmoſt to prevent it: But Princeſſes of her Quality are as ſo many Sacrifices to the Policy of their Countries, and never to be diſpoſed of by their own inclinations. The new Queen ſeeing her ſelf forced upon a Match which gave her ſo many ſcruples, ſhe conſidered of a way by which ſhe might like a conſtant Miſtreſs, continue faithful to her Gallants. She ſuborned an ancient Phyſician to inſinuate into her young Husband, that he could not marry *Eleonor*, that there were invincible obſtacles in the way which oppoſed its Conſummation. The young Monarch, who was ſcarce got out of his Infancy, had never ſeen Woman (as it were) but his Queen Mother, his Governeſſes, and Nurſes, and had been always told that *Eleonor* was a ſprightly Princeſs; believed what was told him very honeſtly: and remembring that he had heard it wiſht ſeveral times that he would provide Succeſſors for the Crown, he underſtood it a great ſhame and misfortune for him, to be unable to ſatisfie the deſires of his Subjects. This conſideration rendred him ſo melancholy, he could not indure the ſight of any body. He ſhut himſelf up whole days together in his Cloſet:

ſet: if he went walking, it muſt be alone; and having read in the Hiſtories of that Kingdom, what ſorrow ſome of his Predeceſſors had conceived for want of Iſſue, and what ill Conſequences had followed the default of Heirs in ſeveral Kingdoms, the good Prince (who had an apprehenſion above his Age) began to look upon himſelf already, as the object of his Subjects hatred and contempt. Thoſe who had the care of his Perſon, perceiving his humour and Complexion changed, intreated him many times to tell the reaſon of his Melancholy; but he anſwered with nothing but ſighs, and the Queen confirming him daily in the Errour he was plunged, he propoſed it himſelf, that *Eleonor* ſhould take her own liberty. The Queen had in her Train a young Lady called *Thereſia de Bidaura*, witty, and handſom, and to whom the Perſon of the King was not ſo indifferent as to the Queen: She was originally of *Caſtile*, and brought along with the Princeſs *Eleonor* out of *Arragon*. This Lady (finding the young Monarch exactly according to her mind) had ſtudied all his actions, and took all the care ſhe could poſſibly to pleaſe him. She invented ſundry Dances, and other Paſtimes with her Companions, on purpoſe to divert him. If he did her the honour to ſpeak to her at any time, ſhe would be ſure to make him ſmile with the wittineſs of her anſwer; and kindneſs producing uſually the like, *Bidaura* became by degrees as dear to the King of *Arragon*, as the King of *Arragon* had appeared amiable to *Bidaura*. The firſt apparition of his Love was in little confidences only, as in diſcovering to her his thoughts and Characters of the great Lords in his Court.

Court. From theſe trifles he paſt higher, and at length told her the ſecret of his Marriage, and that he was *Eleonor* Husband only by name. *Bidaura* was exceedingly ſurpriſed at a diſcourſe ſo little underſtood. She lookt earneſtly upon the King, as if by ſo doing, ſhe could diſcover the truth of what he ſaid in his eyes, and not perceiving any thing in his perſon, but what ſeemed to accuſe him of equivocating, ſhe ventured to tell him, That he had bin abuſed, and that what they had perſwaded him, was nothing but a Chimæra. Alas, replied the young King very ſadly, this Chimæra is too real for my repoſe, one of the moſt famous Phyſicians of our Kingdom hath ſworn it, and *Eleonor* her ſelf confirms me that it is true: What advantage would it be to her to put ſuch a fallacy upon me? ſhe would rather convince me, if it were otherwiſe. *Bidaura* ruminating upon what the King had told her, deſired to know the Phyſicians name, who had perſwaded him of that impotency, and underſtanding it was a *Caſtilian* (who ſhe knew was entirely at the Queens diſpoſal) ſhe ſtood ſtill for ſome time, as recollecting her memory, when ſtarting out on a ſudden, and clapping her hands together, Courage, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the King, you ſhall be cured very ſuddenly, now the cauſe of your diſtemper is known. After which words ſhe fell into a diſcourſe of the intimacy betwixt *Eleonor* and the *Caſtillian* Lord: That all *Caſtile* believed they had been privately married, and recollecting that the Phyſician (which upon the Queens perſwaſion had put that Errour into the head of the King) had all his life long been a Creature of *Eleonors* Gallant,

ſhe

ſhe repreſented to his Majeſty how probably it was that this might be a deſign to preſerve the Queen of *Arragon* to her ſecret Husband. The King was much ſatisfied at the likelihood of what *Bidaura* had ſaid, and he would have given half his Kingdom to have been cured ſo well. He went immediately to *Eleonor*, and charging her poſitively with what *Bidaura* but ſuſpected, ſuppoſing he had made ſome further diſcovery, ſhe confeſt it without much ado. But it was with ſuch ſtrong proteſtations, that ſhe could uſe him no otherwiſe without violence to all Law both humane and divine; and with ſuch inſtant ſupplication that he would protect her againſt the indignation of her Nephew; That the young Prince was ſo far from reproaching her for abuſing his Credulity and ſmall Experience. that he commended her fidelity to her firſt Love, and promiſed her protection. In the mean time *Bidaura* began to add Ambition to her Love, at firſt ſhe aſpired only to be his Miſtreſs; but finding the Queenſhip of *Arragon* vacant, ſhe fancied it might fall to her ſhare to ſupply it. She dreſt, and made her ſelf as lovely as poſſible, ſhe redoubled her diligence, and Complacences, and having brought the King to a Condition of making tryal of his recovery, ſhe knew ſo well how to keep her ſelf within the bounds of Civility, ſhe put him upon the firſt motions of Matrimony. The Marriage of *Eleonor* and the King was not quite nulled. The truth is, it had never been conſummated, and the Counſel of *Arragon* had ſent to *Caſtile* and to *Rome* to preſs an abſolute diſſolution, but Affairs betwixt Kings and Queens are not ſo eaſily diſpatcht. The

paſſion

passion of *Eleonor* for her Paramour might decline by degrees; if ambition or solid reason should take the place of her Love, it would have been more easie to break her pretended Marriage with her *Castillian* Lord, than her publick Contract with the King of *Arragon*. We may say then that *Eleonor* was the Wife of *James*, till further Order from his Holiness. But the King prest by *Bidaura*'s Charms, could not with patience believe those Formalities were to be prefer'd before the desires of his heart. He married *Bidaura* privately, and this Marriage being as blameable as it was uncqual, he made it in his Conditions that she should not discover it. This Proposition was not at all pleasing to *Theresia*, and she did what she could possibly to divert him; but finding the King obstinate, and inexorable, she thought it good to be a Queen upon what terms soever it might be: And these were some of the Articles agreed on betwixt themselves, which perhaps may be of some use to the Reader, if he be in the same predicament.

The Private Articles of their Marriage.

We who subscribe these Articles, design,
(As our Love is) our Marriage Clandestine.
Next the word duty shall be laid aside,
No Soveraignty in Bridegroom, or in Bride;
In case of difference, both shall comply,
And neither be too humble, nor too high.
If Husband sins, the Woman must connive:
If she, the man dispenses with the Wife.
All must be one, one Love, one life, one joy,
And what does one must both of us destroy.

These

These Terms we marry on, but reasons bid
Conceal the Marriage, and let it be hid,
With this severe condition ('cause good Wives
Love tattling gen'rally as they love their lives)
If mine discovers, 'tis agreed by this,
The Marriage's void, and farewel gentle Miss.

These Articles were observed very religiously by the King. His private Marriage was every way as pleasant, as his private Amours, and pleasanter in this, that there was no occasion for remorse: and though his Marriage with *Eleonor* was solemnly dissolved, and she left to be his Wife to whom she had been formerly ingaged; yet *Theresia de Bedaura* could never obtain liberty of the King to appear publickly upon the Throne; she had this satisfaction, that it was not possest by another, and she brought Children into the World, who stood fair one day to govern the Kingdom of *Arragon*, but for all this she could never work upon the Kings resolution. He had been so much dissatisfied with his publick Marriage before, that he could not be won to renounce the pleasure of his private *Bidaura*, she had got the Ministers to her side, and all the Religious in the Kingdom were her Sollicitors, but the King answered them all with this Article,

If mine discovers, 'tis agreed by this
The Marriage's void, and farewel gentle Miss.

But we do ill to imploy so much leisure, upon so barren a Story: Our Chronology leads us insensibly to a far better History, and it is time now to bring Love upon the Stage in better form, than as yet it hath appeared.

THE

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE THIRD PART.

IT is the Universal Confession of the whole World, that Constraint creates an appetite of Liberty; we desire nothing so ardently as what is prohibited, and yet some Husbands there are which cannot be cured of restraining their Wives. The *Italians* be the Husbands in the World the most lyable to this kind of madness, and are by consequence most subject to the ill Accidents which follow. They tell stories of their revenge

upon their Wives, which would pass for Prodigies in any other place, where their Captivity doth not authorize them. But the most pleasant (in my Judgment) that ever was transmitted by History, was that which happened betwixt the *Roman* Ladies and the *Traticelles*. These honest Gentlemen were near twenty young Fellows, living about four hundred years since. In their time there was a great year of Gallantry in *Rome*, and Courtship: The Lovers running like Rats up and down the streets all night long, sometimes with their Serenads, sometimes petrolling under the Windows of the most illustrious Houses, in hopes of a happy glance from the Persons they adored. But these amorous Exploits being too frequent to be private, the suspicious Husbands took the Alarm, and augmented the number of their Spies to such a Proposition, that that Trade was in a short time quite interrupted. The young Devots we mentioned before, were heavily afflicted at that sad Information; they had had no share in the nocturnal Gallantries which had past, and they thought it unreasonable that they should be punisht for the indiscretion of other people. Seeing then this Clutter and publick Ostentation of Love, had been the cause of so much disorder, they resolved to carry on theirs privately, and *à la Sourdine*, without giving any more occasion of Jealousie than needs must. They pretended to live very recluse, they affected an outward mortification, and forming themselves into a new Religious Order under the Name of *Fraticelles*, they became in a short time so venerable for their visible piety, that they were never mentioned

tioned but as a new ſort of Anchorets. Some of the moſt unquiet, and worſt coupled Husbands, had a great curioſity to ſee theſe Devots; thoſe perſons who are under the anxiety of that Domeſtick care, find great comfort in pious Diſcourſes, and the Converſation of theſe *Fraticelles* being then very grateful, there was ſcarce a married man in *Rome* but expected from their charitable admonitions, the Converſation of his Wife, were ſhe never ſo extravagant. The Husbands were mad to be at home, to tell their Wives of this new Inſtitution: and the good Women looking upon the pretence of a Viſit, as a good opportunity to gad, expreſt great ſatisfaction at the News, and had a ſtrange deſire of ſeeing theſe good Brethren immediately. By this means the *Fraticelles* were viſited, by degrees, very often; and the good men at home, as well contented as might be. For the *Fraticelles* (for the better eſtabliſhment of their Dominion) preacht nothing but Conjugal Love, Fidelity, and Obedience in the Wives towards their Husbands; and variety of ſuch other Precepts as were very uſeful for the tranquillity of a Family, and of great comfort to the Gentleman at home. But becauſe what was good to be ſaid to the one, might not perhaps be proper or agreeable to the other, they deſired the good Women would come by themſelves, to the end, ſaid they, *That we may labour the more effectually for your entire Converſion.* There was no great difficulty of obtaining that mark of their reſpect; they had rather go to Church, than not ſtir out at all; and the private Lectures of the *Fraticelles* not appearing ſo hard to be put in practice, as the Do-

cuments of the Ordinary Prieſt; they became very aſſiduous, to the great ſatisfaction of their Husbands. See, Daughter, ſaid one of the cunningeſt of the Fryars, to one of the handſomeſt of the Penitents one day; Appearances, and ſpecious Pretences, are the Children of Prudence, which coſt but little bringing up, and are of great uſe in Civil Society. What pleaſures do you find in the diſorders of a jealous Husband? Alas, is it not an eaſie matter to deceive him; a little Kiſs given opportunely, hides a bluſh ſometimes from his eyes, that (had he ſeen it) would have been as welcome, as a Dagger to his heart. A counterfeit ſorrow when you take your leave, makes him the more courteous, and haſtens your departure. And to ſpeak truth, we do very well conſider, all fleſh is but frail, we do not (when you come for inſtruction) expect you ſhould be Statues of Marble. All that we admoniſh is this, that you ſtudy the humour of your Husbands, and cajole it ſo cunningly, that they may not complain, and you do as you pleaſe. Love what is lovely, write Letters, appoint Meetings, 'tis no matter, they are things not criminal in themſelves; it is the pratling, and diſcovery that makes the Crime: and that it is ſo, let me ask you, do not you know *Segniora Petronilla*, who lives at the Corner of the *Via Appia?* Yes certainly, replied the Penitent, my Husband calls her every day in my diſh, and propoſes her to me as an admirable Example of Vertue; and doubtleſs ſhe is one of the wiſeſt Women in *Rome*. You are miſinformed good Daughter, as to that, replied the Confeſſor, ſhe hath had ten Gallants in her time, and I know them

them all my ſelf. The Marqueſs *Cocles* was one of them, he courted her two years together., and upon her ſcore it was the brave *Brundiviſi* was killed. The money ſhe pretended to give to the poor, was carried privately to a younger Brother of the Houſe of *Urſini* by a Templer, an Acquaintance of mine; and that Father you ſee with her ſo often with long ſleeves, was formerly one of our Fraternity, baniſht for his licentiouſneſs, and is now driving on an amorous Intrigue with her, under pretence of religious Conference, but I muſt needs ſay the Hypocrite hath Wit, ſhe diſguiſes her inclinations with a viſible modeſty; ſhe careſſes her Husband, complies with him in every thing, and makes the Servants pay him a moſt tranſcendant reſpect. Thus indeed it is Husbands ought to be dealt with; thus would I have you do with yours, and I'le aſſure you I ſpeak it out of a true Charity for you. Such judicious Doctrine as this could not chuſe but produce great effects in all the diſcontented Families. The moſt croſs-grain'd Wife of them all, became a Patern of Complacency, and the Husbands came in Troops to give the *Fraticelles* thanks for the repoſe they had procured. The Fryars perceiving their Reputation pretty well ſetled, they began to reflect about their own private felicity. They choſe from amongſt them a Superior, they called Fryar *Conrard* an acute man, eloquent, his gravity and ſupercilioufneſs impoſed upon the World, and his outward Converſation he managed as he pleaſed. This new Governour choſe out of the reſt twenty of the youngeſt, the cunningeſt, and the moſt plauſible men he could find, and as it were reſtraining the

piety of the Order to this number, he chose as many she-Penitents for them, and (one half by Lot, and another by Election) bestowed them all amongst his Brethren, so that each of them had one. Having setled their Chapter in this manner, they devided the rest of their Congregation into two inferiour Orders, one of which being absolutely ignorant of what past amongst them, believed the *Fraticelles* as really devout as they pretended to be, and applying themselves wholly to the care of the Family, they made Sweet-meats and Restauratives for the Favourits of *Conrade*. The last Order of of this terrestrial Hierarchy was a certain number of old men, who being past the emulation of other peoples felicity, and finding great Relief in the Magnificence of the Fryars, they went up and down magnifying their Sanctity, inveigling Penitents, and endeavouring to corrupt some Notary or other, to foist them into the wills of rich men, that their Estates might escheat upon their Covent: And these Disciples were called the Secular Brethren. The Patron of this Society was one *Hermanus*, whom they honoured with the addition of *Happy*, and he was the first man amongst them that thought upon this Institution. The she-Penitents or Female *Fraticelles* were inrolled in this Cloister; and this *Hermanus* having been polluted with as many Heresies in his Faith, as Enormities in his Manners, the *Fraticelles* made use of his Name, and Opinions to support their false Explications of Scripture, and the ill Doctrines they disseminated among the credulous people. An Order so well contrived, ought not to be without its Rules and Consti-

Constitutions. The more ignorant Fryars had the Rules of a certain Fryar very famous in the Church proposed to them, which they observed with all rigour; but the *Virtuosi*, and more Priviledged Fryars, had their particular Canons by themselves, of which these following are some fragments which with great labour and charge we have collected out of the best Libraries of this Age.

The Rules and Constitutions to be observed by the *Fraticelles*.

A *Young man called to the Profession of a* Fraticelles *life, shall be first examined, and give good testimony of his Secrecy, and exteriour Mortification; and then being transmitted to a second tryal by one of the* Fraticelles, *purposely appointed to that Office, upon his Certificate he shall be received into the said Brotherhood, upon these insuing Conditions.*

I.

He shall love and honour the Lady committed to his Instruction, in consideration that those whom Love unites, are but one Soul in two bodies.

II.

He shall preserve the Honour of the said Lady by all possible means, whether they be lawful or unlaw-

ful, natural or unnatural: for his chief Duty is to prevent all ſuſpitions or appearances whatſoever, that may any ways reflect upon the Reputation of their Fraternity.

III.

He ſhall maintain to the utmoſt of his power an entire and perfect Union betwixt the Penitent and her Husband, in ſuch manner that the confidence of the Husband, may be a ſecurity to the Gallant; Prudence being the Baſis of all amorous Converſe, and the heart of a Woman vaſt enough to receive a lawful and a prohibited Love, without any juſtling or concuſſion.

IV.

He ſhall never mention the word Love *in publick, but with the Epithet of Divine: Secrecy being the life and ſalt of an amorous Intrigue, for it is a Sacriledge worthy of death to impart an amorous Myſtery to an indifferent Perſon.*

V.

He ſhall always carry two Tongues in his Mouth; he ſhall write two Hands, not only in two different, but in two oppoſite ſtyles, ſo that upon good occaſion he ſhall at the ſame time be able to ſend pious Meditations to the young Fryars, and Madrigals to his Miſtreſs.

VI.

He ſhall indiſpenſably practiſe the motions of his Countenance, and when, and which way to change them

them for his advantage, for as much as the Glance that is requisite for a Mistress, ought to be kept entire for her, and the humble Look towards the Earth, and the sanctified Look towards Heaven, to be kept for all the rest of the World.

These holy Constitutions were ingraven upon a Table of Copper, and hung up in *Conrards* Chamber, as well that (by vertue of his private Authority) he might alter what he pleased; as that he was the Person of the Society more especially obliged to put them in practice. Having disposed things in this good order without, it was thought convenient to make some directions for within. The care of their Houses taking up all the good Womens time in the Mornings, and their Conferences in the Afternoon being too liable to observation, it was concluded they should make choice of the night for their Assemblies, and the pretence of these Vigils, being Devotions, the most jealous Husbands in the City sollicited their Wives many times to repair to them often. From this point of precaution, Fryar *Conrard* past to the Muster of his new Penitents: He found them too numerous for his *Fraticelles*, and this redundancy was a trouble to them, they could not be at leisure to perform all the Offices of Directors as they required: To remedy this, it was concluded their Fraternity should be augmented, but their Revenue being judged too small, it was resolved, they should apply themselves to some of the most eminent and wealthy Ladies in *Rome*, and to draw them to a Contribution for the support of their augmentation.

Hortensia,

Hortenſia, Siſter to Pope *Boniface* the Eighth, who was Pope at that time, was the firſt Perſon they addreſt themſelves to. She was a Widow, and paſt the prime of her age, and yet handſom enough; ſhe was rich, and liberal, and had a great influence upon her Brother the Pope, from whom by her mediation they hoped to obtain many favours. They imployed themſelves therefore unanimouſly might and main, to get her Ladiſhip inrolled in their Fraternity. This Princeſs had a Siſter called *Valentina*, one of the moſt zealous Penitents belonged to their Fryary: ſhe was very devout, ſhe thought the Name of God ſounded well, upon any occaſion whatever, and this *Valantine* was fallen to the Lot of Fryar *Robert*, the moſt intimate with *Conrard* of the whole Chapter; and the moſt capable of ſucceeding him, had his place happened to have been vacant. Fryar *Robert* had a great mind to be nibling at *Valantina*'s innocent: He told her it was impoſſible the Fraternity of *Herman* ſhould be ſo holy in her Judgment, as it pretended to be, ſeeing ſhe had not as yet inſpired *Hortenſia* with a deſire to be of it. That he could not but admire (having ſo great influence upon the firſt Princeſs in *Rome*, and making profeſſion of ſo great kindneſs to the *Fraticelles* as ſhe did) ſhe had not as yet brought her to their Aſſemblies, and thus mingling his flatteries and reproaches together (as he ſaw it convenient) he put *Valentina* into ſo good an humour, that ſhe was almoſt impatient till ſhe got to *Hortenſia*, and performed that ſervice to the *Fraticelles*, which Fryar *Robert* had deſired. She named their Names in two or three of her Diſcourſes, where

where they were nothing to the purpoſe: when ſhe took her leave of the Princeſs, ſhe was ſtill going to the *Fraticelles*; when ſhe came into her Chamber, ſhe came always from that Covent; whenever the Clock ſtruck, ſhe muſt be gone to ſome of their hourly Devotions; nothing was ſo indifferent or occaſional, but it had ſome relation to this Order; and at length having with the continual repetition of the Name of the *Fraticelles*, as it were broken *Hortenſia*'s brains, ſhe forced her at length to inquire what thoſe *Fraticelles* were, which were ſo much in her favour. What are they, Madam? replied *Valantina*, with a tone a top of the houſe: they are living Pictures of Penitence, they are Mirrors of an Apoſtolick life; and in ſhort, Madam, they are all the Devotion of the Earth cram'd up into a ſmall number of religious men. A great Character indeed, replied *Hortenſia* ſmiling. Ha Madam, replied *Valantina*, one cannot give thoſe Sacred perſons ſo much as they deſerve. But the Princeſs interrupting her, demanded, what extraordinary thing is it they do, to deſerve ſuch extraordinary commendations? Do, Madam, replied *Valantina*, why their whole life is a continual act of Charity, they go about from houſe to houſe appeaſing domeſtick diſorders, they calm the diſquiets of the Soul by diſcourſes (for their piety) may be called Angelical; and beſides they ſhew ſo eaſie and ſo pleaſant a way to Heaven, one hath no more to do than to wiſh to be holy, and he is ſure to get thither. *Hortenſia* was a Perſon of a ſolid Judgment, and ſingular Piety. Alas, *Valantina*, ſaid ſhe, it is in vain to deſcribe the way

to

to Heaven ſo eaſie, there is no coming thither but through *many tribulations.* I am not, I thank God, inclined to any great ſins; yet I can find nothing ſo difficult as to preſerve my ſelf in this World. When I reflect upon the Precepts of the Goſpel, and conſider how expreſs and bitter they are againſt the moſt indifferent actions of Mankind, I muſt confeſs I cannot but tremble, and nothing but the thought of Gods mercy re-aſſures me. True, Madam, replied *Valantina* in an anger, before I knew theſe people, I was of your opinion: Our ordinary Confeſſors have ſo troubled my brains with their ſcruples, I thought I ſhould be damned for the leaſt lye I told, or for hearing but a Flajulet with delight; but the *Fraticelles* know which way to cure a Soul of theſe Niceties. They affirm, that ſin is not but in the Law: No, hold Madam, replied *Valantina* correcting her ſelf, I cry you mercy, it is not ſo, they affirm (I ſay) that the Law was not made but for ſin; that before the Law, ſin which is now ſin, was no ſin: In ſhort, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I cannot range my words ſo well as they, nor make it out ſo perſpicuouſly: But ſee them, Madam, I beſeech you, and then you will do me the honour to tell me what you think of them. *Hortenſia* did not promiſe her to ſee them that time: She told her that naturally ſhe had no inclination to new acquaintance; that ſhe had Viſits enough already to imploy all the time her affairs would afford her. But the playing *Valantina* perſued her ſo cloſe, and the Princeſs was of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that at laſt ſhe told her ſhe would ſee them once in her life. The day being appointed for this Viſit, and *Valantina*

tina having given Fryar *Conrard* notice of the hour, 'tis two to one but he put himſelf into the beſt poſture he could. He put on his beſt Robe, he ſhaved, cleanſed his teeth, pickt his nails, and then launching out into the Court to meet the Princeſs to give her thanks for the great honour ſhe did him and his Fraternity, he forgot not the choice of his *Grimaces*, and Geſticulations, to render his Harangue more reſpectful and gracious. He was a man as well bred as was perhaps in the World; he had an inſinuating way, he had got the *Bel air* of *Bigotery*, and pretended preciſeneſs, as exactly as any Courtier hath the gentile way of the Court. *Hortenſia* was much ſatisfied with his aſpect, and after ſome diſcourſe having deſired him to let her know the particular Practices of that Order: He told her, Madam, we know all men have their faults, and though we inquire ſtrictly into them, yet it is with the Spirit of Secrecy and Compaſſion, and our deſire is to reform them with private and familiar Examples: if Jealouſie be a Husbands infirmity, we let him know how ineffectual it is, by the multitude of ſuſpicious Husbands, whoſe apprehenſions have ſerved for no other end but to make them more miſerable. If the Womans fault be Wantonneſs, we inſtance in ſeveral ſuch Women, who by their Levity have precipitated themſelves into misfortune and ignominy, and having found by long Experience it is much eaſier to deſtroy Nature by Nature, than to elevate ones thoughts by ſupernatural Reaſons, we combate Vice with Vice, and by the Portraicture of the World, we reform it. But good Fryar *Conrard*, replied *Hortenſia*, is there not

not ſome kind of Scandal in that way of proceeding? for by citing the Examples of other Perſons, you declare the infirmities of your Neighbour, to them perhaps which never heard of them before. Madam, replied *Conrard*, it is good ſometimes to commit a ſmall evil for a greater good. When a man is ignorant of his faults in his own Perſon, they are to be repreſented to him in his Neighbours, where they are not diſguiſed by ſelf-love or partiality; and if by the reprehenſion of another man, he comes once to reflect upon himſelf, he muſt of neceſſity grant it ſcandalous in himſelf to practiſe the ſame things which are condemnable in another. And can he not be brought to this, replied the Princeſs, by inculcating the Precepts of the Goſpel, and general Examples, without running into a Retail of particular mens actions? for let me tell you, let the publication of your Neighbours faults be grounded upon what foundation you will, it is in my Judgment very dangerous. Some Stories there are which the imprudence of ſome people have publiſhed, that are indifferent almoſt in themſelves, and of no importance whether they be known or not; but for ſuch things as are ſecrets, or known but to very few, believe me, Fryar *Conrard*, it is little leſs than Homicide to diſcover them. We manage all things well enough for that, Madam, replied *Conrard*, our very tone altering the ſenſe of what we ſay many times. That which would be a criminal reproach in the mouth of an Worldling, paſſes for charitable Inſtruction from a man in Reverence and Reputation for his Piety. The Priviledge of Devotion gives us great Autho-

Authority, otherwiſe, Madam, how could a publick Director manage ſo many different Souls, and reconcile ſo many oppoſite ſentiments? it muſt needs be, that he be permitted to dilate ſometimes upon Vertue, and ſometimes upon Vice, as he ſees either of them neceſſary for his deſigns. When a Penitent relyes too confidently upon his own integrity, and manners, we are to affrighten him out of that opinion of himſelf, before we can render him tractable and docile. Though he be vertuous in the higheſt perfection, yet he muſt be perſwaded he is in a way of wickedneſs, becauſe (as our great *Herman* hath very well obſerved) he that walks without the aſſiſtance of a Director, is always in danger of ſtraggling; and therefore to inure the Penitent to a blind ſubmiſſion to his Director, he is to commit all his own experience and knowledge to the management of the devout perſon which directs him. The ſubmiſſion to the Orders of a Director is a holy kind of ſlavery, which leaves nothing free to the diſpoſal of him that is to be directed: he muſt believe without ſeeing; he muſt be perſwaded without underſtanding, and obey without expoſtulation. But, Madam, I wiſh the Heavens would be propitious to me ſo far, as that I might reduce into practice with you the little Documents and Inſtructions, I have taken the liberty to diſcourſe to you to day: what extreme joy would it be to our whole Order, and eſpecially to the meaneſt of the *Fraticelles* your moſt humble and reſpectful Servant Fryar *Conrard*, to reduce to this holy ſubmiſſion I ſpeak of, the great, the illuſtrious, the excellent, the incomparable Princeſs

Hortenſia?

Hortenſia ? Ha, Madam, how ſhould we build a Temple to Vertue upon the foundation of your fair inclinations; and how would the increaſe of ſo admirable a Plant, contribute to his glory, who ſhould have the honour to cultivate it. Theſe laſt words Fryar *Conrard* delivered with ſo much fervor, that his Eyes ſparkled, his Face was transfigured, and his Complexion animated with an admirable Scarlet; which Fryar *Robert* deſiring ſhould be obſerved by *Hortenſia*, recommended to her in theſe terms, Look, Madam, I beſeech you, and ſee how our good Governours Charity hath tranſported him. *Hortenſia* could hear only that ſmall parcel of their Doctrine for that day; ſhe had buſineſs of importance required her attendance on the Pope; but not many days after ſhe had an opportunity of knowing much more. There was at that time in *Rome* a devout Perſon of the Order of S. *Dominick*, who dyed Archbiſhop of *Florence*, and was one of the greateſt Pillars of the Church. He was called *Anthony*, and though he was not arrived at the degree of perfection he attained afterwards; yet he deſerved it ſo well, and was in ſo fair a way of acquiring it, that *Hortenſia* eſteemed him exceedingly. Two or three days after *Hortenſia* had been with the *Fraticelles*, *Anthony* came to wait upon her, and the Princeſs being accuſtomed to give him an account when ſhe ſaw him, of all occurrences ſince ſhe ſaw him the laſt time; ſhe told him ſhe had been with the *Fraticelles*, and ſhe began to recount the Conference betwixt Fryar *Conrard* and her; but *Anthony* interrupting her at the firſt word, cryed out, Madam, ſee thoſe Creatures no more: They

They are nothing leſs, than what they appear, and believe before I dye I ſhall ſee them exterminated by the Thunder of the Church. Why ſo? good *Anthony*, replied the Princeſs in a ſurpriſe, I never heard them ſpeak any thing that might deſerve that Propheſie. 'Tis true, they have a particular way of direction by themſelves; and it is poſſible, there may be as much intereſt as charity in the care they take of accommodating domeſtick differences in *Rome*. But *Anthony*? They deſign to eſtabliſh themſelves, is not my opinion ſo criminal as to draw down the Thunder of the Church; and if we examine all Societies ſtrictly, we ſhall find all of them infected with that ſort of Hereſie. It is true, Madam, replied *Anthony*, Covetouſneſs is become an Epidemical diſeaſe, it is abominable in thoſe who are conſecrated to God, who are to give up themſelves wholly to Providence, for them it is thoſe paſſages were particularly pronounced, *The birds of the air*, and *the lilies of the field*; but, as you have obſerved very well, ſo many Societies are ſubject to that Crime, that I ſhould not impute it as a Vice peculiar to the *Fraticelles*, had I nothing elſe but that to excuſe them of. But, Madam, there are many more beſides that, which they are guilty of. They practiſe a pernicious Hypocriſie, which conceals the love of themſelves, under the veil of an exterior Mortification. Theſe people (who pretend to the ſeverity of *Anchorets*, and ſuffer themſelves to be called by that Title) would not be refuſed the leaſt delicate, or conveniency for this life: they never open their mouths but to traduce ſome body or other, and under pretence of impugning

Vice, they discover the frailties of their Neighbours with unmerciful liberty. To what good is the ostentation of their nocturnal Prayers? is it not a duty which we owe to publick Example to be present at all Christian Assemblies? if they have a mind to pray in the night, let them pray in private, and by themselves, and not wake the whole Parish, that the poor man that is weary and asleep in his bed may be rouzed to take notice they are going to their Devotions. Prayers at those hours are not permitted but to the Religious, and such persons as by their open Profession have dedicated themselves to God; and certainly it must argue intolerable vanity in the *Fraticelles*, that they admit Women of all Qualifications, to be present at their Devotions. But, said *Hortensia*, these things (which would be abominable, if they were carried on by evil designs) may be well intended, and excusable. What is your reason you will not have the *Fraticelles* such as they appear? Because, replied *Anthony*, those who are really pious, strive what they can to conceal it; but the *Fraticelles* on the other side take all the pains imaginable to divulge it: Simplicity and Modesty is the Character of Charity; do you not observe how the Son of God forbid the cleansed Lepers to tell he had cured them? Examine the Conduct of the *Fraticelles*: do they follow our Saviours Example? on the contrary, the least of their actions they cry up as a Prodigy: The least step towards Repentance they call Conversion: If you will believe them, there is not an Hospital built, or endowed but by their means, without their Care, and their charitable Exhortations all the

poor

poor in *Rome* had been ſtarved before now: the moſt illuſtrious Families would have been divided, had not their Counſels watcht over them, and preſerved them in peace. Ah, Madam, to ſpeak truly and in Charity, what doth it concern me to know my Neighbours are hard to the neceſſities of the Poor, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one is at difference with her Husband: let them do good as they have occaſion, but let them not boaſt of it when they have done, leſt whilſt they teach me the remedy they were forced to make uſe of, they teach me alſo the nature of the diſeaſe. The Eloquence of *Anthony* being invigorated by a true Chriſtian zeal, and ſuſtained by the eſteem *Hortenſia* had of him, produced a conſiderable effect in the Spirit of the Princeſs. She called to mind how Fryar *Conrard* had demeaned himſelf; how much his diſcourſe ſuited with the vanity and detraction *Anthony* attributed to that Order; how Fryar *Robert* had made her take notice of the zeal of his Superiour, and concluding with her ſelf, that if the *Fraticelles* were ſuch as *Anthony* deſcribed them, ſhe could not do better ſervice than to root them out of the Church; ſhe told the good man ſhe would inform her ſelf as well as ſhe could of them, and imploy all the intereſt ſhe had with his Holineſs to deſtroy them, if ſhe found them guilty of thoſe vices of which ſhe began to ſuſpect them. *Anthony* had a particular reaſon to promote the deſtruction of that Order, which the Princeſs did not know, his diſcretion permit him to declare. Theſe Hypocrites had debauched a Siſter of his, and under pretence of accommodating ſome ſmall differences betwixt her Husband and

ſhe (which reaſon and time would without doubt have compoſed without their charitable aſſiſtance) they had made themſelves Maſters of their Family, diſpoſed of their Goods, and Revenue as they pleaſed, and governing both Husband and Wife in their own way, they drew upon them the deriſions of the ſober part, and the imprecations of all the reſt of the family. It is not to be ſuppoſed therefore, that *Anthony* would ſuffer *Hortenſia* to forget her promiſe: he preſt her on to the execution of it very zealouſly, and the Princeſs partly in compliance with his requeſt, and partly by an intrinſick ſtimulation of piety, (being deſirous to inſtruct her ſelf in the ſecrets of their Conduct) ſcarce paſt one day without viſiting their Covent. Fryar *Conrard* interpreting this aſſiduity quite contrary, managed the Commencement of his good Fortune with all poſſible Hypocriſie. Every morning he ſent Preſents of Flowers and Fruits to the Princeſs. there was not one of his Brethrens Penitents but was imployed in making ſome fine Works or other for *Hortenſia*, or if ſhe could not do it her ſelf, ſhe ſet all her Acquaintance on work quite through the Town. All theſe officious inſinuations and expreſſions of reſpect confirmed the Princeſs in the opinion ſhe had conceived, that the *Fraticelles* mingled much Policy with their counterfeit Charity: ſhe obſerved alſo a continual thread of detraction interwoven with all their diſcourſe; but ſhe diſcovered none of the abominations wherewith *Anthony* accuſed them. Fryar *Conrard* (who knew that upon *Hortenſia*'s eſteem, the entire Eſtabliſhment or Ruine of the *Fraticelles* depended) he communicated

municated but by halfs with her about the Eerours with which he infected the reſt. But at length the Princeſs having given them ſo many Viſits, they began to be perſwaded ſhe was abſolutely theirs, and the neceſſities of the Covent at that time preſſing *Conrard* on to put his ſhoulder to the work, he began to praiſe *Hortenſia*'s Beauty with more paſſion than ordinary: he found out amorous terms to expreſs his moſt ſerious Myſteries, and one day as the Princeſs was going in Pilgrimage to a Chappel ſome few miles out of Town, and was willing to permit Fryar *Conrard* to accompany her (Religious perſons being much reverenced in *Italy*) the Servants and the reſt of her Train thought it no leſs than their duty to the Superiour of the *Fraticelles*, to leave him alone with their Lady. This opportunity tempted him: he took her *Umbrella* out of the hands of one of her Lacquays, and deſired ſhe would vouchſafe him the honour to do her that ſmall piece of Service. The Princeſs conſented, and the Fryar *Conrard* thinking himſelf much honoured thereby; Certainly, Madam, ſaid he (by way of acknowledgment) it is not without good reaſon that Beauty is termed a Ray of the Divinity; for we ſee no perſons admirably handſom, but they are withal moſt exquiſitely good: So that it ſeems theſe two things are inſeparable, and the Creator hath ſo well ſignified his Complacency in beautiful Creatures, that he allows them to ſhare in two Attributes which are the moſt proper to himſelf. *Hortenſia* ſmiled at *Conrards* Complement, and imagining preſently this would be a convenient Juncture to inform her ſelf of what *Anthony*

charged him, she replied, Till now I was of opinion that the beauty of the body was not a quality much regarded by God; the aspect of the Stars, or the disposition of Nature, make people handsom or ill-favoured; but this ill-favouredness, and this Beauty contribute so little to the glory of God, that by common observation we may see the handsomest Women the most subject to be ingrateful towards their Creator. What is that, Madam, you call Ingratitude towards the Creator, replied *Conrard*. I call it Ingratitude, replied the Princess, to imploy the Talents he hath given us for the manifestation of his Power, to the Worship of his Enemies, as most part of your Beauties do every day. Alas, Madam, replied the Fryar, how is your Highness mistaken in your ingratitude, so far is it from offending God, to make use of the Talents he gives us, that many times our not using them at all, may be more properly called Ingratitude towards the Creator. For (as our *Herman* says very well) to what end did God create Beauty but to please? and why did he give that power of Charming to Beauties, if it were a Crime to be charmed by them? The Princess perceiving Fryar *Conrard* in so good an humour for discourse, would not answer so as to silence him, but on the contrary resolved to make her advantage of this occasion. But Brother, said she, you quote this *Herman* so often, I cannot but desire you to tell me something of his Doctrine. I know you preach it up more freely to other people, than you have done to me; and to tell you the truth, I do take that reservedness something unkindly, and resolved to complain of it the first time you

you and I were together done. Fryar *Conrard* was ready to leap out of his skin for joy at the Curiosity of the Princess, he had a long time expected this opportunity. Madam, he replied (with an alacrity above his dissimulation) we are neither reserved as to your Highness, nor does your Highness want any necessary disposition for the comprehending Secrets of our Doctrine; but our thrice happy and thrice Reverend *Herman* hath said things so odd and novel, and they are to be heard with so profound a submission, that I doubted whether your Highness would condescend to the obedience required to the hearing them. Yes my good Brother, replied the Princess, I will condescend, and at the same time sitting down at the foot of a Tree which afforded them a competent shade, Come, said she, let us rest our selves here a while, I am weary, and we may spare an hour for this Discourse, without danger of wanting time for the finishing our Voyage. Fryar *Conrard* sate himself down at *Hortensia*'s feet, so transported, he could scarce contain his joy within the limits of his heart: The Servants which attended the Princess, placing themselves at such distance behind, that they could not hear the Harangue; the good old Fryar began it in this manner.

LOVE is as natural to Mankind as life. The World was made at first, and is still preserved for him, and the Venus *of the Ancients, which they pretend animates Nature, is nothing but a desire in every Creature to unite it self with what is most proper. This desire in Animals degenerates into Instinct;*

in inanimate things it becomes a natural tendency towards the Center; and in man it is the true mark of the Soul. It is not more natural for him to sleep, nor to eat, nor to perform the other functions of life, than it is to love; and if Love be so natural to the people of the World, who are subject to so many other passions, and diverted by Secular Imployments; how much more ought it be so to us, who delivered from the continual activity of worldly people, pass our whole lives in a perpetual vacation? We are to day what we shall be to morrow, no Dignity gives us any care, nor no fear of indigence gives us any trouble; if our Luxury be bounded, our subsistence is assured. Ha, Madam, is there any thing in the World like one of us Religious to receive the impressions of Love in perfection? It is this disposition (both Physical and Moral) which for a long time hath peopled Heaven with Saints; for the Religious, affected, (like other men) with a natural desire of loving, this desire not being crossed or counterballanced with Ambition, Revenge, or any other passions that occupy the mind of the rest of the World; he loves with all his force, with all his soul, *and* with all his strength, *as S.* Paul *teaches. But as among Animals, there are some proper for the Race, and some for the Charge; so among us Religious, some are for one kind of Love, and others for another. The Religious predestinated to the Love of God, gives up his heart wholly to the Divine Love; and this is it which hath produced so many Martyrs and so many Confessors. The Religious who is not endued with so violent an inclination for Heaven, he lifts himself up to the Creator, by the Contemplation of his Creatures; and this, Madam, is the Vocation of the* Fraticelles.

We

We love God as well as the other, but we love him dilated in the things below; the enjoyments of this life make us admire his goodneſs, and your Beauty, Madam, continued the ungracious Fryar, with his wanton Eye fixt faſt upon Hortenſia, *your Beauty makes me adore his Omnipotence: when I conſider the Charms ſo conſpicuous in your Perſon, and in all your actions, I do comprehend there is but one God could have created you ſo excellent, and ſo riſing by degrees to the Eternal Principle of all things, by the effects of its natural Emanations, I enjoy, as one may ſay, the delights of Heaven, and the pleaſures of the Earth at one time, my heart being divided (without Sacriledge) betwixt divine Love and profane, I may ſay what our* Herman *hath taught us, be is to be found in things (which according to the depraved ſenſe of Humanity) ſeem abſolutely contrary.*

This is an odd Doctrine indeed, replied *Hortenſia*, and you had good reaſon to ſay it was novel; but, good Brother, I would fain know how you can accommodate it with the Orthodox Doctrine of the Church? for it appears to me diametrically oppoſite to what you have expreſt. The Goſpel commands us to look upon this life but as a paſſage: the Son of God nothing more than our denial of the Creature, and that we muſt renounce Honour, and Riches, and Kindred to follow him: But you *Fraticelles* find him in the midſt of thoſe things he hath commanded us to ſhun; make me underſtand this Myſtery, I beſeech you. It is a great Myſtery indeed, Madam, replied *Conrard*, and well worthy of the acuteneſs of your Wit. We ſearch God, I

ſay,

ſay, in all his works, and judging his deſign was to make man happy, ſeeing he created him after his own Image, we do endeavour to eſtabliſh this felicity by all things which render it perfect. In truth, all men being not capable of theſe kind of Arguments, and ſome having been ſo inhumane, as to make Laws, and eſtabliſh Maxims contrary to the felicity of this life, we frame our ſelves (as to our outward deportment) to the greater number, but it is ſo, as that we have our own private happineſs in our Eye; for we look upon publick Eſteem as one of the Conditions neceſſary to make it compleat. The Princeſs thought ſhe had no need of hearing *Conrard* any longer, to perſwade her ſelf of the Crimes Fryar *Anthony* had charged upon the *Fraticelles*: The diſcourſe he had made abounded with ſo many Errours, and the Hypocriſie (which the Fryar had confeſt at the latter end of his Speech) was ſo formal, there needed nothing more to aſſure it. She ſtarted up on a ſudden, as if ſhe feared ſhe had forgot her ſelf, and not had time enough left for the reſt of her Journey; and diſſembling the horrour ſhe had conceived againſt the Precepts of *Herman*, ſhe left *Conrard* in great hopes ſhe would become one of his moſt zealous Diſciples. But he was much deceived in his opinion: For the Princeſs was no ſooner returned to *Rome*, but ſhe went to his Holineſs immediately, and aſſured him that the *Fraticelles* were impious Hereticks, who under the Diſguiſe of an exterior Profeſſion, concealed a moſt ungodly and diſſolute life, and therefore ſhe humbly deſired he would appoint ſome perſons to queſtion them about their Doctrine, and to apply

ſome

ſome remedy to the diſorders which would neceſſarily follow upon the Church, unleſs ſome ſudden ſtop were put to their Career. *Hortenſia*'s charge was conſiderable, and ſhe had great influence upon the Pope, but he was ſo prepoſſeſt in favour to the *Fraticelles*, that the Reputation of the Princeſs had like to have been ſplit upon that Rock. Two of the Popes Officers, and of the Principal of his Houſhold (of which one was Brother-in-law to *Anthony*) had married two Women, but of Ages quite contrary to their own. The Siſter of *Anthony* was young, handſom, and airy, and her Husband was about ſixty years old, grave, Philoſophical, and melancholy: he had a Siſter almoſt of his own humour and age, who was married to a *Roman* Cavalier, who having taken her for her money, made no great reckoning of her Perſon: The young Lady complained highly of the reſervedneſs of her Husband, and the old complained as much of the levity of hers. The *Fraticelles* had found a way to reconcile theſe differences, and to reſtore peace to their Families, which before was ſcarce to be hoped for during their lives. This great point of prudence having gained them a particular eſteem from both theſe perſons, they had perſwaded the Pope clearly in their favour. He rebuked *Hortenſia* with ſome kind of eagerneſs, for being ſo eaſie in receiving impreſſions to their prejudice, and commanding her never to ſpeak to him of them hereafter but with reſpect, he put her into ſo high a paſſion, to ſee her Authority affronted, that ſhe reſolved never to be quiet till ſhe had quite rooted out the whole brood of the *Fraticelles*: ſhe redoubled her diligence

gence at their Prayers, and Aſſemblies. Though Fryar *Conrard* had not had the confidence to impart all the *Arcana* of their Society, eſpecially in their nocturnal Conferences, yet ſhe thought ſhe had enough already to give her ſufficient ſuſpicion of the reſt: ſhe gave an exact account of what ſhe ſaw and obſerved to Fryar *Anthony*, and receiving Advertiſements from *Valantina* beſides, which confirmed her in her doubts, ſhe attended only one proof more to declare her ſelf publickly an Enemy to the *Fraticelles*, with which Fryar *Conrard* ſupplied her in a ſhort time. It was then that time of the year in which according to the Cuſtom in *Rome* they wiſh many years to the Perſons of Quality in that Town, and accompany their good wiſhes with ſome ſmall Preſent or other. Fryar *Conrard* as the moſt regular, and moſt active amongſt them, was one of the firſt at acquitting himſelf of this duty: He ſent to make his Complement to the Princeſs, and preſented her by the ſame Meſſenger with a Picture of *Herman*, the Frame made with great Workmanſhip, and inriched with precious Stones. This new Saint of *Epicurus* his Paradiſe was (in the Habit of the *Fraticelles*) drawn upon his knees before a Crucifix, his Forehead crowned with Thorns, a Deaths-head in his hand, and theſe words in Capital Letters at the bottom:

LET THEM THAT APPROVE, IMITATE.

Anthony was with *Hortenſia* at the ſame time when this Preſent was brought her, and looking upon him

him very angrily, ſee *Anthony*, ſaid ſhe, how theſe Hypocrites abuſe the Pictures of Penitence; to what perſons they preſent them, and what Examples they propoſe to our imitation. Marry ſuch, Madam, replied Fryar *Anthony*, as they would gladly you ſhould follow; but you muſt not leave them any longer in that liberty of propoſing them to you, you muſt preſs the deſtruction of a ſort of people ſo pernicious to the common Intereſt of the Church, and every moment that it is deferred, are ſo many favourable opportunities which we give them to do miſchief. I dare not tell your Highneſs what abominations I diſcover every day in theſe Vermine: I will not imitate their indiſcretion in telling you ſuch of their Crimes as perhaps you have not heard of: But believe me, Madam, there is no more moderation to be uſed in this affair, and you muſt anſwer to God for the Souls of all they corrupt from the hour it was in your power to have deſtroyed them, till they be actually deſtroyed. But, good *Anthony*, replied the Princeſs, can I do any more than I have done already? I have inveigled them to tell me their Errours, I have carried them to the Pope, and I have juſtified the Charge by my own Teſtimony. You muſt do more than all this, Madam, replied *Anthony*, you muſt pretend great confidence in them, and act ſo as to give them as great a one in you; if I might perſwade you, you ſhould write to *Conrard* upon this occaſion, and give him thanks for the Preſent he ſent you, this might poſſibly oblige him to anſwer you with ſome kind of Gallantry, and conduct him inſenſibly into that pit, into which we muſt endeavour with all our

power

power to tumble him. This Propoſition made *Hortenſia* tremble, it ſavoured of a kind of Treachery (which ſhe abhorred at her Soul) beſides ſhe could not reſolve upon any motive whatever, that any of her Letters ſhould come into the Clutches of *Conrard*. But *Anthony* repreſented ſo well to her the neceſſity of ſtopping the courſe of ſo dangerous a Sect, and (though his Charity would not permit him to let her know all that he knew of their Aſſemblies) yet he gave her ſo horrible an Idea thereof, that ſhe called for Pen and Ink immediately, and writ to Fryar *Conrard* in theſe words.

Whence comes it, my dear Brother Conrard, *you propoſe Mortifications, and Examples of Penitence to my imitation? Is this the way to that happineſs which your* Hermanus *does promiſe us? ought not I to complain of your diſingenuity, when I ſee the viſible marks of your Eſteem, ſo little conformable to what I already know of your Doctrine.*

Who can expreſs the Rape the receipt of this Letter committed upon Fryar *Conrards* Soul? He fell into ſuch Extravagances, as the moſt worldly men would have been aſhamed of; and not willing to loſe ſo fair an opportunity to declare himſelf, he returned the Princeſs this Anſwer.

You judge but ill, Madam, of the ſentiments of my Soul, if you believe they can be diſſembled to your Highneſs. Penetrate the appearances which abuſe you, and you will find my heart delineated in the Picture you have received.

He

He that brought this Ticket to the Princeſs, had inſtruction to tell her, that ſhe ſhould take a wet Sponge, and wipe over the face of *Hermanus* with it: and *Anthony* being deſirous to underſtand the meaning of *Conrards* Anſwer, the Princeſs and he followed his directions with the Sponge, but were much ſurpriſed to obſerve as they rubbed the old, a new Picture to appear. *Hermanus* was done only in Water-colours, but under it was the figure of *Cupid* lying upon the green, his head crowned with Roſes, and inſtead of the Deaths-head, he held a Basket of all kind of Flowers, and about the border were written in great Letters theſe words:

Not from the Garden ſo much, as from my Heart.

The word *Hortenſia* in Italian ſignifies the Goddeſs of Gardens, and ſo this Basket of Flowers alluding to the Princeſſes Name, expreſt a moſt juſt and intelligible declaration of his Love. Without jeſting, Madam, cryed the pious *Anthony* when he had ſeen all: This is a ſubtle Contrivance for a Monk; one may eaſily ſee he hath paſt his Apprentiſhip: But alas, continued he (with ſomething a more ſerious Tone) he ſpoke truer than he intended, when he ſaid that this Picture was the Portraiture of his Heart. When we look upon the actions of Hypocrites, they are in Water-colours, and appear nothing but Croſſes and Mortifications; but paſs the Sponge of ſevere ſcruting upon them, and you diſcover under them the moſt deteſtable vices in the World. After which words he took the Picture and Ticket into his hands, and begged of the Princeſs

ceſs he might be permitted to carry them to his Brother-in-law, that he might by beginning with him, undeceive the reſt of the World. The zeal of *Hortenſia* would not ſuffer that any body ſhould ſee the Picture before the Pope, it being he that was to puniſh the falſe Brothers for their Hypocriſie; but beſides that *Anthony* believed that the Picture ſufficient alone to rectifie his Holineſs, he thought he ſhould diſoblige his Siſters Husband, if he declared *Conrards* Errour before he had given him time to defend him. This precaution was uſeful more than one way: for the good Brother-in-law found ſo many plauſible reaſons to excuſe *Conrard*, that he had fruſtrated this Complaint as he had done the former, had he ſpoke in the preſence of the Pope. What *Hortenſia* intends to publiſh about the impiety of the *Fraticelles*, ſaid he, is only about points of Doctrine, which ſhe doth not well underſtand. The Picture was a pious Emblem, ſignifying that true Penitents do find flowers of Comfort in their moſt ſevere Mortifications. The words about the Basket troubled him a little, but he was confident Fryar *Conrard* would give him an innocent interpretation, if he deſired it; and by this obſtinacy of his, he puſht forward *Anthonies* impatience to have him diſcovered. But what will you ſay, Brother, replied *Anthony*, if I let you hear *Conrard* make Love to the Princeſs *Hortenſia*, and ſpeak things directly contrary to the Doctrine of the Church? It is impoſſible, replied the Brother-in-law, you can never do it, the Superiour of the *Fraticelles* is too pious and too diſcreet to be guilty of ſuch a fault. But in ſhort, ſaid *Anthony*, if I do as I pro-

I propoſe, what will you ſay then? I will ſay, ſaid the other, my ſenſes deceive me, or if they do not deceive me (and indeed I believe 'tis ſcarce poſſible they ſhould) I ſhall ſay I was inchanted for that time; for to tell you the truth, I ſhall ſooner believe I am not what I am, than that Fryar *Conrard* is otherwiſe than he ought to be. It is enough, replied *Anthony*, leave this affair to my Conduct, and be contented to keep what I ſhall tell you, as a Secret. I did at firſt make great ſcruple of publiſhing any thing to the diſparagement of this Society. The Habit they wore obliged me to more reſpect for them; ſo that my firſt deſign was to charge them only with the Errours of their Doctrine, without diſcovering any thing of the Exorbitance of their Manners; but ſeeing your Eyes are not to be opened but by a way I did hope I might have ſhunned, and that contrary to the reſpect you owe to his Holineſſes Niece, you declare your ſelf the Protector of thoſe the would juſtly ſuppreſs, I muſt convince you by your own proper knowledge. The Princeſs is diſcreet, and charitable, and by all the other motives beſides that of Charity, I ſhould never have prevailed with her to oppoſe her ſelf againſt ſo much clutter and noiſe as you do create; but when I ſhall have acquainted her how far I am concerned in their diſorders, I do not deſpair but ſhe will think nothing troubleſom or difficult to relieve me. *Anthony* obſerved his promiſe very religiouſly with his Brother-in-law. He came to wait upon the Princeſs the next morning, he aſſured her the *Fraticelles* increaſed hourly in their Reputation, and that they had corrupted a great part of

the most illustrious Ladies in *Rome*; that in their nocturnal Devotions, pretending to teach them the Art of Praying more exactly than ordinary, they took them into private places, where they seduced them by all sorts of flattery, and Heretical Precepts; and then concluding his Discourse with this, That she was the only Person qualified by God himself to purge the World from the infection of those Hypocrites; he conjured her not to desert the Interest of God and his Church any longer, but to draw *Conrard* into some *Rendez-vous* by some means or other, that by watching him, they might take him in the act, and convict him of all his Crimes at a blow. This request frighted the Modesty of the Princess at first, but *Anthony* supported it with so many Arguments, that *Hortensia* was overcome, and promised to do it. She signified to Fryar *Conrard*, that she well understood the sense of his Ticket, if it were suitable to the sentiments of his Soul, it was no less conformable to hers; and cajoling the Errour of the poor Fryar with a thousand protestations of kindness (which would have deluded even prudence it self) she obtained of him a promise that he would come to her Chamber one night in the Disguise of a *Roman* Matron. She put him upon this Disguise, as well because it would make the iniquity of the Fryar the more remarkable, as also out of a remnant of the respect she had still left for a Religious habit, which would not suffer her to scandalize them with so irreligious an interview. This Mascarade was a little suspected by Fryar *Conrard* at first: it was a long time before he could be brought to part with his Habit: A desire

to

to underſtand the laſt will of a dying man, or the conſolation of an afflicted Family might furniſh a Pilgrim with pretences to go abroad when he pleaſed; but for going in that Dreſs, he could give himſelf no reaſon: The Princeſs however managed the buſineſs ſo well, repreſenting that her Family was too numerous to conceal one in a Religious Habit a whole night in her Palace, without being diſcovered, unleſs in ſome ſuch Diſguiſe as might take away the occaſion to ſuſpect: upon theſe perſwaſions he was overcome. He might have been more ſecure a great deal to have had the Princeſs to his Covent, and he wanted not conveniences to have entertained her at what time ſhe pleaſed to have come; but ſhe pretended a ſoreneſs in her leg, which ſtopt his mouth as to that Propoſition. In this manner the day of the aſſignation was appointed, and arrived. *Anthonies* Brother-in-law was ſlipt into a Cloſet by *Hortenſia*'s Bed, from whence they could hear whatever was ſpoken by the Beds-ſide, and he was accompanied by his Camarade. The Princeſs would receive the Fryar in her Bed, the better to perſwade him of the ſore leg ſhe pretended, and *Conrard* being as glad to find her in that poſture, magnified his Love for ſo favourable a Conjuncture. Welcome, good *Conrard*, ſaid *Hortenſia*, what will you ſay of this piece of my kindneſs toward you? will you not confeſs it is extreme? Madam, replied *Conrard*, bowing his body moſt humbly, I expected no leſs than extraordinary goodneſs from a Perſon of your Divinity. But if it be lawful for your moſt zealous and moſt humble Servant *Conrard*, to declare a truth to you,

which perhaps you knew before: you are not the only Lady which hath placed those confidences in me. Those who vouchsafed me that honour, were not indeed of your Quality, or perfection; but they were Persons of Honour, whose Beauties and Worth might have made an insatiable Courtier, the happiest man living. This is no more than what I have heard from other people, replied *Hortensia*, and let me tell you, that this consideration hath contributed much to your obtaining of this *Rendez-vous*. Had I been the only Person had granted you this Priviledge, I should have scrupled very much more to have done what I have; but *Valantina* hath assured me I had many Companions, and her assurance hath given me this confidence. The Princess spake truth, though *Conrard* did not perceive it. It was indeed no more than what *Anthony* had told her of the debauchery of the *Fraticelles*, which had put her upon a resolution of destroying them, contrary to her own inclination, but because we should not discover the Name of so pious a Person, she made use of *Valantina's*; and the conscientious Fryar knowing *Valantina*, could discover much of his Intrigues, he made no difficulty to acknowledge it. True it is, Madam, said he, whether it be only the indulgence of my Stars, or whether it be any little Merit in me, I cannot tell; but this I must say, there is scarce any person, I think, worthy to be retained, that escapes me. But what strange way is it that you take to oblige them? replied *Hortensia*: for my part I have been captivated with your cares, and the expressions of your kindness, but I suppose it is not possible you should

have

have done as much for every Lady in *Rome*, as you have done for me. The whole time of your life would not have been sufficient, nor your Revenues able to have supplied you, for the very Presents you would have made. Madam you say right, replied the Fryar, we do not treat all persons alike, nor indeed any body, as we do the Great and most Illustrious Princess *Hortensia*: But, Madam, these little Mysteries of our Society may well be put off to another time. No, no, good *Conrard*, replied the Princess (who understood his design) tell me, I beg of you, all your artifices, and measures you take with the good men; and the securities you require against the imprudencies, and natural levity of the greatest part of our Sex. I have a great desire to understand these things, and you cannot give me a greater testimony of your kindness, than by this confidence in me. If the Princess *Hortensia*, replied the Fryar, had been a private Lady, in vain should she have aspired to the knowledge of the *Fraticelles* Intrigues, Fryar *Conrard* would have constrained her to have deferred that Conversation; but he will not proceed with the Sister of the present Pope, as with a private person; her orders must be obeyed, let the aversion be never so great. Madam, continued he, our general Maxime is, to cure Ladies of their Errours in Christianity, by the Precepts of our *Hermanus*, and to take off their apprehension of losing their Reputations, by reflecting how much it is our interest to preserve them. If we can but expunge out of Women the two considerations of God, and of Honour, our business is done, there is scarce one of them but becomes lo-

ving immediately; and if ſtill they remain obdurate, we in that caſe betake our ſelves to more ſubtile Expedients. And here the vile *Fraticel* ſtretching his confidence to the higheſt, and acquainting her with the moſt profound Myſteries of their Amours, there was not a neat way of writing a Note, but he taught the Princeſs how to do it better, no zealous or ſuperſtitious Preſent, but he ſhew her the Art how to convert it into a Myſtery of Love, no colour of piety, but which way it was to be perverted, and turned into debauchery; and paſſing before he was aware from numbring his Expedients, he came at length to inſtance in the perſons upon whom they had made their Experiments, and put the Wives of the two perſons who were liſtning to his diſcourſe in the front of his Catalogue, as the moſt zealous for their Society of the whole City. The Princeſs cryed out at the naming of thoſe two Ladies, had ſhe known they had been in the Liſt of their Penitents, ſhe would have had a care of putting *Conrard* upon that imprudence: but *Anthony* being too cunning to give her any ſuch intimation, ſhe knew not that inconvenience, till it was too late to repair it. *Conrard* obſerving her in that trouble, you ſeem, Madam, ſaid he, to be ſurpriſed, did you take thoſe two Ladies for Veſtals, that you skreek as it were at the very hearing of their Names? I do aſſure you, Madam, they gave us leſs trouble than any of the reſt One, ſhe complained of the tediouſneſs of an old Husband, and we appointed her a Director: the other could not endure the neglects of her young one, and we aſſigned her another more compla-

complacent than her Cuckoldly Husband. *Hortenſia* (who was heartily diſpleaſed at this diſcovery, as well in conſideration of *Anthony*, as for the diſorders ſhe foreſaw in thoſe two Families) replied, interrupting him, I beſeech you, Fryar *Conrard*, forbear this diſcourſe, it makes me tremble to hear you; you cannot ſay true, you boaſt of things you never did: the two Ladies you ſpeak of, are both of them diſcreet, I dare ſwear for them, and I look upon the occaſion I have given you to run out into this language, as an unpardonable offence. This return was not at all pleaſing to *Conrard*, and he had a mind to prevent what might follow. Come Madam, ſaith he, *Let us leave our Divinity upon the Altar, and in the hearts of his Elect, and not mingle the diſcourſe of it with our amorous Myſteries*]:

Altri tempi, Altri Curi:
There is a Time for all things.

And then to apply the *Italian* Proverb the more cloſe, he was about to have forgot himſelf quite, and loſt all reſpect for *Hortenſia*: But the two Husbands in the Cloſet (not able longer to endure the impudence of the Fryar) came ſuddenly forth, and apprehended him: Ah, ah, Fryar *Conrard*, ſaid the Old man to him, is this your way of making the *Roman* Ladies practiſe the Vertue you preach to their Husbands. The *Fraticel* was amazed at the ſight of them, and at their manner of proceeding; ſo that he ſtood gaping, as if he had been Thunderſtruck. He opened his eyes, without believing what he ſaw, he was ſeized all over with a trem-

bling, his legs and his voice failed him, and not being able to say a word in his own defence, nor make the least attempt to escape, [illegible] suffered himself to be hal'd like a Log into the next Chamber, where they kept strick guard upon him till the hour came he was lookt for. It would be in vain to report the melancholy reflections of the good Fryar; I suppose there is scarce any Reader but imagines it, without my description: he saw himself delivered up by a Princess to whom he had discovered such impieties as were worthy the cruellest punishment. The persons he judged would appear in Evidence against him, were the two Husbands, whom he had wounded in the most tender and sensible part of a Husband; and this reverse of Fortune happened at a time he expected to have been most happy. Whilst he was in this uncomfortable contemplation, and transported with a rage that relished more of the beast than the man; the Princess *Hortensia* (accompanied by the Learned *Anthony*, and the two Persons who before had declared themselves the Protectors of the *Fraticelles*) went to his Holiness to justifie those Crimes he was so unwilling to believe: *Conrards* iniquities were as good as proved, as soon as they were discovered; the knew them upon his own Declaration, and the Witnesses which charged him, were of unquestionable Repute. He was sent for therefore immediately to come and give an account of his Doctrine and Manners. He had like to have fallen down dead with fear at the delivery of that Complement; and knowing that in those affairs, he is a great gainer, who gains any time, he begged of the Popes Messengers in the

most

moſt ſubmiſſive terms he could uſe, that they would permit him to ſend to his Covent for his own Habit; but beſides that the Dreſs of a Matron was a great aggravation of his offence, they thought it ſo pleaſant to ſee how he managed it, they could not be perſwaded from giving his Holineſs a view of him. In this Equipage therefore they conducted him to the Popes Palace. It was a pretty piece of *Groteſque* to ſee this famous *Fraticel* (who never ſhew himſelf in publick but in Sackcloth, and his head covered with Aſhes) traverſing the Grand Piazza in *Rome* in this Metamorphoſis. Thoſe which carried him along, took delight in manifeſting his ſhame, by not ſuffering him to hid his face, and the people which paſt by, ſeeing the Beard of a Monk peep out of an old Womans Coife, Is this the new Apoſtle? cryed one, who boaſted that he practiſed Chriſtianity in perfection: Do you ſee that Hypocrite, ſays another, who plays the Anchoret all day, and goes the Rounds at night in Maſcarade, to play the amorous Gallant? I always thought, ſaid one, (who pretended to be a man of underſtanding) there was nothing but oſtentation and outſide in the piety of theſe Fryars. Forbear your Judgment, replied another, more eaſie of belief, perhaps it is upon ſome charitable inſtigation he hath taken up this Habit: and theſe kind of Conjectures and Ejaculations accompanied the poor Fryar to the Tribunal, where he was no ſooner arrived, and examined, but he was convict and condemned of moſt horrid impieties, he was delivered over to Execution four days after he was apprehended, the Sect of the *Fraticelles* declared Hereticks,

reticks, all their Followers excommunicated, and *Herman*, the happy *Herman*, as they ſtyled him, was by his Holineſſes Decree dig'd up out of his Grave, and his bones publickly burnt. This Act of Juſtice pleaſed *Hortenſia* and *Anthony* very well: but it was not ſo grateful to all the reſt of the World. Thoſe who were of the Faction of the *Fraticelles*, gave relief to a great number of thoſe kind of Libertines, who would have fallen from exceſs into neceſſity, if vice and vicious people ſhould have been utterly extermined. Some of this ſort of debaucht perſons preſerved a good Party of the *Fraticelles*, and conveyed them to *Lyons*, where they remained during the diſorders in the Church: and from this infected Fountain it is perhaps ſuch Torrents of Bigotteries and Phanaticiſms do flow all the World over. The Libertines joyned themſelves to their fellow-Libertines. The Penitents who had been really abuſed, were glad to be brought out of their Errours, and were converted in earneſt, in which number the innocent *Valantina* was one. But ſuch as pretended to believe, that they might have a pretence to feed, were much troubled at the deſtruction of the *Fraticelles*, and ſome of this ſort of Fellow-ſufferers it muſt be who took care to provide Fryar *Conrard* with an Epitaph, which with much ado we have recovered, and could not poſſibly be compoſed but by ſome of them.

EPI-

EPITAPH.

HEre reſts a man, who one may ſay,
Ne're reſted till his dying day:
And whether now, or no he reſt,
I cannot tell, 'tis he knows beſt.
Whilſt he was here, in parts outvied,
And Love-tricks, the whole World beſide.
Ten Husbands in one night would be
Eaſe of their Nuptial Drudgery;
Which is ſo much, I fear none can,
Or will believe there reſts a man.

THE

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE FOURTH PART.

DEbauchery is an infernal ſeed, ſo marvellouſly fruitful. One diſſolute Example produces a thouſand: and whereas Vertue makes its Conqueſts upon Vice by degrees, and that with much labour and patience; Vice overruns Vertue like a Torrent. The Sect of the *Fraticelles* appeared at firſt like the effect of an Inchantment. Its progreſs imitated the ſuddenneſs of its beginning, and dilated ſo faſt, the continued care of five

five of *Boniface*s Succeſſors were ſcarce ſufficient to extinguiſh it. In imitation of the *Fraticelles*, every man ſet up one Sect or other after his own Mode: But amongſt all of them, no one carried it ſo far, as *Dulcinus* King of the *Lombards*, an ingenious Prince, and fertile in all witty Experiments. This Prince lived twelve or fifteen years after the Condemnation of the *Fraticelles*; the Eccleſiaſtical State was at that time infeſted with Wars, and thoſe Wars hindred his Holineſſes inſpection into Foreign diſorders: The Seat of the Wars having lain ſo long upon *Lombardy*, it was ſo exceedingly depopulated, that it took up all *Dulcinus* his care, to repeople it. He publiſht his Decrees, forbidding all perſons upon pain of death to live Bachelors paſt the age of fourteen. He contributed out of his own Eſtate towards Marriages that were unequal: He granted great Priviledges to Foreigners to inveigle them thither; but *Margaret* his Wife (called in Hiſtory the Voluptuous) perceiving this new way of repeopling his Country, did withal diminiſh her Husbands Revenue, ſhe bethought her ſelf of a way, as effectual, and not ſo pernicious to the Soveraign. She adviſed *Dulcinus* to grant a general permiſſion to his Subjects to change Husbands and Wives, as they ſhould think it convenient. The advice was judged to be good, and put in Execution immediately, and the Prince being much pleaſed with the invention of the Princeſs, not only exhibited an Edict of Divorce, as ſhe had counſelled him; but promiſed Sanctuary and Protection to all Strangers which made uſe of that Priviledge. This Declaration being rumour'd in all the Kingdoms of *Europe*,

rope, there was nothing to be seen but Navies of people of all Sexes from all Nations coming in daily to establish themselves in *Lombardy*, and enjoy the Liberty of that Country: insomuch that in a short time there wanted Corn for the Inhabitants, though of it self it is one of the most fertile Countries in the World: And it being part of the Policy of a Soveraign to give Example in the things he commands, the Prince and Princess were the first which began themselves to reduce into practice, what they had preacht to other people. Being prudent and just, they desired to know how their Subjects would chuse, and upon what grounds they would change; and therefore they made themselves Judges to examine all such as demanded Liberty of Divorce. *Dulcinus*, he interrogated the men about the Complaints they made against their Wives, that he might learn by them the inclinations of her, whom he designed to take in the place of his own Wife; and *Margaret* having the same project in her brains in the Examination of the Women, she would needs be commissioned to hear their Objections. *Dulcinus* was not a little troubled to determine, as to the Accusations of the Husbands. He found all of them had so much reason of their sides, and told their stories so smooth, he could not but suspect the sincerity of their Informations; he thought it impossible there should have been so many ill Wives in the whole World, as he found in his Muster-rolls; and thinking his own Wife more tolerable than other peoples (though she was not without her faults) he concluded he should be forced to stick to his first Wed-

Wedding, how ſtrong ſoever his deſire was to a ſecond. Thoſe which were handſom, were either wanton, or proud; the ill-favour'd were jealous; the witty, imperious and perverſe; the ſober were melancholy: and in ſhort, not a Woman but had ſome quality or other inconſiſtent with the ſweetneſs of Society: He conſidered not that none were accuſed before him but ſuch as were defective, and that thoſe Husbands which were contented with their Wives, never came near him for the benefit of his Proclamation. *Margaret* was not in ſuch trouble with her Juriſdiction; whether ſhe was leſs difficult to pleaſe, or that *Dulcinus* his qualities were ſo indifferent, every one ſhe met with had better. But the Princeſs found ſufficient grounds for all the men to plead the Priviledge, though the Prince was reſolved to keep her. He loved a new Wife better than an old one; but he found *Margaret* much better than the reſt. The firſt Womanwhich was brought before the Princeſs, was a lively brown Laſs, a good preſence, and a ſprightly countenance, her habit was neat, and well contrived, her actions pleaſant, and eaſily diſcerned to be done on purpoſe to pleaſe. You may paſs Miſtreſs, ſays *Margaret* as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, there is no neceſſity of examining you to know your Complaint. You would have a Gallant, and your Husband will not ſuffer you; you have reaſon indeed to change, Husbands of that humour are troubleſom, and you ought not to be contented till you meet with one will allow you that liberty. Alas, Madam, replied the good Woman, my Husband is none of thoſe, and if I had thought one muſt have had occaſion

of

of Complaint againſt their Husband, before ſhe could enjoy the Priviledge of changing, I ſhould ſcarce have troubled your Majeſty or your Kingdom at this time. My Husband loves me, he is young, and handſom, not jealous in the leaſt, and I have what Jewels and fine Cloaths I will ask. Why then will you be changing, replied *Margaret* in a huff, for the bare pleaſure of changing? Madam, replied the Woman, do not think it an inconſiderable thing to break a Chain that muſt otherwiſe hold me as long as I live: did you never obſerve the greateſt Epicures, and thoſe which are uſed to the moſt delicate diſhes, how they will tower and plume themſelves over a *Ragouſt* of Beef? In earneſt, replied *Margaret*, I ſee we are not all Sots of our Sex, I did not believe the *Capricio* of Change could have been carried ſo far; after which the Princeſs of *Lombardy* decreed that this Woman ſhould be placed at the head of the diſcontented Wives, and that ſhe ſhould have her choice of all the men which ſhould happen to be divorced. From this Examination ſhe proceeded to a ſecond. This was a pale, faint, languiſhing Creature, whoſe negligence in her March proclaimed her naturally lazy. What complaint do you bring againſt your Husband? ſaid *Margaret* to her. Madam, replied poor Pale-face, he loves me too much, he is always kiſſing, and careſſing me, and I can never be at quiet. O cryed *Margaret*, take away this Woman from the reſt, or ſhe will be of very ill Example, and then ſetting down her Husbands name in her Table-book, ſhe would have ſworn he was the man with whom ſhe was her ſelf to put her new Law

Law of Divorce in Execution. She had ſcarce ſet led her ſelf in that reſolution, but in comes a third diſcontent, the paſſion in whoſe face made her conclude her Complaint would be quite contrary to the former. What, you are jealous I warrant you? ſaid the Princeſs to her, and you muſt be diſcharged of your Husband for his Courtſhip to other Women. I wiſh, Madam, with all my heart, quoth the good Woman, your Majeſty had been a Prophet, I ſhould not have been ſo miſerable as I am; there is nothing (in my Judgment) ſo convenient, as to have ſuch a one for ones Husband, he is always neat and perfumed: he is always abroad, and his fear leſt we ſhould pry too far into his affairs, obliges him to leave the conduct of ours to our ſelves: But alas, Madam, mine is not ſo well diſpoſed, he never ſtirs from home but at *Chriſtmas*, *Eaſter*, or *Whitſontide*, and judging of my temper by his own, he never ſuffers me one ſtep out of doors, but when he is my Gentleman-Uſher. This good Wife had liberty to change her Husband immediately. This being adjudged one of the moſt lawful Cauſes of Divorce that could be alledged. *Margaret* continuing her Office, a Woman crowded up into the foremoſt Rank, the ſubject of whoſe Complaint was very new, and odd. Her Husband would by all means have her in Love with ſome body elſe, and the poor Woman could not be perſwaded. It is then becauſe the Gallant your Husband propoſed to you, does not pleaſe you? cryed *Margaret*. No, Madam, not ſo, replied the Woman, for he gives me my choice. He tells me, honeſt Women are ſuch Dragons in a houſe, that if I

do but rid my ſelf of that good quality, he cares not who it be that deſtroys it. And I muſt confeſs, Madam, my honeſty makes me a little fierce ſometimes; Honour is a Jewel, and when a Woman can once ſay ſhe fears no body, ſhe is ſeldom to be vanquiſht in domeſtick Diſputes. My Husband tells me therefore he would have me like other Women, and that a Woman is more tractable and complacent, when ſhe hath an amorous Intrigue in her head. But, Madam, I had rather dye a thouſand deaths, than gratifie him in that, my honour is my life, I will do nothing ſhall intrench upon that, and I will ſooner renounce my Marriage, than the Priviledge of ſpeaking loud in my own houſe, as all honeſt Women may do. *Margaret* lookt upon this Woman as mad, and made ſigns to have her taken away, without vouchſafing her an Anſwer; and ſhe had reaſon to diſpatch with her as faſt as ſhe could, for ſhe had another attended with ſo much to ſay, that her very ſtory concluded that Audience. It was a *French* Woman, originally of *Languedoc*, but ſo handſom, and charming, the Princeſs her ſelf could not look upon her without admiration. How is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, any man living ſhould deſire to part with you? The Stranger returned her no Anſwer to that; but told her, her accuſation conſiſted of ſo many heads, ſhe humbly beg'd leave to recite her whole ſtory. She was not a perſon to be denied any thing, *Margaret* therefore complied with her Requeſt, and the unknown Lady returning thanks for that favour, began her diſcourſe in *Italian* (which ſhe ſpake as it had been her Mother-tongue) in this following manner.

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The History of *Nogaret* and *Mariana*

I Do not well know where I am to begin, the Description of the Knight and the Lady (which is the usual beginning of all such Narrations) is improper for me; in respect your Highness hath me here in your presence, and my Husband being but in the next Hall with *Dulcinus*, you may see him too, if you please. Nor shall I commence with any impertinent Genealogy, it not being material to your Highness who were my Ancestors, so you have but a true Relation of my Affair. I am a Wife, and have a Complaint against my Husband: Hear it I beseech you with patience, and judge of my Reasons. I was born in *Montpellier* (a Town very famous for the handsom Women it produces) and my Name is *Mariana Nogaret*. A Gentleman who lived not far off in the Country, having occasions at *Montpellier*, happened to see me by chance, and liked me so well, he pretended he loved me. This confidence, not being a thing so terrible in our Country, as in other places, I must confess freely I thought my self very much obliged to him: But the beginnings of our Amour, was of no long duration: for my Servant was called to the Court of *France* upon an Affair not at all important to this Story; and King *Philip* (sirnamed *le Bel*) conceived so great kindness for him, he kept him about his person. He gave me notice of the favour he was in, and for some time I had reason

to believe he would not force himself to forget me. He writ to me often, and his Letters seemed to be passionate; but the Court having this in propriety, to forget all former obligations, *Nogaret* by degrees became lazy, and would not write often, and at length neglected it quite. I past two whole years without hearing one word of him; but about the third year afterwards, being sent by the King, his Master, to Pope *Boniface*, passing through *Languedoc*, either by accident or design he came to *Montpellier*. I may say without vanity, had the Reputation of that time of being the handsomest Woman in that Province; I was grown something fatter than when *Nogaret* first saw me, my Neck, and proportions were better shaped, and *Nogaret* was grown also the finest Gentleman in *France*. We had no great trouble to revive our old flame, I saw nothing in all *Languedoc* to be compared to *Nogaret*, and he swore as heartily he had seen nothing in all *France* or *Italy* so lovely as my self. The trick of inconstancy which he had plaid me in his first Voyage, made me not relye too much upon his protestations then. I remembred he had promised as stoutly before, and forgot it almost as soon as out of sight, but he gave so fair pretences for his silence, and I had so great a desire they should be true, that I assisted the cheat, and contributed to my own deception. His Fortune and his Duty requiring his return, he staid not long at *Montpellier*, but he gave me sufficient grounds to believe that what he left behind him this time, was much dearer to him than it had been before: He writ to me from all places upon the Road; there was not a fashion in

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the Court of *France*, but I had the Pattern one of the first; and the kindness of King *Philip* having raised him to a Rank in which he needed not fear being denied, if he demanded me of my Parents, he did it with so much ardour, and advantage on my side, that he easily obtained me. I was conducted to *Lyons*, where *Nogaret* met me, and our Marriage being celebrated there, my new Husband conducted me to Court with an Equipage more like a Triumph, than a private Train. The King received *Nogaret* with great demonstrations of Joy; the Queen honoured me with Presents and Caresses, and if I had the pleasure to see *Nogaret* outdo all the young Lords of his Age, he had the satisfaction to hear his choice commended by every one that saw me. Three or four months we continued at this rate, with so much felicity and content both to the one and the other, that I cannot think upon that happy time without being melancholy to think it lasted no longer. But, Madam, what I am going to tell you is it to be believed? The first transports of our Joy was scarce past, but the names of Husband and Wife became insupportable to us. *Nogaret* increased daily in Esteem and Reputation, and I may say the air of the Court was no diminution to my Beauty. Had not *Nogaret* been my Husband, I should have had need of my whole stock of Vertue to have kept me from loving him more than I ought; and he protested had not I been his Wife, he had dyed for Love of me before that; but the indispensable necessity of loving one another, gave us continual temptations to hate. We could not be alone together half an hour, but it was trouble-

ſom; if Cuſtom or *Capricio* put us upon any Careſſes, they went againſt the hair, and ſeemed done only to acquit our ſelves of an ungrateful duty that lay upon us, without the leaſt kindneſs or ſatisfaction in the World: Not but that we had a foundation of reſpect one for another, which indeed nothing could deſtroy. *Nogaret* lived with me very honourably, and I would have dyed a thouſand deaths before I would have been deficient in my duty to him. But we lookt upon one another as good friends, who being aſſured of one anothers affection, love on, but in a quiet and ſerene kind of way, without the leaſt paſſion or tranſport. This ſort of Civility gives the good Woman all the Priviledges her Rank requires of her Husband, and ſecures the good man againſt all tempeſts at home. But this is not enough for young Hearts who expect ſomething further. They would have Love continue with the ſame fervour it began, for (think they) when that which ought to be the effect of Love, is but the effect of Policy and Complacence, Marriage becomes a heavy burden to thoſe who are any thing delicate. Theſe conſiderations rendring us unquiet and moroſe, *Sara Colonne*, one of *Nogarets* particular Friends, began to perceive it. This man was famous over all *Europe* for his irreverences towards Pope *Boniface*; *Nogaret* had made a Journey into *Italy* with him, and beſides the familiarity which Travelling produces among Travellers, *Colonna* was a lovely Perſon, and very judicious; he preſt my Husband to let him know the occaſion of his Melancholy, and aſſuring him he ſhould hold his friendſhip ſuſpected for the future, unleſs he vouch-

vouchsafed him that mark of his affection, he ravisht it from him, that it was his disgust of me: How, says *Colonna*, disgusted with Madam *Nogaret*? Tell me I beseech you, do you know any Woman living more handsom and more worthy of your Love than she? 'Tis not of her Beauty I complain, replied my Husband, I must confess that is great, and any man but a Husband might be happy in it. But tell me, I pray you, of what use is that Beauty? of what use? replied *Colonna*, for whose or for what use should your Wife be, but for yours? do you make no difference then betwixt a handsom Woman and an ill-favour'd? and if you restrain the pleasures of Matrimony only to the eye, is it not more pleasant for a Husband when he comes home to find a young, a lively, and neat Woman ready to embrace him, than to be received by a loose-bodied, mouldy, old Woman? Ha, my dear Friend, replied *Nogaret*, in a scornful way, a Wife is always handsom enough, considering how little her Husband regards her. A Man of Honour lives with an ugly Woman as with a handsom, and hath the advantage of loving a handsomer, if he can find her; whereas when a man hath such a Wife as mine, he seems to have lost his wits when he addresses to another. The Ladies send him back again to his Wife, as one he must needs know to be handsomer, and so he may call upon Saints, and swear as many oaths as he pleases that he loves her, and not perswade her at the last. Ha, said he, were I but the Husband of such a Woman (and named one of the ugliest about the Court) with what pleasure could I tell Madam *Nogaret* she was the handsomest Per-

ſon in the World? She would believe me, becauſe ſhe would know it was true; ſhe would think her ſelf obliged by my commendations, and perhaps recompence them by ſome favour or other: but ſhould I now make this Complement to any other Lady of the Court, ſhe would believe I did but railly; for ſhe knows at her heart Madam *Nogaret* is handſomer. This Dialogue happened in a Hall where we uſually dined: and there being a Grot on one ſide of it, into which after Dinner I had accidentally retired to repoſe my ſelf, it was my fortune to hear diſtinctly every word they ſaid. I was not at all ſurpriſed at the beginning of their Diſcourſe, had my Judgment been asked in the ſame caſe, I ſhould have ſaid as much of *Nogaret*, as he ſaid of me; but when I heard him wiſh himſelf married to the ugly perſon he named, I could not for my life forbear blurting out into a laughter. *Colonna* thruſt his head into the Grot, to ſee who it was that laught. He found me ſitting there alone with a Book in my hand, hearkening with great tranquillity at what paſt betwixt us, as if I had not been concerned in the leaſt; In earneſt, Madam, ſaid he in his turn, this may be called the Houſe of Miracles. The man of all *France* who hath the handſomeſt Wife, wiſhes he had the uglieſt, that he might have the pleaſure of making Love to his own. The Lady of the whole World, which deſerves beſt of her Husband, receives the aſſurance of his diſguſt with a laugh: What kind of Creatures are you two? You, ſays he to *Nogaret*, ſeeing you acknowledge your Wife worthy of your Love, why do you not love her? come into this Grot, and tell me

me your reaſons? Alas, replied *Nogaret* with a ſmiling diſdain, I have ſo much liberty to ſay what I will to her, that I have nothing to ſay. And you can hear this, and be merry, replied *Colonna*, addreſſing himſelf to me. Why ſhould I not be merry? replied I without any diſorder, is it not a thing pleaſant enough to make my body laugh? Yes without doubt, replied the *Roman*, your Husbands diſcourſe would make any one laugh, that was indifferent: but I could not have thought, Madam, you had been under that Character. It is the beſt courſe I can take, replied I, for to ſpeak truth I am ſo much of *Nogarets* mind in all that he hath ſaid, that I cannot in Juſtice condemn him. Come, come away, ſaid my Husband to *Colonna*, taking him by the Elbow, let us take a little Air, you have kept ſuch a ſtir with the names of Husband and Wife, that the very pronouncing them ſo often, hath given me the headach. As ſoon as he had ſpoke thoſe words, they went forth together, and immediately after my Taylor bringing me home an odd kind of Gown of mine own particular invention, I was pleaſed with it ſo well, I would needs go wait upon the Queen in it, and ſee how ſhe liked it. I met her in the ſtreet, going upon her Devotions, whether I had no mind to follow her, and not having found two or three Ladies at home, which I went to viſit, I reſolved to attend her Majeſties return, in the Garden belonging to the Palace. I had promiſed my Coach to a Friend of mine that Evening; ſo that I diſpatcht that away as ſoon as I was in the Garden; and chuſing the moſt private Walks I could find, I entertained my

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ſelf with ſolitary thoughts. But, Madam, obſerve I beſeech you, the ſtrangeneſs of my Deſtiny, I was alone, not ſo much as any of my Train at the Garden gate, I was maſqued (and in that year which was 1310) they wore their Maſques very little in *France*; by accident my Husband and *Colonna* paſt by the place where I was, and ſeeing me a perſonable Woman, and walking alone in the Garden, my Husband had a fancy to accoſt me; he had never ſeen that Gown I was in at that time, and he had left me in another when he came out; ſo as not having the leaſt ſuſpicion who I was, he began with a very high Complement about the Excellence of my Shape. This Encounter ſeemed pretty, I had a mind to divert my ſelf with it a little, and diſſembling my voice as much as I could, I pretended to be a Lawyers Wife of the Country, who knew nothing of the Court, and ſeconded *Nogarets* miſtake ſo well, that it never came the leaſt into his head, that I was otherwiſe than I told him. He was in a mighty Rapture, nothing but praiſes, and proteſtations in his mouth. He admired ſometimes my ſhape, ſometimes my Neck, my Hair was the fineſt he ever had ſeen, my Eyes, my Motion, that little he ſaw beneath my Maſque, all excellent, and all inchanted him. *Colonna* thought good to pull him away by the ſleeve, and endeavour to break off a Converſation which he began to be jealous of already; but he could not get him from me, he would follow me to the end of the World he ſwore; and to be ſhort, when he did go away at laſt, he went away the moſt in Love of any man living. *Colonna* lookt upon this Phrenſie with compaſſion,

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I heard him conjure him in *Italian* (which your Ladiſhip perceives I underſtand in ſome meaſure) not to concern himſelf with a Perſon, which for ought he knew might be nothing leſs than what ſhe pretended; that *Paris* was full of ſuch kind of Cattel which pretended highly to Innocence and prudence, though they knew more Roguery perhaps than they that interrogated them; beſides he would make himſelf ridiculous to the whole Court, if it ſhould be diſcovered he had only ſpoke to the unknown Lady, the little time he had ſpoke to her indeed: but *Nogarets* Ears were deaf to all ſuch admoniſhments. He would have ſworn by my Fashion and Meen I was as wiſe, as indeed I was; and being very importunate for liberty to wait upon me home (that he might know where I lived) I had need of all the Authority I began to have over him, to oblige him to excuſe me. I told him I had a jealous Husband at home, who would never ſuffer ſuch perſons as he to enter within his doors; that I could not but judge of the effects I had produced in his heart, by the reſpect he ſhould pay to my deſires; that he ſhould content himſelf with this, that I was not an ungrateful Woman, and that I ſhould find out a way ſome time or other of ſatisfying his Curioſity more ſecurely. He withdrew upon this, much pleaſed with that hope: and I having found an opportunity to tread upon *Colonna*'s Toe, I ſigned to him that I would ſpeake with him. He followed me to a place I had markt to him with my Eye; and *Nogaret* being too apprehenſive of my diſpleaſure to follow him, he attended at the end of an Alley, very impatient to know what it

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was I had to ſay to him. When I ſaw my Husband at too great a diſtance to underſtand what I ſaid, *Colonna* ſaid I, I am Madam *Nogaret*; he had like to have ſqueakt out at my naming that name, but ſqueezing him by the hand, hold your peace, *Colonna*, ſaid I, this Intrigue is pleaſant enough to be carried on a little further; do you go and find out ſome unknown Coach that may carry me home, and come and fetch me here as ſoon as you can: we will laugh at our leiſure at what is paſt and to come. *Colonna* returned to *Nogaret* with ſo great an inclination to laugh, he had much ado to contain; he told my Husband I had inquired who he was, where his Houſe was, and what means I was to uſe to write to him; and having accompanied him to the Kings Appartment, he ſlipt ſuddenly from him, and getting into the firſt of his Friends Coaches he could ſee in the Court, he came to find me where he had left me before. This *Roman* was a perfect Friend of my Husbands, and upon any other occaſion but this, I could not have prevailed with him to have engaged in any Treachery againſt *Nogaret*: but he thought he ſhould do him a conſiderable piece of Service, to revive his paſſion for me, and he lookt upon this Intrigue as a way as likely and as innocent as could have poſſibly been thought on. As ſoon as I was got home, I pulled off my new Gown, charged my Women to let no body ſee it, nor to tell any body that ever I had worn it, and having put on that again in which *Nogaret* had left me that morning, I fell into conſultation with *Colonna*, which way we might ſpin out this Comedy. As to my Husbands neglect, I

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was abſolutely inſenſible, and I had no deſign to cure him of that by this Stratagem; but I found the ſtory would be pleaſant, and I reſolved to perſue it to the utmoſt. I had not wit enough to have invented it, but ſince Fortune had been ſo ingenious, I reſolved as much as I could to improve it. *Colonna* incouraged my reſolution, and returning to *Nogaret*, ſaid as many good things on me then, as he had done bad before he knew me. In earneſt, ſaid he, the unknown Lady we ſaw in the Garden, is very handſom, I ſee no body at Court hath a better preſence, and if what her Mask hides, be as graceful as what it diſcovered, believe me ſhe is the compleateſt Beauty in the World. *Nogaret* embraced him for his News, as he had told him ſomething had been infinitely for his advantage, and then conjuring his aſſiſtance in the diſcovery who ſhe was, he confeſt he had never been ſo much in Love in his life. I fortified this paſſion by three or four Enterviews, where I muſt needs ſay, I uſed the higheſt of my Skill to triumph over the Errour of my fantaſtical Husband. It was then *Carnaval* time in *France*, in which the *French* run in Companies up and down the ſtreets in Maſcarade; and a Peace being concluded about the ſame time betwixt his Holineſs and the King of *France*, that year was fuller of Divertiſements than ſeveral others before it. The manner in which *Nogaret* and I lived, permitted us not to be often in the ſame deſign, we had each of us our Society, and when he was gone abroad with his Clan, I dreſt my ſelf in Cloaths he did not know, and taking only one or two of my Women (whom I had injoyned

ed ſtrictly to make no mention of my name) I followed him from one Company to another, to add new ſmart to his old Wound, if it were poſſible. The alteration a Mask gives to the voice, deſguiſed mine ſo well, that *Nogaret* never ſuſpected me for any body, but the unknown Lady in the Garden, and under that quality I could not ſpeak one word but inchanted him. He conjured me by all that he could imagine might prevail, to give him an opportunity of waiting upon me at home, but he remembred the jealous Husband I had mentioned in our firſt Conference, and that brought me off there; and when from his Propoſition of Viſits, he was come ſo low, as to be contented with the bare ſight of me now and then: I told him I had no great confidence in Courtiers, and I would have a little further Experience, before I would diſcover my ſelf; that if he perſiſted in his earneſtneſs to ſee me, or attempted to have me dogg'd, I would leave my Houſe the next day, and conceal my ſelf ſo well for the future, he ſhould give me over for loſt. This fear kept him in the temper I would have him; but to requite his Compliance, I ſent him ſeveral Letters, which *Colonna* cauſed to be tranſcribed, and I received ſeveral of his Anſwers. I remember theſe Letters were the production of a very pretty Adventure. *Nogaret* had loſt one of mine, and what I had ſaid to him of the Jealouſie of my Husband, making him apprehenſive, leſt it ſhould be found by any body that knew the Hand, he contrived a pleaſant way to evade that inconvenience. He cauſed ſeveral Notes to be written in ſeveral Characters, and when he had done, ſtole them

them into the Pockets of the moſt conſiderable Courtiers; I cannot tell you, Madam, what trouble this Whimſey brought into the Court; all theſe Tickets were of Love, ſome calm and ſmooth, others high and outragious; ſome were full of Jealouſie, others of Thanks, but all of them Aſſignations; ſo that there was nothing to be ſeen in the Walks but Gallants with Tickets in their hands, attending their Miſtreſſes, and this produced many Quarrels and ſeveral Divorces. There was a great ſtir made to diſcover from whence they came, whether ſuch a Ticket came from ſuch a man, or from ſuch a Woman, and the moſt expert perſons in Characters were ſent to reſolve them. To ſay the truth, had this Intrigue betwixt *Nogaret* and me had any thing of reality, that Artifice would have been uſeful, for the Note he loſt was found by one of his young Coxcombs, who (having ſeen it fall out of *Nogarets* Pocket, and finding it treated of Love) brought it to me, in hopes (as I ſuppoſe) to have drawn ſome advantage to himſelf, by my Husbands indiſcretion. I laught heartily when I ſaw the Note, and his action who brought it: I thanked him for his Service, pretending it very important, and running to *Nogarets* Chamber, Here, my Lord, ſaid I, tendring him the Note, and counterfeiting my ſelf mightily jealous, have a better care of your Love-Letters another time: So here is one fell out of your Pocket in very good Company, and it is not like a perſon of your diſcretion, ſuffer ſuch Letters as theſe to run up and down the World. *Nogaret* bluſht at the ſight of that Letter, but the Trick he had plaid ſupplied him readily with

with an excuſe, I'le lay my life, ſays he, this is one of the Letters, have been ſo ſlyly ſtollen into all the Pockets at Court, and then opening it as he had never ſeen it before, he read theſe words.

Yes, Brave Sir, I believe I may be beloved, my Beauty is ſufficient to convince me of that, without other Arguments, my Charms I am better acquainted with than you, and therefore cannot but doubt whether one can love what he hath never ſeen. As for you, it is no extraordinary thing that I ſhould love you, I know who you are, I ſee you undiſguiſed every day; but how can you tell but that which is concealed by myMask, may put you out of conceit again with all you have ſeen. Women are the greateſt Impoſtures in the World, and perhaps in the ſame moment you love me ſo ardently without knowing me, I may become the Perſon the moſt indifferent to you of all the Sex, if you did know me.

Without diſſembling, Madam, cryed *Nogaret*, after he had read it, this is a pleaſant Letter, and whether it be real or counterfeit, the Perſon who writ it hath a great deal of Wit. I had like to have burſt out a laughing at *Nogarets* Character, but not being as yet weary of ſo pretty a Divertiſement, I forced my ſelf, and replied without any emotion; What is it you ſee ſo extraordinary in this Letter? What is it do you ask? replied my Husband, why is it all, Madam, the ſenſe, the model, the expreſſion, the neatneſs of the thoughts. Certainly, ſaid I, (with as much eagerneſs as he) I ſee nothing in it but very common. I do not pretend to be an excellent

cellent Secretary, yet I dare lay a Wager I will write as well as that when I pleaſe. *Nogaret* lookt upon me with a diſdain, had like to have put me out of Countenance, and lifting up his eyes and ſhoulders, as if he pitied my vanity, he judged it ſo idle that I had ſaid, he vouchſafed me not an Anſwer. He went forth immediately (without ſpeaking a word) in queſt of his dear *Colonna* to give him an account of what had paſt. I had many of theſe Regales from him while the Carnaval laſted; but that growing near to an end, & *Nogaret* preſſing daily for ſome eaſe of his Martyrdom, as he called it, I reſolved to put an end to this Comedy, and give him a ſight of me; I appointed him a meeting at a Country-houſe about a League out of the City, where I told him I had got leave of my Husband to retire for ſome days. He had like to have dyed with Joy at the News, he gript my hand with ſo great tranſportation, he forgot he hurt me, and from the night in which I gave him that aſſignation, to the day he was to meet, he took ſo little reſt, I began to pity him. He was in a perpetual trouble, changed his place every quarter of an hour, and I underſtood by his Servants he ſlept not a wink: but at length the deſired day arrived. *Nogaret* by agreement was not to come to the *Rendez-vous* till after Sun-ſet, and yet he came into my Chamber in the morning before day ready dreſt. I pretended to admire his diligence, and askt him what might be the cauſe. He told me he was to receive an Order from the King to be executed by him, and that in expectation of that, he was to be ready all day. This invention made me ſmile, and being willing

to put my Prevaricator to it, as much as I could, I askt him, Will this Order hinder you from ſupping to night with a certain Friend of ours, to whoſe Houſe I have ingaged to bring you along with me. Yes doubtleſs, replied *Nogaret* a little haſtily, it will hinder me; for perhaps it will be night before I can execute it. Alas, ſaid I, and how comes it to paſs you dreſs your ſelf before day, for an Affair which you believe cannot be diſpatcht before night. You know my exactneſs, replied my Diſſembler, in what relates to my duty to my Maſter, I had rather be ready twelve hours too ſoon, than have his buſineſs ſtay for me one moment. Good my Lord, replied I, taking him by the hand, be of my Company to night, let me conjure you, I do not often trouble you with importunities, but I muſt needs tell you, you will diſoblige me exceedingly, if you refuſe me this time. *Nogaret* had always carried himſelf with great reſpect towards me, when under the name of the Country Lawyers Wife, I deſired to know his opinion of his own, he ſtill ſtopt my mouth, and told me, that was Sacred, and not to be diſcovered. I confeſs I have no great paſſion for her my ſelf; but I have ſo much eſteem for her, I would dye a thouſand deaths before any body ſhould ſpeak ill of her, and for me to ſpeak well of her, I ſuppoſe is none of your deſign. This moderate Husband of mine having denied me a thing I had ſo inſtantly requeſted, he diſguiſed his refuſal with the beſt reaſons he could think on; but all that would not diſcourage me, I kiſſed him, I careſſed him, I upbraided him, and deſired this Compliance as the only thing I would

would ever ask him again. Alas, I expected not he ſhould promiſe me, I knew as well as he what obliged him to the contrary, but it pleaſed me not a little, to give him this diſquiet as a puniſhment for his contempt of me. To be ſhort, in ſpight of my Complaints, in ſpight of my Reproaches, away he went in order to his aſſignation, and that no man might take notice of his Journey, he would not have a Horſe of his own, but took a Hackney in a by-place of the City, and without any of his Servants with him, away he went towards the Houſe where I had appointed him to meet. I was got thither ſome hours before him: for beſides that he was not to come before night, and I went from home preſently after Dinner, he had an unluckly Accident by the way, which gave him a ſtop. He was very ill mounted, and the hopes he was in, imploying his thoughts ſo much, he regarded not which way his Horſe went, it was late, as I have obſerved, and about the beginning of *Lent*: ſo that the darkneſs, and duſt concurring, his Horſe lead him fairly into a Slough, from whence he had much ado to diſengage himſelf. Had this Accident happened to an ordinary Lover, there had been no great matter in it, Love takes delight many times to ſport it ſelf with the impatience of Lovers: but to have it happen to a Husband, going to an Appointment with his own Wife, and this Lady he ſollicited with ſo much zeal (without knowing her) and went to meet in deſpight of ſo many dangers and impediments, to be daily at his diſpoſing in his own houſe, was ſo pleaſant a thing, perhaps the like never happened before. Poor *Nogaret* finding

himſelf in a ſtinking Bog, upon an inſenſible Jade, which deſpiſed the correction both of his hand and his heel, made a thouſand vows and obſecrations to Love to deliver him out of ſo villanous a place. He thought once to have alighted off his Horſe, and tryed to have diſengaged himſelf on foot, but beſides that the Slough was deep and muddy, he had but one pair of Breeches about him, and was unwilling to defile them in ſuch an Adventure. He kickt, he ſpur'd, he ſwore, he repined, but he might have kickt, and ſwore, and repined long enough, had not the officious *Colonna* come in luckily to his aſſiſtance. This good man (imagining very diſcreetly, that this Intrigue betwixt *Nogaret* and me could not probably be diſcovered without ſome kind of diſpleaſure) came to prevent by his preſence any ill conſequence that might ariſe. The Moon was up, and *Nogaret* knew him by the light of it, he cryed out to have him come to him, and being come; Ah, my dear Friend, ſaid he to him (with a voice trembling betwixt choler and cold) help me, I beſeech you, I can do no more, I have been two long hours in this Slough, and without your aſſiſtance I am like to be here all night. *Colonna* knew him, and ſeeing him in ſuch a condition for an Enterpriſe which deſerved better luck, was ſo pleaſed with the Adventure, that he could not anſwer him for laughing. How, ſaid *Nogaret* to him in a rage, is it thus you relieve your Friend at a time when he hath ſo much need of your aſſiſtance? What aſſiſtance would you have? replied *Colonna*, laughing all the while: I am neither Ploughman, nor Mariner, and it would require all the

the Altars both of the one and the other to fetch you off where you are: What in Gods name do you there? who conducted you? and how came you to march alone in the night, without any Servants, and upon an ugly Jade that is none of your own? We will satisfie you to those questions hereafter, replied *Nogaret*, much discomposed both with anger and shame: this is no time for such Narratives as those, but do what you can to deliver me, I beseech you. *Colonna* alighted, took his Hackney by the Bridle, spoke to him, and batter'd the Beast, till at last with much ado he got him to a place where *Nogaret* might throw himself off on his back upon the ground. When he was landed, they marcht together to the next Village, where my poor Husband was scraped and made clean, and *Colonna* sent out to get another Horse for him, for his old Hackney was dying. But my Husbands impatience not giving him leave to attend the hiring of a new one, he leapt up upon *Colonna*'s, and rid away full speed to the place of the Assignation. I was in Bed when he arrived, foreseeing the hour past, and not daring to venture back to *Paris* in the night, I resolved to lye where I was, being assured I could justifie my absence, if it should be required. *Nogarets* transport was so great, when he found himself alone in my Chamber, that he did not think of bringing the Candle with him to my Bed-side. He threw himself upon his knees, and taking me by the hand, he kissed it with so much joy and affection, I was afraid he had been mad. I confess I began to be troubled at his mistake, and should have thought my self much indebted to Fortune, had she done

that in my favour, which ſhe had done in his. I would not have committed a Crime, but I could have wiſht ſome Inchantment like my Husbands had communicated to me as much pleaſure in his Careſſes, as he received in beſtowing them. He threw himſelf upon the Bed, embraced my knees through the Counterpane, and gave me a thouſand thanks for my goodneſs in the beſt Language his Love could ſuggeſt. But when after his firſt motions of trouble and tranſport, he came to draw the Curtains quite, and in the unknown Perſon he ſo tenderly loved, he diſcovered the ſame Woman he ſo long had deſpiſed. He ſwore a great oath, I think in my Conſcience 'tis my Wife, and ſtepping a little back to inform himſelf better, he fell down under the Chairs, ſo amazed at his Adventure, I feared he would never have recovered. No, Sir, ſaid I, it is none but your Wife, you ſee how dangerous it is to commit your ſelf to the conduct of your heart, you would never have ſuſpected yours to have been guilty of this miſtake: *Mariana* is ſo indifferent to you under the Name of Madam *Nogaret*, that you could not think ſhe could charm you in another ſhape. I am nevertheleſs the Lady in the Mask you were ſo taken with in the Garden belonging to the Palace. This Shape, theſe Eyes, this Neck: in ſhort, all this Perſon you ſo paſſionately deſired when unknown, is the very ſame you lookt upon ſo diſdainfully now you know me. I ſent you word in the Letter you loſt, that your paſſion would be over as ſoon as you ſaw me. I know not whether *Nogaret*, overlaid with theſe reproaches, was not able to endure them any longer, or whether

t her his indignation for being deceived, augmented the horrour he expreſt at the ſight of me, but he ran down ſtairs as faſt as he could, and calling for his Horſe, away he went for *Paris* with all ſpeed, as ill ſatisfied now with his Aſſignation, as he ever had been pleaſed. He was ſcarce gone a moment, but *Colonna* came in, I told him what had paſt at our Enterview, and I underſtood from him what had befallen *Nogaret* by the way. I could not forbear laughing for my heart, when I fancied him in the Puddle; but my kindneſs returning after a time, I diſpatcht *Colonna* after him, leſt ſome new Accident might befal him. I lookt upon all this Accident as a Jeſt, and I did hope *Nogaret* would have lookt upon it no otherwiſe, but I was miſtaken in my opinion. He was ſo much inraged at the fallacy, that he hath not forgiven me to this day. *Colonna* thought good to let him know, that it was Fortune which began it, and that if either of us had reaſon to complain of the Conſequence, it was certainly I. He replied to his remonſtrances, that I was an Impoſture, and that a Woman which could diſguiſe her ſelf ſo well, would act the greateſt and moſt horrible diſloyalties, when-ever ſhe had a mind to it. Seeing then I could not mollifie him by any means, I cauſed it to be propoſed to him to come hither and implore that Privilege you ſo graciouſly are pleaſed to afford all ſuch Husbands as are diſſatisfied with their Wives. The Condition he ſtood in, in *France*, made him averſe at firſt, but the good men which think themſelves burdened with their Wives, fancy nothing impoſſible that may eaſe them. We have left our Country

upon theſe terms, and are now preſent in your Court. But ſee, Madam, and admire the unconſtancy of my Stars, the liberty I now enjoy of parting with *Nogaret*, makes me begin to think our ſeparation inſupportable. I beſeech you therefore, moſt Excellent Princeſs, continued *Mariana* (throwing her ſelf at *Margarets* feet) obtain of *Dulcinus* in my behalf, that *Nogaret* may not have that permiſſion, which I know he demands. As I imitated him in his diſguſt, it is poſſible he may do as much for me in my return. The neceſſity of our Loves begat our Antipathy, and who knows but the liberty to hate may revive our affections.

Mariana was not out of the way, when ſhe diſcourſed in this manner. She had ſcarce ended her Petition, but *Dulcinus* came in to deſire *Margaret*, in the behalf of *Nogaret*, to grant no ſuch permiſſion to *Mariana*. In ſhort, this Couple took one another again, and loved one another as entirely, as when they were married at firſt. Their Example was ſo good, that being followed by ſeveral others, it carried many a good man and his Wife back again into *France*, who renounced the Priviledge of Divorce, and demonſtrated to the World, That liberty to change takes away the deſire to do it. That did well, and like wiſe men to carry themſelves ſo, they would have been conſtrained otherwiſe by force, to what they did willingly: for Pope *Clement* the Fifth (having intelligence of what paſt in *Lombardy*, and finding this new Law inconformable to the Laws of Chriſtianity) raiſed a ſtrong Army, and ſent it againſt *Dulcinus*, under the Command of a Legat, his Nephew. The Legat overcame

came him, forced him to renounce his Errour, and reſcued his Subjects from that Libertiniſm in which they began to be plunged.

Unhappy days! unhappy War, whoſe rage
Swallowed whole Countries, coſt ſo many lives!
Wer't to be fought again in this our Age,
We'd pull down Pope, rather than keep our Wives.

Whilſt *Margaret* was bewailing the ſucceſs of the Legat, and ſome Husbands (apprehending the Conſequences of that War) haſted very prudently to gain the benefit of that Priviledge. *Don Pedro* King of *Caſtile* applied himſelf to the Eſtabliſhment of that Cuſtom in his Kingdom, which was ſo unfortunately ſuppreſt in *Lombardy*. He had ſent Ambaſſadours into *France* to negotiate a Marriage for him with *Blanche*, the Daughter of *Peter* Duke of *Bourbon*, a near Kinſman to *Philip* of *Valois*, the firſt King of *France* of that Race. The *Caſtillians* are a flegmatick people in matters of Negotiation, and thoſe whom *Don Pedro* had imployed about this, driving at the advantage of the Kingdom, more than the particular intereſt of the King, they were ſo tedious in concluding upon their Conditions, that *Don Pedro* began to be weary of their delay. He was as violent as they were cautious, when he ſent to make that Overture about *Blanche*, he had prepared his patience for no longer expectation than was neceſſary for a Journey betwixt *Burgos* and *Paris*, and finding that elapſed, and no intimation when the Wife was to come, he began to think of eaſing his impatience by ſome gentle diverſion, (for

(for by that name it is all beginnings of Love are Chriſtned) that which makes oftentimes the greateſt affair of a mans life, is lookt upon at firſt but as a tranſitory fancy, and whilſt one thinks but to play and dally with Love as with a Child, the leaſt of his ſcratches become incurable and mortal. At this rate it happened to our young Monarch. He diſcovered his inclinations to *Nugnez de Prade* Grand Maſter of the Order of *Callatrava*, and the chief of his Favourites. Such kind of Confidences as theſe, are not very honourable in themſelves, but the favour ennobles them. It is always good to be imployed in the Secrets of ones Maſter, let the part he be to act be what it will. *Nugnez* thought himſelf much honoured that the King of *Caſtile* had made choice of him to ſerve him in his Amours, and to acquit himſelf honourably of his Truſt, he gave himſelf up entirely to the finding out a Miſtreſs for *Don Pedro*. This is an imployment which requires no great trouble, Ladies are generally very well inclined, when they are deſired for a Prince: but *Nugnez* could not accommodate with all that was offered him. He was as dutiful a Subject, as he was a dextrous Sollicitor; and not being willing to give the King any more than a bare diverſion, it coſt him ſome trouble to find out a Perſon handſom enough to pleaſe him, and yet not ſo compleat as to work him into a paſſion. He thought he had met with one according to his mind, in the perſon of *Maria de Padilla*, one of the Maids of Honour to the Dutcheſs of *Albuquerque*. This young Lady was witty and lively, ſhe was young and handſom, and though ſhe was neither of Beauty nor Quality ſufficient

ſufficient to give any obſtruction to the Marriage intended; yet ſhe was well enough to ſatisfie his impatience till the Princeſs arrived. To relate the Formalities of our Monarch towards this Virgin, or the Virgins to the King, would be to charge our Annals with an impertinent Circumſtance. Lovers of *Don Pedro*'s Rank, are not ſubject to the Punctilioes of a Romance. They carry their Miſtreſſes by abſolute Power, and it is not for them the Loveforms were deviſed. *Nugnez* told *Padilla*, the King likes you very well; and *Padilla* replied, What will his Majeſty command me? but this bargain made with ſo much expedition, and conſummated with ſo much eaſe, had not a concluſion ſuitable to its beginning. *Padilla* had athouſand qualities capable of making a Lover happy, more than indifferent perſons could diſcern. The vivacity of her Wit animated all her actions, her humour and complacency ſupplied the defects of her Beauty; and the Kings Magnificence making her eminent for a natural inclination to neatneſs; *Don Pedro* at the very firſt found that his Miſtreſs, which the Grand Maſter hoped he would never have diſcovered. He preſt his Embaſſadours no more to diſpatch; and the little concern he had for her return, making him think it precipitate when they did, he ſcarce believed the Princeſs was come out of *Paris*, when advice was brought that ſome body was to be Deputed to receive her upon the Frontiers. Theſe tydings both ſurpriſed and afflicted him. He could have wiſht never to have heard it whilſt he lived; but the Marriage of Kings being no jeſting matter, there was a neceſſity that *Don Pedro* ſhould pretend

pretend to be content. He diſpatcht *Nugnez de Prade* to attend the new Queen, and advancing himſelf ſome three days Journey from *Burgos*, in order to meet her, he reſolved to content himſelf in this buſineſs as well as he could; but his Love for *Padilla* would by no means concur: her abſence, though but for three days, ſeemed an Age to him. He muſt needs return to her, he could not endure the thoughts of marrying *Blanche*, and looking upon his lawful duty, as a deſertion of his Miſtreſs, he left the new Queen to ſhift for her ſelf, and returned to his *Padilla* for conſolation. When *Nugnez* underſtood the King had given Order for his Equipage to march back towards *Burgos*, he thought he had been miſinformed, replied immediately to his Majeſty, and finding him ready to take Horſe, Why Sir, ſaid he, in great aſtoniſhment, will you quit your new Queen before you ſee her? Conſider I beſeech you, you are but a days Journey from her? I know not, replied *Don Pedro*, whether that be enough for her, but I am ſure 'tis too much for me. Is it, Sir, replied the Grand Maſter, that you have not found her as you had reaſon to have hoped, or that ill inſtructed in the obedience ſhe owes you, ſhe hath?----No, *Nugnez*, replied *Don Pedro* interrupting him, 'tis nothing of all that; 'tis only this, *Don Pedro* of *Caſtile* is not born for *Blanche de Bourbon*: Thoſe who contrived this Meeting, knew neither of us both; and to be ſhort, ſhe may return to *France* as ſhe came, if her deſign be to be Queen of *Caſtile*: for ſhe is nothing to me now, and never will be more. The faithful *Nugnez* diſcompoſed exceedingly with this reſolution, did what

what he could to make *Don Pedro* consider of what importance it might be: he represented the Power of the Duke of *Bourbon* by the accession of the Family of *Valois* to the Crown of *France*, the general interest of all Princes to vindicate an Affront to a Princess, so nearly related to the most Puissant of all the Christian Kings, the dissatisfaction of the Apostolick See, the murmures of the people, and the injury he would do to his own Honour and Renown; but all these remonstances were in vain. *Don Pedro* departed without vouchsafing the Grand Master an Answer, leaving him to repent at leisure what-ever he had recommended *Padilla* to be Mistress to the King. This faithful Favourite beholding at one Prospect the evils which this action would bring upon *Castile*, resolved as much as he could to divert it, by cajolling the new Queen. He prepared an eloquent Discourse to excuse her Entertainment, and after he had perused it, and was well satisfied with the Contents, he desired Audience of *Blanche*, and endeavoured what he could to justifie *Don Pedro*. He pretended indisposition of body, and some imaginary Affairs of State to apologize for his departure; but there was no need he should trouble himself so far. *Blanche* was a Princess but of small Experience in the World, she had been brought up in a Monastery, where they make a scruple of opening their very Eyes, and she believed it was sufficient to have been married by *Don Pedro*'s Ambassadours to make her Queen of *Castile*. When *Nugnez* perceived this Errour, he was very much surprised. The King had given him to understand the Marriage was not consummate, he attended

tended to ſee the Princeſs, mortally diſſatisfied with her miſtaken, and upon this point it was his Harangue was principally to inſiſt: but whatever he could ſay to explain himſelf, and what addreſs ſoever he uſed to eradicate that opinion out of *Blanche* (reſerving the reſpect he ought to her Perſon) he found her invincibly perſwaded ſhe was *Don Pedro*'s Wife already, and ſhe bluſht when ſhe ſaid it, as much as another Woman would have bluſht at a far greater Crime. So profound an ignorance is rare in a Perſon of her Age; *Nugnez* could not contemplate it without aſtoniſhment, and adding pity to his wonder, by degrees both the one and the other produced ſparkles of Love, which brake out at length into a moſt pernicious flame. *Blanche* was young, and of an excellent humour, and to be handſom, ſhe wanted nothing but a deſire to pleaſe, inſomuch as our Grand Maſter fell in Love at a time when it was leaſt ſuſpected, and with the Perſon in the World he had the leaſt deſign upon. In brief, his fidelity to his Maſter ſeemed to have ſhut up all the avenues of his heart againſt ſo criminal a paſſion: never was Subject more zealous for his Prince, and he had given a thouſand inſtances of his affection. But what is it that Love cannot do? *Nugnez* found Charms in the Innocence of *Blanche*, which *Don Pedro* lookt upon as faults; he took no pleaſure but in the Company of the Princeſs, and the pretence of perſwading his Majeſty to his duty, giving him opportunity of frequent and long Conferences with the King, his paſſion increaſed ſo faſt by occaſion of thoſe Enterviews, he had ſcarce power to diſſemble it. Had he conſulted his own heart

heart about the ſucceſs of his Negotiation, he would have done what he could poſſibly to have cauſed it to miſcarry. Which way ſoever he lookt upon the Kings averſion for *Blanche*, it could not be but advantagious to *Nugnez*. Firſt it threatned *Caſtile* with a dangerous War, and the Grand Maſter being chief Miniſter, that Menace muſt needs be grateful to him. Moreover it furniſht the Courtiers with an opportunity of flattery, of which a Favourite may make a marvellous uſe, and if his Policy accommodated with this Divorce, the Reader may eaſily believe his Love would not be againſt it. But this generous *Caſtillian* (being in reality more a Perſon of Honour than a Lover, or intereſted Subject) did as much to reduce his Maſter to what was juſt, as he had been to have received no advantage by his pertinacity. He conferred with the Duke of *Albuquerque*, Husband to *Phidilla*'s old Miſtreſs, and *Nugnez* particular Friend. The misfortune this Duke conceived it to have brought up the Perſon in his Houſe, who was like to be the deſtruction of the Royal Family of *Caſtile*, made him more paſſionate for the intereſts of *Blanche*, than any other of the Grandees in that Kingdom. They went together to *Padilla*, they deſired her (as Friends) that ſhe would imploy all her Wit and Capacity with the King, to prevail with him to uſe *Blanche* as he was in duty obliged; but perceiving that under the Title of Friends they were not regarded, they changed their Character, they began to ſpeak with authority, and threatned her with the reſentment of the whole Kingdom, if ſhe ſtopt not the courſe of an injuſtice, of which ſhe was lookt upon

as

as the Author. *Padilla* was proud and witty, she discovered by the consequence how much she was nettled at this threat; but thinking that no time to hint her displeasure, she promised the Duke and the Grand Master she would contribute her utmost to *Blanches* satisfaction. But she had a care of being as good as her word; she had too much pride and ambition to make any serious prayers so contrary to her vanity and her hopes. Nevertheless the *Castillians* (not being able to endure such an injury to their Nation, as the violation of their Faith solemnly engaged by publick Authority, and the most confident persons amongst them) murmured highly against the injustice of it. The Grandees fell into Cabals, the Common-people into Factions, all things were tending to a Revolt. *Leonora* Queen Dowager of *Arragon*, *Don Pedro*'s Aunt, apprehending the danger he was in, took the liberty to admonish her Nephew. She was eminent for her Courage, and is commended in History for her Eloquence above the rest of her Sex. She represented to this Monarch the deplorable Estate into which his Crown was running, unless he would observe at least some appearances of Honour and Justice with his Wife; and the property of Rhetorick being to give the strongest and most specious colours one can invent, to the evils he would avert, *Leonora* knew so well to delineate the misfortunes which threatned *Don Pedro*, that he thought them already upon his shoulders. He was a violent Prince, of a natural ferocity, to whom Posterity afterwards gave the surname of Cruel. As soon as the Queen his Aunt was departed, he sent immediately for *Nugnez*

nez, and having intimated his resentment against the Rebels, he told him that he found there was a necessity of preventing the Rebellion, and that the most probable way was by taking away the pretence, and removing *Blanche* into another World: that he was resolved to have her poysoned, and that knowing the zeal and fidelity the Grand Master had for his Service, he had pitcht upon him for that Execution. If ever any Favourite in Love hath received from his Master Commission to murder his Mistress, he will easily comprehend how much *Nugnez* was delighted with this Discourse. He loved the King so entirely, he would rather have dyed a thousand deaths than have betrayed him; and he loved *Blanche* with a passion as violent as pure, and he loved only for Loves sake. When he considered *Don Pedro* as a most puissant Monarch, who honoured him hourly with his particular favours, he thought he could not obey his Orders too soon. When he reflected upon *Blanche* as an innocent Princess, deserving none of her misfortunes, and one he loved as his soul, he knew nothing so Sacred which he would not immolate to her safety. This perplexity having taken away his speech, the King asked him in an anger, if he was grown dumb since he came into his Closet. I wish, Sir, with all my heart, replied *Nugnez*, I were dumb indeed, I should then be excused for not answering the most strange, and to me the most cruel discourse I ever heard in my life. Why Sir? said he with his eyes fast fixt upon the King, will you take away the life of a Princess, who is guilty of no Crime, but not being so happy as to please you, and supports that mis-

fortune with ſo much ſubmiſſion, her very patience ought to make your Majeſty kinder! Do you call that ſubmiſſion, replied the King, interrupting him haſtily, to form parties and publiſh remonſtrances againſt me every day. I can no ſooner ſtir out of my Palace, but I am aſſaulted by the Clamours of my people, crying out mutinouſly for their Queen. The Grandees of my Kingdom ſollicite me perpetually. The Queen my Aunt could not forbear denouncing of miſchief. Would you have me ſit ſtill, and expect the Rebellion of my Subject with patience, and imprudently expoſing my ſelf to the indignation of the *French*, give my ſelf up to the fury of my incenſed Wife. No, Sir, replied *Nugnez*, I would have none of that: I would ſooner dye than entertain one thought into my Soul, contrary to your ſafety and your Kingdoms, and though I would ſpend every drop of my own, for the preſervation of the Queens blood, yet I am ready to let out that too, if your Majeſty commands it. But I beſeech you, Sir, continued the Grand Maſter, throwing himſelf at the Kings feet, look upon the Conſequences before you command me. *Blanche* is not one of your Majeſties Subjects, which you have advanced to your Throne by the meer motion of your goodneſs: ſhe is illuſtrious for her Birth, for her Vertue, and nearly related to one of the greateſt Kings in *Europe*. What does your Majeſty think this great Monarch and his Allies will do, if he ſuſpects you have made away a Princeſs of his own Blood, which upon your ſolemn ſollicitation he had given you for a Wife? Again, Sir, had not all formal Complacencies been denied, it had been poſſible

poſſible a violent death might have paſt for natural; but who do you think, I beſeech you, will doubt of the truth, after the Treatment the unhappy Princeſs hath received from you. They would believe you, Sir, in great favour with Deſtiny, ſhould they ſee you delivered ſo ſeaſonably from a Wife you abhorred, without contributing any more to her death, than your bare deſires. No, Sir, believe me, I beſeech you, there will not be a perſon living but will conclude you joyned your endeavours to your good wiſhes; and this opinion being once ſetled (as ſetled it will doubtleſs be) I leave it with all humility to your Judgment to conſider what conſequences it will produce. But what would you have me do then, replied *Don Pedro*, to ſecure my ſelf againſt the perils to which our Divorce will expoſe me: for to live honourably with *Blanche* is more than I can do; I have an Antipathy againſt her which I cannot maſter, all her actions diſpleaſe me, and I love *Padilla* even to adoration. Had I but either my Love or averſion to contend with, I might perhaps overcome one of them; but to combate them both at a time, and not content to tear a violent paſſion out of my heart, but I muſt undertake to put a perſon I hate naturally into its place, is a thing, my good *Nugnez*, I am not able to do. This, Sir, replied *Nugnez*, would not perhaps be ſo difficult to another, as it is to you. The Formalities which *Hymen* requires of a wiſe Husband, are not ſo incompatible with a foreign Amour; but ſeeing an accommodation which ſo many Husbands find eaſie, ſeems ſo impoſſible to your Majeſty, enjoy your *Padilla*, and no other, your will

ought to be our Law, and it is not for Subjects to expostulate against the desires of their Sovereigns. But, Sir, content your self, I beseech you, with that liberty, and be not so far transported, as to dispose of a life the Heavens have not subjected to your power. *Don Pedro* replied, if I do not immolate her life to the security of my own, I am in danger of having mine sacrificed to the indignation of the *French*. Can you think so warlike and so potent a Nation can digest my treatment of *Blanche*, without attempting some thing to revenge it? And will they be more backward, think you, Sir, replied *Nugnez*, when they suspect you have destroyed her? The manner of her death will be doubtful, replied *Don Pedro*, which my aversion for her is not. Besides they may have hopes of forcing me to marry her whilst the Princess is living, of which she being dead, they must be desperate of course. To maladies that are curable, remedies are properly to be applied, but no body inquires after any for a man that is irrecoverable. In short, *Nugnez*, 'tis to no purpose to argue in a thing that is resolved. I will rid my self of *Blanche*, and if you deny me your assistance, I shall find others of my Subjects more zealous for my Service, and not so scrupulous, who will think it an honour to receive that Commission from my own mouth. *Nugnez* perceiving the King to be angry, and apprehending lest he should be really as good as his word, and give his Orders to some other person who would be more readily disposed to execute them than he: he pretended to be overcome with his reasons, and promised him to rid him of the Queen. But, Sir

said

ſaid he, ſuffer me, I beſeech you, to do it my own way, and at my own leiſure; do not precipitate an affair ſo well worthy of deliberation. We muſt firſt drive the *French* out of your Country, before we attempt any thing againſt a Princeſs of that Kingdom; we muſt pretend Plots and Machinations they were contriving in the State, thereby to leſſen the eſteem the people have for her; and by degrees we may give ſo great an appearance of Juſtice to her death, that though your Majeſty ſhould be ſuſpected to have cauſed it, you could not be reproacht with it. *Don Pedro* approved this laſt advice very well, and committing the whole care of that affair to *Nugnez*, he gave himſelf wholly over to his Recreations with *Padilla*. The amorous *Nugnez*, trembling with horrour and fear for the diſcourſe he had had with the King, and judging with reaſon, that if he did not pretend to execute his Orders ſeverely, his Maſter would imploy ſome body elſe, who would obſerve them more ſtrictly, he began his hypocriſie by a general Baniſhment of all the *French* which attended the Queen: he pretended ſecret practices on their part, inconſiſtent with his Majeſties indulgence, or the ſecurity of the Queen: he clapt Guards about the unfortunate Princeſs, who under colour of ſecuring her from *Don Pedro*, had private Orders to have a care of her ſafety; and fearing perpetually leſt the King ſhould repent himſelf of his patience, and haſten her death ſome other way than by him, he commanded her Guards to let no perſon whatever come near her, unleſs a Ticket was produced under *Nugnez*'s hand. Theſe charitable cares, appearing contrary to their parti-

cular motion, produced as much hatred in the heart of *Blanche*, as they ought to have done kindneſs and obligation. What have I done to you? *Nugnez*, ſaid ſhe to him one day, to be made the object of an injuſtice I could never hear you have exerciſed upon any but me. All *Caſtile* ſpeaks of you as the moſt honourable Perſon it ever brought forth. Your compaſſion for the afflicted, and your reſpect for my Sex hath forced an eſteem for you, even from your Enemies; and will you deveſt your ſelf of theſe qualities, to become the Perſecutor of a poor Princeſs who never did you wrong, and had a great eſteem for you, before you declared your ſelf the greateſt Enemy ſhe had. I, Madam, replied *Nugnez*, am I the greateſt Enemy you have? And what other name, replied the Princeſs, can I give the man who keeps me in Priſon, who baniſhes my own Country-Servants out of the Nation, and carries his Tyranny ſo high, my very Women are not ſuffered to come near me, but by his ſpecial permiſſion. You will tell me perhaps the King hath commanded you to uſe me at that rate, but I cannot believe he can be guilty of ſo much injuſtice. It is you, Cruel you, who abuſe his Authority, inverting it againſt a Princeſs devoid of all ſuccour, and forcing her to Captivity, where ſhe expected a Crown. But once again, what is it I have done? if I have given you any offence againſt my knowledge (which yet I cannot imagine) the pitifulneſs of my Condition ought to ſatisfie your Vengeance; and if I have never offended you, how can you be ſo cruel to treat me as you do? Theſe words pierced poor *Nugnez* to the heart, he opened his

his mouth a hundred times to have told *Blanche* the truth, but his fidelity to his Maſter not ſuffering him to betray his Confidence, he contented himſelf with ſome particular actions which might undeceive the Princeſs, and rectifie the falſe Ideas ſhe had conceived, from the outward appearance of her affairs. There paſt not a day but he ſent her ſome little Preſent of Flowers, of Fruits, or of Eſſences: he provided her Voices and Muſick in ſome private part of her Appartment, to divert the tediouſneſs of her Impriſonment. He got a Collection of fine Pictures, and rare Birds to furniſh her Chambers, and ſpeaking the *French* Language very well, he made Verſes many times in that Tongue, which he preſented her for her diverſion. Theſe little Civilities could not be kept ſo ſecret but theſe came to the Ears of *Padilla*. The Queen had a young Virgin attending her at that time, called *Jane de Caſtro*, with whom *Fernandez de Hyveſtroſa* (one of *Padilla*'s Uncles) was moſt deſperately in Love. By her means this ſubtle Miſtreſs had Intelligence of all that paſſed in *Blanches* Priſon, and judging (by what ſhe knew of the Kings animoſity) that he would be ill ſatisfied with *Nugnez*'s Generoſity, ſhe believed ſhe had now found a way of being revenged for the threats he formerly gave her. She conjured her Uncle to uſe all his Art for the diſcovery of the Intrigue betwixt the Princeſs and the Grand Maſter: for, ſaid ſhe to *Fernandez*, you may eaſily conceive *Nugnez*, who by the favour of the King is advanced to one of the chief Dignities of the Kingdom, would not by the diſobeying of ſo good a Maſter expoſe himſelf, were he not tempted to that

diſobedience by ſome conſiderable deſign: he muſt doubtleſs have Intelligences with the *French* to the prejudice of the State, and we are ſo much bound to his Majeſties Bounty, I think we are obliged to prevent him any miſchief we are able. *Fernandez* acting upon his Nieces Memoires, preſt *Jane* by his Letters, and his Diſcourſe, to do as *Padilla* deſired; and when ſhe failed her expectation but a day, he would complain of his unkindneſs, in not returning her Anſwers; and at length having imployed all the influence he had upon the affections of this Maid, to debauch the fidelity ſhe ought to her Princeſs, he managed his affairs ſo well, he cajol'd her out of theſe Verſes which *Nugnez* had made (without her knowledge) and *Jane de Caſtro* had found in her Pocket, as ſhe was putting her to Bed.

Weak man not to adore a thing
Whoſe every action, word, and glance
Diſcovers nought but innocence,
To the moſt rigid and ſagacious King.

Cupid *upon his Mothers knee,*
Tells not ſo harmleſly his Tale,
Nor ſo effectually does prevail
To make her love him, as ſhe works on me.

Rouſe then unworthy man, and where
Vertue for thy aſſiſtance calls;
Beat off her fetters, and beat down her walls:
Juſtice excites, and it is baſe to fear.

Padilla had like to have killed her ſelf with joy at the ſight of theſe Verſes, *Fernandez* explained them

them as he delivered them to her, and ſhe running with them immediately to the King, poſſeſt him highly againſt their innocent Love, and blackned his paſſion with ſuch formidable Colours, that had the King followed the firſt motions of his anger, he had ſent to have had *Nugnez* put immediately to death. But as he loved him very well, and could not eaſily forget the Services he had done him, he reſtrained himſelf in ſpight of his natural impetuoſity. The Queen was at that time in the Caſtle of *Maqueda*, where *Nugnez* to remove her out of the ſight of her Enemies, had cauſed her to be ſhut up. The Governour of the Caſtle had been put in by the Grand Maſter, and he had reaſon to believe he would be faithful to him, but there is no friendſhip nor acknowledgment proof againſt the Authority of ones natural Prince. *Don Pedro* ſent for the Governour to him, he ordered him to receive certain Troops privately into the Caſtle, to be ſure *Nugnez* knew nothing of them; and flattering his fidelity with as many fair promiſes, as he threatned his indiſcretion with puniſhments if he refuſed, he cauſed the Garriſon to be inſenſibly changed, and no Souldiers left of whom he was not ſecure. When he had uſed all this preliminary precaution, he ordered word to be brought him, when the Grand Maſter was with the Queen, and being deſirous to evict him by his own Eyes, he repaired privately to *Maqueda*, forbad the Governour upon penalty of his life, to give the Grand Maſter any notice, and being conducted by *Jane de Caſtro* into a Cloſet near the Princeſſes Chamber, where that young Virgin was uſed to liſten to their diſcourſes,

the

the King heard *Blanche* tell him, Were there yet in theſe Flowers you ſend me any Serpent concealed, or were they impregnated with any poyſonous quality, that might put a ſpeedy end to my miſeries, I ſhould ſay your heart began to mollifie towards me: But I ſee well enough this Preſent is but a politick piece of Civility wherewith you ſeaſon the injuries you do me, and which you would not practiſe, without doubt, were it not to rob me of the feeble conſolation of complaining on you in all things. *Nugnez* was ſo much affected with a reproach he merited ſo little, that his patience was overcome: Why, Madam, ſaid he to the Princeſs with his voice quite changed, would you more willingly receive poyſon from my hands, than theſe ſmall Preſents wherewith I endeavour to divert your ſad thoughts? Yes without doubt, replied the Queen, I ſhould look upon the poyſon as a token of your ſincerity, whereas I conſider all now but as ſo many tokens of your diſſimulation. Certainly, Madam, replied *Nugnez* tranſported with ſorrow, I have then complied very ill with your deſires; for I have expoſed my life and fortune, and do expoſe them every day in not giving you that poyſon, you are ſo earneſt to have: and then his Love overflowing his fidelity and reſolution, he began to diſcover to the Queen the diſcourſe he had had with the King, the ſecret of his Conduct, which ſhe had not perceived; and finding himſelf inſenſibly ingaged to ſpeak of his affection, he began to make a perfect declaration. But *Don Pedro* prevented him for that, giving him no leiſure to go through, he cryed out Arm, Arm, and entring into *Blanches*
Chamber

Chamber with the Officers of his Guards, he caused *Nugnez* to be stab'd in his own presence immediately. The Queen would have run the same Destiny, if his opinion that he could convict her of Amours betwixt *Nugnez* and her, had not made him reserve her for more publick Justice. He caused her to be removed and kept close in the Castle of *Siquenca*, and resolving to cut her off with more formalities than her Gallant, he returned to *Burgos*, as well satisfied with his Journey, as if he had gained some considerable Victory. The mischievous *Padilla* heapt her Congratulations upon him, for so noble an action: *Fernandez* flattering himself with the hopes of the Grand Masters place in the favour of the King, could not satisfie his expectation with less than some eminent Dignity. But see the vanity of humane designs: *Don Pedro*, who had never lookt upon *Jane de Castro* but with eyes prepossest by *Padilla*, being at that time disposed to a change, he became enamour'd of her when he saw her in the Castle of *Maqueda*. His heart was tender, *Jane* was amiable, and what had past lately in *Castile*, having given *Don Pedro* a relish of injustice and impunity, he regarded not his Marriage with *Blanche* as an obstruction to his new desires: he gained two of the Bishops of his Kingdom to declare that his Marriage with the Queen not being consummate, it was lawful for him to take another as he pleased, and upon their bare Authority he married *Jane de Castro* publickly without any scruple. It is easie to judge *Padilla* and *Fernandez de Hyvestrosa* were nettled to the quick by this sudden Wedding. This ambitious Mistress, who could not endure so much

much as the ſhadow of a Queen upon the Throne of *Caſtile*, found it now in the full poſſeſſion of an abſolute Queen beloved by the King; and *Fernandez*, who flattered by the promiſes of his Niece, had been the ſecret Inſtrument of *Nugnez*'s death, received no other fruit of his inhumanity, than a Baniſhment from the Court, and the loſs of his Miſtreſs, which he loved above the World. Had that Miſtreſs of his been as ſenſible of *Fernandez* deſpair as he had reaſon to hope, ſhe would have refuſed the Crown which was offered her; but that Age was like ours, they ſtood not much upon Conſtancy, the Glory of being a Queen outweighed the ſhame of infidelity, and let Lovers ſay what they will, a Crown is better than a Garland. In the mean time the unfortunate *Blanche* was alone in the Caſtle condoling the loſs of her Grand Maſter, ſhe underſtood then (but it was too late) the difference betwixt her paſt and her preſent Captivity: and the Image of *Nugnez* ſtab'd in her preſence for her ſake, cauſed ſuch bitter remorſes in her mind, ſhe had much ado to keep her ſelf alive. But we will leave her to mode her Complaints as ſhe pleaſe, and prepare her ſelf for that Poyſon whichwas given her ſome few days after, to give ſome relaxation to our Pen. The principal parts of theſe Annals having been mentioned before, it ought to be allowed us to repoſe after ſo rapid a Carieer: The reſt of the Reign of *Pedro de Caſtile* is ſo repleat with Murders and Cruelties of all ſorts, that I could not deſcribe them without falling into a Tragical recitation, which I have always carefully avoided.

THE

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE FIFTH PART.

John Paleologus, Emperour of *Greece*, sirnamed *Calos* (which in that Language signifies Fair) lived about two hundred years since. His Son *Emanuel* being gone with Supplies to the Emperor of *Trebisonde* his Ally, whom *Mammomat* Prince of *Peloponesius* had invaded with a formidable Army, fell in Love with the said Emperours Daughter, and signified his Love to *Calo-John*. The Father loving his Son even to Idolatry, was so far from opposing

poſing his deſign, that he ſent Embaſſadours to the Emperour of *Trebiſonde* to demand his Daughter for him, and it was granted; *Emanuel* was contracted to her, and took her away with him to *Conſtantinople*, where the Ceremony was to be conſummate. This Princeſs was beloved by the ſame *Mammomas* who made War upon her Father; he had likewiſe demanded her in Marriage, but was refuſed, and upon that refuſal he betook himſelf to his Arms. When he underſtood that to that rejection they had added the preference of another, he addreſt himſelf to *Amurah* II. whoſe Ally he was, and who he knew watcht for an occaſion of making War upon the *Greeks*: he conjured him for his aſſiſtance, and *Amurahs* Policy accommodating with the requeſt, he had a favourable Anſwer. He diſpatcht an Envoye to *Calo-John* to let him know, that *Mammomas* had demanded the Infanta, which was contracted to his Son; that *Mammomas* being an Ally of the *Ottoman* Empire, he was obliged to aſſiſt him, and to look upon all ſuch as Enemies that oppoſed his Deſigns. This Declaration was as unjuſt as unſeaſonable. *Emanuel* was to be preferred before his Rival, in reſpect of his Dignity; beſides the Infanta was within two days Journey of *Conſtantinople*: But the Power of the *Turk* being ſo terrible, that the Emperour of *Greece* judged it his beſt way to treat him with all imaginable Civility. He ſuſpended the Marriage, ſent an Embaſſadour to *Amurahs* to repreſent the pretences of his Son; and the Infanta being too far advanced to go back, was conducted to *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe remained, as *in depoſito*, till the Negotiation was ended.

Emanuel

Emanuel was much troubled at the protraction of his happineſs; nothing would ſatisfie him, but he muſt have Troops aſſigned him to go and fight with *Armurah*; he accuſed his Father of a compliance and condeſcenſion beneath his degree. But his deſires and his murmures were in vain, there was no remedy but patience. The *Infanta* (who loved him as ardently as he loved her) omitted nothing ſhe could think of to comfort him in ſo tedious an attendance. She diſcovered to him in her Eye the extreme tenderneſs of her Heart: She ſtudied his looks, and indulged his deſires as ſoon as ſhe diſcryed them.

Of all the remedies Nature e're found,
Or Art, to cure a pining Lovers pain;
None cures ſo well, and cloſes up the wound
So quick and ſafe, as to be loved again.

Scorn or ſuſpenſe to an inflamed deſire,
Throw freſh ſupplies of fuel on it's fire.
He who be'ng lov'd, does happ' imſelf confeſs,
Ceaſes to love, and ſpoils his happineſs.

Juſt ſo it was with the young Prince *Emanuel*, he began to be ſo accuſtomed to his felicity, and ſo familiarly with her, ſhe became indifferent to him; there muſt be playing at Cards, a great deal of Company, or ſome other diverſion, or he could not be kept a day together in his Miſtreſſes Chamber; when in the publick Walks the Princeſs according to her uſual manner applied her ſelf particularly to him, Love had leſs ſhare in his diſcourſe than the

fall

fall of a Caſcade, or the form of a Statue. The *Infanta* was not long before ſhe diſcovered this Change; but thoſe who love exceedingly, are apt to flatter themſelves with the thought that they are beloved again, though never ſo little. The Prince having been one day two hours together with the Princeſs in the Gardens belonging to the Palace, without ſpeaking one word to her, but of Flowers and Plants: How long, Sir, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, is it ſince you have been a Floriſt? have you no other diſcourſe to entertain me with but of them? How would you have me entertain you, Madam, replied the Prince, all my ſtock of Complements and Proteſtations are exhauſt? The Princeſs bluſht at his anſwer; but imagining the Prince ſaid it only to ſound her, ſhe replied, I ſhall not run, Sir, into all the Traps that are laid for me, and you may feign your ſelf indifferent long enough, before I ſhall believe it is poſſible. I am not indifferent indeed, replied the Prince, I love you as much as I am capable of loving; but all things, Madam, have their ſeaſon: the fears and the paſſions of other Lovers belong not to us; you ought to believe I love you, and I am very well ſatisfied you have no hatred for me; you give me no occaſion to be jealous, and I do few things you are not witneſs to your ſelf. What is it then I ſhould diſcourſe of? what have I elſe to ſay to you? or what have you elſe to demand? Why, Sir, ſaid the *Infanta*, interrupting him, is it poſſible you ſhould ſpeak from your heart? do not you find in your affections an inexhauſtible bank of obliging things to ſay to me? and can you who have triumpht and boaſted of your

great

great skill in loving well, be ignorant that whatever is ſpoken by Lovers to their Miſtreſſes, is always accompanied with ſome new grace or other to recommend it? You ſpeak, Madam, like a Lady in a Romance, replied the Prince; and I ſhould take great pleaſure to read your Highneſſes Maxims in a Book; but to practiſe them, I find very incommodious. Believe me, Madam, we ought to love like rational Creatures, take that part of it that is agreeable, and leave the troubleſom behind; Fears, and Jealouſies, and Emotions have had their time: 'tis but reaſonable now that Confidence and Tranquillity ſhould have theirs. Ha! Sir, ſaid the Princeſs, with tears in her Eyes, then I ſee you love me no longer, that confidence and that tranquillity you ſpeak of are incompatible with true Love. Alas! Sir, continued ſhe, if you be already come to the indifference and luke-warmneſs of a Husband, before I am your Wife, what am I to hope for when our Marriage is conſummate? Whether the Prince was not yet hardned enough to ſee the tears of the *Infanta* running down her Cheeks without compaſſion; or whether the Title of unconſtant gave him ſome kind of regret, but he did what he could to pacifie his Miſtreſs: He conjured her not to frame Chymæras to her ſelf ſo repugnant to her repoſe; he proteſted he loved her with as much ardour as ſhe could deſire. But he being perfectly cured, and Love having the only power to delineate it ſelf, there was not one action he did, but gave his proteſtations the lye. He became gallant and frolick among the Ladies; he commended them for Beauties before his Miſtreſs, and as the higheſt inſtance of

his tranquillity, he neither observed the troubles which he caused, nor apprehended what he did that could cause them. The Emperours eye was not so dull, it was not for nothing Nature had made him worthy of the firname of Fair, he had been always as subject to be in Love with other people, as other people were to be in Love with him, and though History represents him at that time sixty years old, yet

Age undertakes in vain to make defence,
Where Custom has betray'd the Fort before.
Love's an ill habit seising on the sense,
And th' more we 'ave lov'd, making us love the more.

The Emperour sent for his Son, and having remonstrated to him, and rebuked him for his coldness to the *Infanta*, hedemanded, if he had discovered any new fault in her, which he perceived not before; if she had betrayed him in any thing already; or if he apprehended she would do for the future. No, Sir, replied the Prince, the *Infanta* is as wise as she is fair, and I have no cause at all to complain of her proceedings. Why then, said the Emperour, do not you love her as well as you have done? It is, Sir, replied the Prince, because there is nothing eternal here below; do you know, Sir, any thing upon the Earth but hath an end? or can any man instance in an Amour that lasted as long as the Lover lived? I confess, says the Emperour, there is nothing more common than variation in Love; but those variations have their Causes, either in the possession of the thing they love, or in the attraction of

of ſome new Miſtreſs: Can you pretend either of the two? what new Lady is it has captivated you, or has the *Infanta*'s good Nature permitted your Love to advance ſo far, that it is at its achme, and muſt of neceſſity decline? No, Sir, replied the Prince, I have neither of thoſe reaſons to pretend; the *Infanta* is virtuous, and I muſt needs ſay deſerves to be better beloved: but, Sir, no man is maſter of his own ſentiments, and it is as vain as unjuſt for a Miſtreſs to call her Servant to an account for inconſtancy; as we love many times in ſpight of our teeths, ſo we cool and abate in our Loves, and ſometimes give quite over without any reaſonable cauſe. However, replied the Emperour, for a paſſion to ſtop in the middle of its Cariere, as yours has done, is a thing I have not heard of before: whether it be more, or whether it be leſs, you love the *Infanta* ſtill, though but indifferently, and that indifference is but the effect of ſome extraordinary kindneſs ſhe has ſhewn you which has ſatiated your deſires. I beſeech you, Sir, replied *Emanuel*, do not trouble your ſelf with thoſe apprehenſions, I am nothing at all of what you think, and nothing elſe but what I tell you; I have not thoſe violent paſſions and inquietudes I formerly have had, but it is only becauſe I fancy them unſeaſonable; I look upon my ſelf now as the Maſter of the *Infanta*'s affections, ſhe has no Intrigue, nor Jealouſie, I tell her what I pleaſe, I ſee her when I pleaſe, and I am aſſured I ſhall poſſeſs her: whence then ſhould I derive my apprehenſions? what reaſon have I to lye ſobbing, and counting the minutes, when I can ſpeak to her when ever I deſire? why ſhould I be

jealous, when I am satisfied I have no Rival? Take away these emotions from Love, the case will be mine, and nothing remaining but what is in me. The Emperour was transported to hear his discourse; yet it was not without regret for fear he should return: This coolness of yours, Son, replied the Emperour very slyly, can never last long; those who are accustomed to the pleasures of Love, cannot so easily renounce them, it is hard for one to clear himself of the secret transports, the amorous disquiets, the fears, the impatiences; and in a word, the whole train of indispensable consequences which attend upon that passion; they do so pleasantly possess the Soul they inhabit, the very want of them is troublesom, when the passion ceases. On the contrary, Sir, replied *Emanuel* interrupting him, I must tell you (if it be lawful for me to be of an opinion opposite to yours) that the Effects of Love which create that violence in the beginning, hastens, may precipitate the Cure; when a Lover is but once arrived at this, that he can look soberly upon his Love, I cannot imagine how it was possible my reason could dispense with the extravagancies I have committed: I am ashamed of my former Errours, and I do now find them a great corroboration to my Philosophy. Not, Sir, but I am resolved to marry the *Infanta* of *Trebisonde*, because I have promised it, and I dare promise you to live with her as you will desire: But I beseech you, Sir, oblige me no farther than the Civilties and Formalities of a Husband; the ardencies and violences of Love are not to be expected from me. This was a point the Emperour had no design to

press

preſs upon his Son, and therefore he left him without expoſtulating farther, and forming his hopes upon what he had told him, he clapt ſuch perſons about the *Infanta*, as were buzzing perpetually into her Ears, That the Emperour was not troubled with any of the incommodities of old age; That in Activity and Courtſhip he out-did all the reſt of his Court, and, That doubtleſs he was ſo vigorous and ſtrong, his Son was like to languiſh a long time, before he could expect to arrive at the Empire. To theſe diſcourſes (which were delivered as it were by accident) they added more poſitive. The Prince gave no tokens of his indifference to the *Infanta*, but the Emperour made her ſenſible of them; if he left her, as it happened often, to ſpeak to another Lady; What an Age do we live in, Madam, would he cry: in my time it was eſteemed a Crime to loſe the leaſt moment a man could dedicate to his Miſtreſs, we thought we had never time enough to ſpeak our affections: and when *Emanuel* contradicted his Miſtreſs in any thing, Do you believe, would he ſay, that when I was a young man, it would have been permitted a Servant ſhould have been of one mind, and his Miſtreſs on another? no certainly, their Love or their Breeding was better than ſo, and when I was at the age of *Emanuel*, if I ſhould have been guilty of doing that once, which he practiſes continually, I ſhould have been thought the moſt giddy and inconſtant Lover in the World. How! ſaid he another time, does *Emanuel* converſe with other Ladies in your preſence, and I not find his Eye upon you all the time of his diſcourſe? Believe me, Madam, ſaid he, you muſt

diſcipline this young man, and teach him his duty a little better, his felicity beſots him, and you will loſe him in time, if you give him not now and then a quarter of an hours experience of your rigour. The Princeſs made uſe ſeveral times of *Calo-Johns* advice, but without any ſucceſs: The Prince was never the more fond for thoſe kind of Artifices; he found the *Infanta* always ſweet enough upon him to ſerve his turn, and when ſhe was angry, it concerned him leſs than when ſhe was kind. As he was in this diſpoſition, the Emperour had advice that *Mammomas* having inſinuated with certain Lords of a Province belonging to the Empire, not far from *Peloponeſſus*, had debauched them to a Revolt: He ſent the Prince *Emanuel* with an Army to reduce them, and in his abſence declaring to the Princeſs what he underſtood of the indifferencies of his Son, he knew ſo well how to repreſent to her the reſentment a diſcreet Woman ought to conceive, when ſhe finds her ſelf deſpiſed by her Husband, and deſcribed all the Diſcourſes he had held with his Son, ſo exactly, that he found he had ſtir'd up her indignation before he was aware. The Letters ſhe received from *Emanuel*, did not a little confirm the ſuggeſtions of his Father: They contained nothing but indifferent relations; and if indiſpenſable Civility cauſed him to mention any thing of Love, it was ſo flat and inſipid, it was eaſily to be diſcerned he did it by conſtraint. One would have thought he had apprehended the vigilance of ſome jealous perſon; he expreſt his deſires ſo indifferently, one would have thought his prudence had retained the beſt half of his mind. He forgot

forgot himself one day so far in his tranquillities, that he gave a most excellent Character of *Mammomas* to the *Infanta*, not considering he was his Rival, and such a Rival as had been able to keep him from the possession of his Mistress. This is too much, cryed the Princess, when she read the Letter, the Prince at length tires out my patience, and I shall be reproacht all *Greece* over as an insensible person, if knowing how *Emanuel* uses me, I let him not understand again that I am not ignorant of ways to revenge my self. And this resolution was no sooner taken than executed. The *Infanta* told the Emperour, that she was at last grown weary of the Princes neglects; that she would dye a thousand deaths before she would marry him; and that she was come to acquaint him, she would sacrifice her self, before she would submit to the Conditions of the Treaty. This was it the Emperour designed: he commended her resentment, protested the deportment of his Son was no less ungrateful to his Ears than to hers, and wishing with all his heart he had been of an age to make her reparation himself, he sollicited her to vengeance so hard, that at length she listned to his Propolals. She writ a Letter to the Emperor of *Trebisonde* by agreement with *Calo-John*; the Pacquet was delivered into the hands of an Agent, very faithful to the Emperour, and of a Wit as considerable as his fidelity. It would be requisite to delineate *Calo-John* exactly as he was at that time, to make the Reader conceive all that Love is able to make a man of his age do. He brake the brains of all the Officers of his Chamber to invent him new dresses; he trusted none but his own

Eyes in the choice of the Colors he wore, and passing whole hours in conversation with his Glass; What thinkest thou, *Calo-John*, said he to himself, how dost thou like this Figure in the Glass? this Complexion, is it not fine? these Eyes, are they not soft and well made? they are not so sparkling indeed, as when I was young; but in Love the softness and sweetness of the Eye doth more execution many times, than the quickness and vivacity: What say you to this Shape, this Leg, this whole Contexture? said he, marching two or three steps with great magnificence. Ha! *Calo-John*, 'tis not for nothing the *Infanta* of *Trebisonde* prefers you to your Son; thou art a thousand times handsomer and more desirable than he, and this Election of the Princess is an effect of the solidity of her Judgment, rather than a token of her anger. Whilst the Emperour was pleasing himself in this manner in his own Efficacy and Merits, his Son had reduced the Rebels to the Terms his Father desired, and there being nothing left to detain him longer upon the Frontiers, he returned to *Constantinople* with the same serenity he departed. He found the Princess much colder to him than formerly, and the Empetour more spruce, but he did not concern himself for either; he was glad to find the Princess no more troublesom, and did not dive into the fineness of his Father. He recounted his Exploits to his Mistress in the same style he had writ them; and she told him (Ironically) she was much obliged to him for the description he had given her of *Mammomas*; that she had a great honour for his qualities, and that she did not believe when she vanquisht his heart, she

had

had had ſo illuſtrious a Captive. Our Lover being hardned, took all in the literal ſenſe, and juſtified every tittle he had mentioned in his Letter: A good way to moderate the tranſport of a Miſtreſs at the return of her Servant. The *Infanta*'s indignation increaſed every hour, and the affairs of the Emperour went better and better. He failed not to ply her with thanks, both by Letters, and word of Mouth; and ſuppoſing his acknowledgments would be more eloquent in Verſe than in Proſe, he rub'd up his old fancy for a Paper of good Verſes. Our Memoires do not repreſent them in a ſtyle *à la mode*, as to their Art or Invention, but his ardour and ſincerity is conſpicuous in them to this day. One time when he had out-done himſelf in the expreſſion of the felicity he promiſed to himſelf, the Princeſs by ill Fortune dropt the Paper before the Prince, who taking it up, had a Curioſity to read it contrary to his Cuſtom, but the *Infanta* diſcerning what it was; Do not read it, Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, they are Love-Verſes. *Emanuel* ſmiled, and not believing what ſhe ſaid, I am ſufficiently your Friend, Madam, replied he, to be intruſted with your Secrets; and having ſaid thoſe words, opened the Paper. The Princeſs clapt her hand upon it, and told him, you do not believe me, and yet I'le aſſure you I ſay true: Yes, ſaid the Prince, interrupting her a little angerly, I do believe you, it may be ſome body makes Love to you: but I will ſee, by your favour, after what manner he doth it; who-ever it be, he is ſomething audacious, and has choſen an ill field to engage in; and then forcing the Paper from the *Infanta*, and knowing it to be

the

the Emperours hand; How, says he smiling, is it the Emperour in truth? let's see if he can make Love as well now as of old.

When my poor heart's already laid
In dust, for Love of gentle Maid,
What boots it to call out for aid?

My blood burnt up, my vigour spent,
Mine Enemy omnipotent,
What boots it, boots it, to lament?

And yet methinks my hopes contend,
And still inculcate, mark the end,
Your enemy shall prove your friend.

Ah! gentle hopes don't flatter me,
I should (should I that minute see)
Happier than in my Empire be.

Emanuel thought the Emperour had but jested before, and looking upon it as a design of the *Infanta*'s to make him jealous, he laught in his sleeve at the innocence of the project. But when he perceived the Emperour was in earnest, he began as seriously to be displeased; Sure, said he, the Affairs of the Empire are but very few, when the Emperour can have leisure to imploy himself about such trifles. You did not formerly, replied the *Infanta*, call the marks you gave me of your passion, Trifles? It is not the same case, replied the Prince, I was in Love, *Calo-John* is not. He believes he is, more than you, and truly I am of opinion it will last longer,

longer. *Emanuel* thought the Princeſs had jeſted, and yet that kind of jeſting he did not like; he went to wait upon the Emperour, and ſhewing him the Verſes he had taken from the Princeſs; I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid he, will you divert your ſelf ſome other way, than by writing theſe Love-things to the *Infanta* of *Trebiſonde*; I know itis but in ſport, and that you have no intention to be ſerious; but they may accuſtom her to them, and ſhe be brought by degrees to receive them from ſome body elſe: and you know, Sir, a man cannot be too cautious in things of that nature. That care, replied the Emperour (without any emotion) belongs to me, I ſhall have ſuch an eye over her Conduct, you ſhall not need to trouble your ſelf at all. I confeſs, Sir, replied the Prince, as you are my Father, the deportment of her who is deſigned to be my Wife, may concern you; yet that concern is but ſmall, in compariſon of what a Husband ought to have. I know all thoſe differences *Emanuel*, ſaid the Emperour, and therefore I tell you, you need not trouble your ſelf. How unlikely ſoever it was, the Emperour ſhould be enamour'd of the Princeſs who was contracted to his Son, the Prince knowing his Fathers temper, conceived violent ſuſpicions thereof. He returned immediately to the Princeſs, and perceiving his old flames to riſe out of this ſpark of Jealouſie; Could it be poſſible, Madam, ſaid he to the Princeſs, that the Verſes you let fall, and I took up, ſhould have been written in earneſt? Why, Madam, and would you receive Propoſitions of Love from my Father? Yes, Sir, replied the *Infanta*, I would do any thing might reſcue me from your diſdain;

dain; you have made it, Sir, too manifeſt, and my patience would not have been any longer the effect of my fidelity, but of a baſeneſs without excuſe or example. *Emanuel* was ſtartled at theſe words, as if they had been Thunder. I did not believe, Madam, ſaid he to the *Infanta*, you could have taken the marks of right reaſon for diſdain, they being always the infallible conſequences of a declared Love. I lookt upon you always as a diſcreet Lady, and thought it would be more acceptable to you, if I behaved my ſelf as a Husband before you were my Wife, than to have changed my deportment afterwards: But, Madam, ſince I ſee you are not of my mind, I muſt hereafter ſerve you according to your own; return to me, and I ſhall return to every thing that will pleaſe you; you have no more to do, but to make the Laws, and it ſhall be my care to obey them all, Madam, but renouncing my intereſt in you. Anger is a cheat, and ſeldom as good as its promiſe: The *Infanta* had reaſon indeed, and was really angry with *Emanuel*; he had neglected her, he had given her a thouſand indications of the declenſion of his Love, and he had added diſcourſe to his actions; Nevertheleſs when ſhe ſaw him ſubmit, and repent, and remembred that he was the ſame Prince ſhe had loved ſo entirely before, her Choler was diſſipated, ſhe forgot what ſhe ought to the hopes of the Emperour, and the declarations ſhe had made to him, and ſhe began to renew her Commerce with the Prince upon new Conditions, when *Calo-John* entred into her Chamber. He had Advertiſement that *Emanuel* was gone to make the *Infanta* a Viſit, and was not ignorant

rant that Love was capable of Reconciliation. Did not I tell you this morning, said he very hastily to his Son, you need not trouble your self any farther for any thing relating to the Princess, for I my self would take that care upon me; How comes it then, *Emanuel*, your eye is still so vigilant over her? I thought, Sir, replied the Prince, I had been obliged to have a care over her, both by your order, and the Emperours her Fathers. Those Orders were given long since, replied *Calo-John*, but now they are out of doors. You told me your self you had no passion for the Princess, and that you would not marry her for any other reason but because you had promised. I am so good a Father, I will not hold you to that promise; I understand Marriage very well, and I know it is as much as one can do to live contentedly with a Woman that he loves, how then can you expect to live well with one you do not love at all? The Prince would have replied, and protested he loved the *Infanta* as well as he ever did in his life: but the Emperour who had no mind to those kind of protestations, interrupted him, and commanded him to be gone. The Command seemed something harsh, the Prince endeavoured to disobey, and replies, growing hot: the Prince let fall some words, which were not perhaps exactly according to the Rules of Respect, whereupon the Emperour caused him to be seized: And this point of rigour recalled all the kindness the *Infanta* had ever had for him; she prayed, she prest, and her importunity increased rather than extenuated his Crime: Love took up his rest now in the heart of the Princess; she repented she ever had repented,

pented, and would not endure to hear the Emperours pretensions so much as mentioned any longer. In the mean time whilst things were in this posture, an Envoyé arrived from the Emperour of *Trebisond*: The said Emperour, Father to the *Infanta*, had been much troubled to consent to the Exchange; he was a severe Prince, and his resolutions immoveable: Nevertheless the dexterity of the Agent was such, he was over-power'd, and consented that the Princess should marry *Calo-John*, but it was with such expres Order to change no more, that the Princess durst never disobey: And to compleat the ruine of *Emanuels* Affairs, *Mammomas* being by *Amurath* suspected of an Intelligence with a Prince of *Transilvania*, who refused to admit him for his Soveraign; the *Turkish* Emperour deserted him, and left him to *Calo-John* to be infested as he pleased. In short, he married the *Infanta* of *Trebisond*, notwithstanding all the opposition she made; her Father commanded it, the Emperour was absolute, and Princesses of her Rank are but Sacrifices to Policy and Convenience, insomuch that Nature would have very much obliged the greatest part of them, had she brought them into the World without hearts: It is not to be expres the rage *Emanuel* conceived at the News of this Wedding, but the effects which insued may in some measure discover it. He escaped out of Prison, implored the Assistance of *Amurath*, and conducting him as it were by the hand to the Throne Imperial of *Greece*, he gave the fatal blow to that flourishing Empire; for which Phrensie he was sufficiently punisht himself by the ingratitude of

of the *Turk*, who not keeping one tittle of all the promises he had made him, caused him to end his days miserably without his eyes, and without any other Dignity than a private place among his Janisaries: and the great *Grecian* Empire escaped no better than he. But the Divine Justice which revenged *Calo-John* for the evils his Sons fury had brought upon him, hath not as yet revenged the infidelity of their common Tyrant.

Amedy *Duke of* Savoye.

The Order we have observed hitherto in our Chronology, conducts us insensibly to the Occurrences in the Life of *Amade* Duke of *Savoy*, whom some people call *Amé*, a Person so well known in History by the name of *Felix* the Anti-pope. He was of an amorous Complexion, and (it frequently happening that the Courtiers are the Apes of the Actions of their Princes) those which were performed by this Duke, were immediately followed by the whole Court: So that he being Voluptuous, his Court became a very School of Luxury and Debauchedness. All Offices and Honours were confer'd according to their amorous Exploits, and Love becoming the Standard of Merit, such as were the most susceptible of that passion, were most gracious with their Prince: For these reasons and such other, the Marquets of *Saona* was in particular Favour: He was not the Dukes Subject, but had so linked himself to him by his good Services, that he was become the Depository of his Secrets, the Dispencer of his Graces, and the Companion of his Debauches. One night as they were marcht together to visit a Lady (some

few

few Leagues from *Turin*) for whom the Duke had a great kindneſs, and the Marqueſs managed the affair, they loſt themſelves in a Wood through which they were to paſs, and at laſt found themſelves at a Houſe belonging to the Count *de la Moriene*: This Count had ſeveral years before baniſht himſelf voluntarily from the Court; he had received a wound at the beginning of this Dukes Reign, which had almoſt taken away his Eyes, and having not thought himſelf rewarded for ſo important a loſs, he retired into the Country where he lived very privately. Some indiſpenſable Affairs having called him to a Houſe he had near *Turin*, he was obliged to make a Viſit there, and was returned ſome few hours before the Duke loſt himſelf, and was brought thither: When *Amede* and his Favourite diſcovered that Houſe, they reſolved to repoſe themſelves, it was late, they had wandred a long time, and were ſomething wet with the Rain. The Marqueſs clapt Spurs to inquire whoſe Houſe; but when he was told it belonged to the Marqueſs *de la Moriene*, and that he was at home, he returned to the Duke to let him know they muſt march on, for that Count was an old Stoick, who would not fail to wipe them for being abroad, and in that Equipage ſo late: We muſt conceal my Name then, replied *Amede*, his ſight is not very good, he hath not been this long time at the Court, I have but few of my Guards about me, and they no Liveries or other Marks to diſcover them: Ha! Sir, replied the Marqueſs, Soveraigns are not to be concealed in their own Countries, a Picture, the meeting of a Servant that hath ſeen you in the ſtreets of *Turin*, the

the respect your own Equipage will shew you and in short, a thousand little things will discover to the Count, that you are the Duke of *Savoye*. Well, if he does, replied the Duke, that inconvenience is less than to be drowned in the Rain, or break ones Neck off of ones Horse. If the Count knows me, I will be even with him for some Censures I have heard of his; and if he doth not, reposing a while at his House, we shall be the better afterwards to proceed in our Journey; upon which the Duke spur'd on to the Counts house, and commanding his Retinue to take no notice who he was, he pretended to be one of the little Princes of *Italy*, with which that Country swarms. It was not out of Honour or Concernment for the Duke, that the Marquess of *Savona* had no mind to repose at this place. The Count *de la Moriene* had a handsom Lady to his Wife, which was related to the Marquess, and with whom, the History says, there was more than one kind of proximity. By reason of the morosity of her Husband, she never came to Court; but she pretended business now and then at her house by *Turin*, where the Marquess would meet her. He doubted not but she was then with her Husband, and knowing how ready the Duke was to take fire, he had a strong apprehension he would be smitten with the Countess. Word was carried in to the Count *de Moriene*, that a Person of Quality desired to see him, and that the Marquess of *Savona*, his Wifes Cousin, was of the Company, he came forth himself to receive them. He presented them with what the time of night, and the small time the Count had been there, could afford, and

whilſt they were at their Repaſt, *Amedy* having declared that he was making a Viſit to the Duke of *Savoye*, and had miſtaken his way *Turin*, the Count interrupted him, and told him, You had beſt, Sir, be ſure the Duke be there, before you go thither your ſelf, for he is ſeldom to be found where he ought to be lookt for; his pleaſures invite him to ſo many places, where one would never expect to find him, that without good ſtore of Scouts 'tis no eaſie matter to diſcover him. You know the Duke, replied the Marqueſs ſomething haſtily, but by other peoples report, you have ſeen him your ſelf ſo little for theſe ſeveral years, you can ſay nothing upon your own knowledge; were you better acquainted with him, you would not ſpeak at that rate. It is not neceſſary to ſee ones Soveraign, to know him, replied the Count, we judge of them by their actions, of which they have ſo many Witneſſes, the report of them is not to be kept out of the moſt remote or obſcure part of their Dominions; and then thundring out a long Declamation againſt *Amedy* and his Reign, there was not a Libel, or a mutinous Expreſſion that eſcaped him. The Marqueſs could give him no ſign to reſtrain him; for the Count had an infirmity in his Eyes, and could not perceive him. The Regale was ſomething rare for the Duke; and as is to be ſuppoſed wanted no ſeaſoning. People which are ſatiated with pleaſures, are commonly very eloquent in decrying them. The Counteſs entred as the Philoſopher was in the midſt of his Ethicks, and the Duke not being ſo much unknown to her, as to her purblind Husband, there was not an Apology of which ſhe made not uſe to excuſe

excuſe the Errour of the Count. The old Stoick could not without great difficulty be brought to ſo much as to counterfeit Repentance, he declared that the Equipage of the Duke of *Savoye* gave Authority to all he could ſay; that it would be well for that Prince if he had ſuch Adventures oftner, and applauded himſelf in what he had done, as if it had been the beſt action of his life; all the Remonſtrances of the Marqueſs, and all the intreaties of the Counteſs were little enough to perſwade him to ask pardon: and he did well to be ſo difficult, for all they importuned him to, was to no purpoſe; the Duke found the Counteſs too handſom to pardon her Husband. When he was departed, and found himſelf at liberty to deliver his thoughts: Ha! *Savona*, cryed he, how charming is this Counteſs? how could you forbear boaſting of her Beauty till now? and knowing my inclination to handſom Ladies, why have you not ſollicited me to ſend for her to Court? I did not perceive, Sir, there was any want of her there, replied the Marqueſs ſomething gravely: there were ſo many Ladies already handſomer than ſhe, I thought ſhe would not be deſired. Do you ſay, ſaid the Duke to him a little ſhort, there is any thing in *Savoye* handſomer than the Counteſs? Yes, Sir, without doubt, replied the Marqueſs, the Lady you are going to viſit, is in my Eye much handſomer. You know not what is Beauty then, replied the Duke, or you do not conſider what you ſay: there is nothing upon the Earth ſo amiable as the Counteſs, I muſt have her to *Turin*, the temerity of her Husband hath given me occaſion to cauſe him to be arreſted; and his

Wife will not fail to ſollicite for his liberty: let us haſte back again to put this Artifice in execution, I have no further buſineſs with the Lady I was going to ſee, for the Counteſs *de la Moriene* hath at preſent the whole poſſeſſion of my Soul. Theſe words were as ſo many mortal wounds in the heart of the amorous Marqueſs. He conjured the Duke to remember that the Counteſs was his Kinſwoman, and not to make ſuch a breach on the favours wherewith he had honoured him; he alledged that it would be believed at Court, his Credit and Influence upon his Highneſs was loſt, when it ſhould be ſeen that the Husband of ſo near a Relation of his, was treated with that rigour. What he hath ſaid of me, replied the Duke, ought to render him odious to all that love me: and you ought to have been the firſt to have demanded his puniſhment. Beſides, *Savona*, the deſign I have imparted to you ought not to alarm your punctilioes of Conſanguinity, you may be ſure I will do your Kinſwoman no harm, I will reſcue her out of a Deſert, where ſhe cannot but live with much trouble & reluctancy; I will give her the choice of all things a witty Woman ought to Ambition; and if ſhe underſtands how to manage her own Fortune, what you look upon as the unhappineſs of the Count, will prove at laſt the Eſtabliſhment of his Family. As he reſolved, ſo he did: he ſent to the Count *de la Moriene*'s Houſe to apprehend him; he cauſed him to be committed to a Tower, where his greateſt Priſoners were uſually diſpoſed; and that he might he more commodiouſly enjoy the ſollicitations of the Counteſs, he retired for ſome time to the Caſtle of

of *Thonon*, ſituate upon the Lake of *Leman*, it being a Country-houſe in which he principally delighted. The Impriſonment of the Count *de Moriene* made a terrible noiſe in the Court of *Savoy*. Such as were rigid and moroſe condemned it exceedingly, and called it no leſs than violence and injuſtice. Some whoſe penetration was better than their Neighbours, ſuſpected the true cauſe, whilſt others who were guided by their Intereſt, continued their reſpect, alledging he did well to puniſh the inſolence of that man, That in the actions of Soveraigns all things were to be regarded as the Conduct of Providence; that that which was ungrateful to their Subjects, might have a higher cauſe than they could comprehend, and that God Almighty would not have ſubjected ſo many to the power of one man, had not he reſolved to take particular care to direct him. In the mean time the Counteſs *de la Moriene* repairs with all ſpeed to *Thonon*, as the Duke had prudently foreſeen. The Marqueſs went out to receive her, and intreated ſhe would be pleaſed to accept of his Appartment. When ſhe was arrived, Well, Madam, ſaid he, you are now at *Thonon*? the Court muſt be your ordinary Reſidence; the Deſerts where my Love found you out firſt, muſt have the honour of poſſeſſing you no longer, and the effects of your Beauty hath given you the ſame authority with the Duke, as you had before with the Marqueſs of *Savona* only. What do you mean by effects of Beauty, replied the Counteſs, and authority with the Duke? Are theſe the marks of his kindneſs, which make you jealous? Ha! Madam, replied the Marqueſs, you are not yet acquainted

with the Intrigue, the Duke was in Love with you as soon as ever he saw you; your Husbands offence is but a pretence to get you hither, and the Count *de la Moriene* had never been a Prisoner, but that you might be forced to sollicite for his inlargement.

Whenever man does for himself intend,
And counts the minutes tedious till it fall.
Nature and sense gives warning of his friend,
And, above all things, bids not trust at all.

However easie't be, 'tis prudence still,
To make ones own design impossible.

The Countess gave no Credit at first to the Marquesses Discourse, she imagined it nothing but the artificial terrour of a prying Lover, to whom every thing gives occasion of Jealousie; and not thinking of any thing but the business she came about, she desired the Marquess to present her to the Duke. The Duke received her very supercilliously, the better to play the part of an offended Soveraign, and gave her just cause to tell the Marquess he was mistaken in his Conjecture, and that an amorous Person as he had represented himself, could not be capable of so much austery. But not long after meeting her at the Countess of *Geneva*'s, his Sisters House, he took her into a Terrace to shew her the Prospect: And to speak truth the pretence was well laid, for doubtless it is one of the best and most pleasant in the World. The first Object which presents it self is the Lake of *Leman*, with two or three Villages upon the side of it, from whence expatiating

patiating upon certain Mountains, ſome of them barren, others more beholden to Nature, but all covered with Snow; it begins to abate upon the ruines of a Triumphal Arch, which ſeem as left there on purpoſe to make that Proſpect ſuperlative. The Counteſs having obſerved all of them with a moſt judicious diſcernment, gave the Duke an opportunity as he deſired himſelf. A Lady that could not ſo well have diſtinguiſht the pleaſures of this Province, as you have done, Madam, ſaid he to her, would have preferred this Proſpect before the inſociable Walks of a ſolitary Wood; and yet you, Madam, are not of that opinion, for I dare lay a Wager, the Caſtles of the Count *de la Moriene* pleaſe you much better, than the place where you are. I am contented, Sir, where-ever Fortune diſpoſes me, replied the Counteſs, I have always been told we muſt conform to her humour and Capricio, if we would live quietly without agitation, and therefore, Sir, as ſhe hath hitherto given me to underſtand I am born for the Caſtles of the Count *de la Moriene*, and not for *Thonnon*, I muſt confeſs to your Higneſs one of my greateſt Requeſts to her is, that I may obtain a ſudden diſmiſſion, and return to my old Deſerts again. But, Madam, replied the Prince, if this Fortune you ſpeak of ſhould cauſe you to change your Deſerts for the Court, would you appeal from her Decrees? and notwithſtanding your inclination and promptitude to live with the Count, could you not be as happy with the Duke of *Savoy*? I never, Sir, create Chimeras to my ſelf, replied the Counteſs, I am ordained to live with the Count *de la Moriene*, and not to ſuch Honour as

your Highneſs propoſes: ſuffer me, I beſeech you, to bound my deſires with my power. You know not your ſelf how far your power extends, Madam, replied the Duke, I know the effects of it much better than you; and if your deſires be accordingly, you ſhall have as much felicity in having captivated the Duke of *Savoy* to your Charms, as you had power to do it: You do but ſport your ſelf, Sir, with my misfortunes, replied the Counteſs, and add your mirth to the calamity of my Husbands imprisonment. If, Madam, replied the Prince, you believe not what I ſay, I muſt give you a Witneſs, and then calling the Marqueſs of *Savona* to him, who was about four paces off, ſo mad and tranſported with Jealouſie, he was a hundred times ready to run in, and interrupt them. He commanded him to tell the Counteſs what he knew of his affection for her; If it was not true that he loved her at firſt ſight, that ever ſince it hath daily increaſed, and that now it was at that height, there was nothing in his power but ſhe might promiſe her ſelf from its violence. It was a hard task for *Savona* to aſſure his Miſtreſs of the Love of his Rival: He did all that was poſſible to have evaded it; he told the Duke there was no need of further evidence where he had affirmed, for his own aſſertion was above all other Authority. No, no, replied the Prince, 'tis not an Elogy I deſire at your hands, tell me ſincerely without theſe Prologues, what you know of my Love. His Command was ſo poſitive, and uncapable of delay, he was forced to ſpeak and tell whatever the Duke pleaſed the Counteſs ſhould know. This Diſcourſe was made with

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ſo much conſtraint, the Marqueſs is to be excuſed in whatever he ſaid; but the Counteſs taking it in dudgeon, reproacht him by his Compliance in moſt biting and acrimonious terms. You ought, ſaid ſhe to him Ironically, your ſelf have delivered me up to the deſires of the Duke, there wanted nothing but that exceſs of obedience, for you to have diſcharged your ſelf honourably; you were the firſt who brought me the News of *Amedy*'s Love; your perpetual ſuſpicions aſſure me of its perſeverance, and that he might be ſure not to be ignorant that you had told me, you confirm in his preſence, what you told me in private, Compleat all, good Marqueſs of *Savona*, and go and tell him the ways you took to ſurpriſe me your ſelf, you owe that confidence to the benefits of ſo incomparable a Maſter. The Marqueſs alledged ſeveral Arguments in his defence, but he could not prevail with her to admit them: As one is always innocent, whilſt he pleaſes, ſo when he begins to diſpleaſe, he is always to blame. The Counteſs had taken up a fancy, that the Marqueſs was culpable; and to perfect the ruine of his affairs, *Amedy* having Intelligence that the Emperour *Sigiſmond* was at *Lyons*, ſent the Marqueſs of *Savona* thither, to make his Complements from him. The Duke was obliged to him for the Erection of *Savoy* into a Dutchy, which carried the Title only of a County, till the ſaid Emperours Journey into *France* in the year 1416. and could not do leſs than teſtifie his acknowledgments by that Embaſſie; and this Commiſſion being one of the moſt honourable in *Amedy*'s donation, he caſt his eyes upon his Favourite as the moſt proper

Perſon

Person to receive it. At another time he would have accepted it with thanks, but then he lookt upon it as the fatal period of his Amours. He would fain have expreſt his apprehenſions to the Counteſs, and have conjured her to have oppoſed them; but ſhe cut him ſhort ſtill with this, Have you not promiſed the Duke, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, to come and tell me from him, that he is reſolved to take the advantage of your abſence, and that it is upon that deſign you are ſent away? I remember when firſt you told me of his Love, you did it with ſome pretences of fear, and I expect to ſee you called in for a Witneſs at your return, of all you are pleaſed to communicate ſo ſlyly at your departure. Ha! Madam, cryed the Marquets of *Savona*, you know at your heart with what deſign I declared the Duke of *Savoys* Love to you at firſt, and with what deſign I now deſire you to be cautious of its progreſs. I know no more, replied the Counteſs, but that very imprudently you told me *Amedy* was in Love with me; that ſince you have confirmed it before his face, and that now you prognoſticate your deſtruction. If I may judge of your Propheſie by what is paſt, this pretended deſtruction is concluded already betwixt the Duke and you, and you do but prepare me as to an infallible thing. A Farewel with ſo little kindneſs, ought not to leave the heart of the Counteſs ſo well fortified, as to reſiſt the Attaques of the Duke of *Savoy*, and therefore ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be vanquiſht without any conſiderable reſiſtance; the talk of the World was her greateſt diſcouragement, and the Duke wanting neither Examples nor Expedients to diſſipate that

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ſcruple, the Marqueſs found the Treaty very far advanced at his return. The Duke, according to his cuſtom, did him the honour to communicate even this Intrigue with him; he told him the Counteſs hath conjured me to ſay nothing of it to you, and whether ſhe fancies you ſevere as to the deportment of your Kindred, or whether being oftner expoſed to your ſight, than other people, ſhe is unwilling to put her ſelf upon a hazard of bluſhing every time ſhe ſees you, but ſhe ſeems to be more apprehenſive of you, than of all the reſt of the Court: But, my dear *Savona*, you are much better known to me than to the Counteſs, and I ſhould rob you of a greater pleaſure, I am ſure, if I ſhould ſuffer you to be ignorant, that in three or four days time my deſires will be perfectly ſatisfied. The Marqueſs was ſo diſcompoſed at this diſcourſe, it had like to have betrayed him. Do you ſay, Sir, replied he, that within three or four days you ſhall enjoy the Counteſs *de la Moriene*? Yes, ſaid the Duke, and I had enjoyed her before this, had ſhe not very prudently judged, that (to put the better face upon my coming to viſit her) it would be neceſſary to counterfeit her ſelf ill, and ſhe pretends to be ill at this very moment; my Phyſitian hath order to give out her life is in danger, and my Siſter commiſerating the report, is to be the firſt that ſhall tell me the Counteſs is ſick with grief upon her Husbands Impriſonment, and that I owe ſo much to her Quality and Sex, as to beſtow one conſolatory Viſit upon her, to recompence in ſome ſort the affliction I have given her. Is it poſſible? juſt Heavens! replied the Marqueſs, according to the ſudden dictates of his thoughts.

thoughts. How now! whence this aſtoniſhment, cryed the Duke, interrupting him, did you believe the Enterpriſe more difficult, or had the Counteſs reaſon, when ſhe ſuſpected your niceneſs about the purity of your blood? No, Sir, replied *Savona*, recollecting himſelf; but I believed the Conqueſt as troubleſom as glorious, and in the paſſion I have for your intereſts, cannot but admire the Counteſs ſhould be conquered ſo cheap. Nay, replied *Amedy*, I found her high enough of her ſelf; but a Prince of my Quality and Age, ought not to meet with one moments reſiſtance. When a Soveraign Prince is born, it is to command all that are about him, and I am reſolved for the future to put the Ladies of *Savoy* into a more commodious poſture, than they at preſent are in. Having ſpoke theſe words, the Duke left him, and went to ſee the Counteſs of *Geneva*; the Marqueſs retired to his own Appartment, ſo confuſed and tranſported with rage, I cannot without crime repeat the flagitious deſigns he had at that time in his head. He would go to the treacherous Counteſs, reproach her by her Treaſon, and if he could not hinder the execution of her promiſe, he reſolved to ſtab her, even before the face of the Duke: Sometimes he would ſteal her away, ſometimes kill himſelf; and if any thing worſe preſented it ſelf to his thoughts, he would do it immediately: But his reaſon at length overcoming theſe effluctions, he concluded to deliver the Count *de la Moriene*, if he could, and cauſe him to carry away his Wife. The deſign is too large to be particularized here, but the execution was not ſo difficult as might have been imagined. Since the Counteſs became tractable,

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her Husband was not guarded with that ſtrictneſs as before: The Duke who underſtood himſelf well enough, and had cauſed the ſaid Count to be arreſted upon a reaſon which was almoſt effected, conſidered he ſhould not keep him long in Priſon: He loved only upon the common deſign, and it was with him as with the greateſt part of his Sex, his felicity was never at any great diſtance from his diſguſt. The Counteſs lodged in the Marqueſſes Appartment, and *Thonnon* was rather a Houſe of Pleaſure than Defence. The Marqueſs made an excuſe to *Thurin*; he viſited the Count *de la Moriene*, acquainted him with what had paſſed, and giving him a true notion of the danger his life and Fortune were in, they agreed upon the ways, and what Refuge the Count was to take. The Officer who guarded the Priſoner, was one of the Marqueſs his Creatures, to whom (as many others did alſo) he ought both his place and his life. Things being ſo well diſpoſed at *Thurin*, the Marqueſs returned to *Thonnon*; he placed more of his Creatures at the door of the Appartment where the Counteſs lay, which opened into a Garden from whence they might eaſily make the Lake; he ordered theſe people to open this door upon a Signal agreed betwixt the Count and he; he had taken care to have a Boat provided, and lye ready till they came. The buſineſs ſucceeded as well as they could deſire, the Count was delivered out of Priſon, and brought privately one night into his Wifes Chamber; he acquainted her that from very good hands he had Intelligence the Duke had ill deſigns upon her Perſon; he pretended to be perſwaded ſhe knew not of them her ſelf,

ſuppoſing

ſuppoſing a poſitive charge might have affrighted her too much; and commanding her to follow, ſhe ſaw ſo much in the old mans face that he would be obeyed, that ſhe durſt neither cry out nor conteſt. He conveyed her to the Bark, and from the Water, in a Coach well guarded; the Marqueſs having placed freſh Guards at convenient diſtances. When he judged the Fugitives too far off to be overtaken, he was the firſt that carried the News to the Prince: I always thought, ſaid he to him, the Conqueſt of the Counteſs was too cheap to be certain; ſhe hath pretended to comply, to delude your Highneſs with the more ſecurity; and would ſcarce have been ſo tractable, but to compaſs her deſigns without ſuſpicion: ſhe hath got her Husband out of Priſon, and hath ſo contrived it, ſhe hath made him ſteal away her. It is not to be expreſt the trouble this relation gave *Amedy*; he cauſed all his Family to mount immediately and perſue: Bring me, ſaid he, alive or dead that impudent Fellow, who after he had ſo highly offended me, durſt be ſo audacious as to break Priſon himſelf, and out of my own Houſe force away his Wife, whom I had kept there as a Hoſtage for him, he ſhall periſh, and all his Accomplices, though my own Son were in the number. From theſe publick diſcourſes paſſing to private, Do not you think me the unhappieſt man alive, *Sxvona*, ſaid the Prince to his Favourite, to loſe this Woman the very night before I was to enjoy her? To morrow, to morrow, my dear Marqueſs, my deſires ſhould have been ſatisfied, ſhe would have conſented, and the very moment was appointed for that bleſſed Enterview.

Do

Do you not perceive, Sir, replied the Marquess, that she consented no further, but to make her pretended consent ineffectual at last? Ha! *Savona, Savona*, cryed the Duke, she consented in good earnest, I know it by the motions and variations of her countenance, the loved me entirely, and I dare swear the poor Woman was carried away in spight of her teeth, would you had seen with what kindness she received the assurances of my passion; and what protestations she made me of her own. These words toucht the Marquess to the Soul, he had need of all his temper and ambition, to restrain himself from breaking out; and had not the consideration of the condition of his Rival qualified his anger, there had been nothing so desperate but he would have attempted. In the mean time, those who were sent after the Countess, contrary to the Marquesses presumption, overtook her: Their Coach had been overturned; they had had some other disasters in their Equipage: and the Countess leaving *Thonnon* much against her will, had counterfeited her self ill so artificially, that all the Frontiers were stopt, before the Count could get at them They were arrested upon the Frontiers of *Dauphin*, where the Count had designed his retreat. When he understood the Dukes Guards inquired for him, he barricadoed himself in the Inn, resolved to perish before he would surrender. The persons sent after him, having expres Orders to bring him dead or alive, never stood upon Complements, they prest him so close, there was no possibility of escaping: and those who are far gone in Stoicism, being not far from Barbarity, the Count took up a resolution suitable

table to the fierceneſs of his own Nature, and his hatred for *Amedy*. He killed the fair Counteſs, and ſtab'd himſelf when he had done.

Let the Reader imagine, if he pleaſes, the tranſport the Duke was in at this horrible News. He ſaid, and he did things very inconſiſtent with his Dignity; but that which gave the higheſt tincture to his deſpair, was, to underſtand that it was his dear Favourite, the Marqueſs of *Savona*, had given him this bob. The Count reproaching the Counteſs by the way, had let fall ſome words which aſſured her of the truth, which words ſhe had writ down in her Table-book (found in her Pocket after ſhe was dead) with deſign to ſend them by the firſt opportunity to the Duke. The Prince, finding himſelf betrayed, to ſatisfie his Revenge, uſed all the means a juſt indignation and an abſolute power could invent. He cauſed the Marqueſs to be ſtab'd, he confiſcated the Count *de la Morienes* Eſtate, and annext it to his demeaſneſs: and not being able ever after to be reconciled to the World, he reſigned the Government into the hands of his Son *Charles*, whom he married to the Princeſs of *Cyprus*; and retiring to his ſolitude of *Ripaille*, he remained there till he was made Anti-Pope. During this receſs he compoſed his Memoires, out of which we have taken this Relation. The general Hiſtory ſays only this, that *Amady* retired upon ſome ſecret diſcontent, but gives no account of particulars. Our Annals of Love ſupply that defect, as they have done ſeveral other, and could have carried their diſquiſition much further, if they might have been permitted: An Anti-pope of the

Dukes

Dukes humour is very proper to furniſh us with Rarities, but the *Italian* Proverb tells us.

Al negocio del Cielo,
Se baſtava gli Angeli.

Let Angels ſing the things above,
They are too high for Tales of Love.

We are in an humour of ſpeaking of the ſtrange Effects of Love, and muſt ſatisfie the Capricio of our Genius. *Don Pedro* Prince of *Portugal*, Son to *Don Alphonſo*, was almoſt contemporary with *Amedy*, the King his Father had a ſecond Wife who governed him abſolutely. The Prince obtained no favour from the King, but what he ought to his Complacence for the Queen; and, as the higheſt exceſs of her Tyranny, ſhe would conſtrain him to marry a Daughter of hers called *Leonora*, which ſhe had had by her firſt Husband *James* of *Arragon*. The Lady was handſom, and had not *Don Pedro* been under a neceſſity of loving her, it is poſſible he would have loved her well enough; but Love is hardly to be obtruded upon a generous Soul. *Don Pedro*'s natural inclinations were great, his Courage high, he could not truckle to the Orders of the Queen; and the more eager ſhe was to force his affection for the Princeſs, he was the more obſtinate and averſe. He had a Nurſe (Widow to the Marqueſs *de Caſtro*) who had an influence upon him. In all the Countries on that ſide the Mountains, the Nurſes are choſen as much by their Extraction, as any other Qualification what- *Agnes de Caſtro.*

ever. They have an opinion, that the inclinations of ordinary Women are transfused with their milk: and I am not certain whether it be altogether irrational. The Queen accumultated her Careſſes and Preſents upon this Lady, and conjured her to imploy the utmoſt of her intereſt to diſpoſe the young Prince to what ſhe deſired; but who is it but knows how much Fortune delights to defeat the deſigns of humane Prudence? The way the Queen propoſed to make her project ſucceſsful, proved the greateſt and moſt effectual obſtruction. This Marqueſſes Lady had a Daughter named *Agnes*, a ſprightly and handſom young Lady. The Prince had ſeen her without any Concernment, whilſt he had viewed her *en paſſant*, but the Commiſſion her Mother had received from the Queen, giving him more frequent occaſions of entertaining her, the Prince became enamour'd at laſt. What he had ſuckt from the breaſt of her Mother, fermented in his heart in favour to the Daughter, and the Love which was produced from ſo natural a Sympathy, was violent from its very beginning. The Prince was not able to ſuffer without declaring it. The Terms in which he did it, were not diſpleaſing to the young *Caſtro*; and being a handſom man in his perſon, it coſt him no great trouble to inſinuate into her affection; the greateſt diſcouragement ſhe had, was their uncertainty of her Mother. She was a Woman entirely devoted to the Intereſt of the Royal Family; ſhe would not ſee her own Daughter advanced to the Throne, at the expence of the leaſt difference betwixt the King and his Son; and being not of a Temper to be eaſily deluded,

ded, *Agnes* was perſwaded ſhe would not endure the paſſion of the Prince. She repreſented her Judgment to him, and though of her ſelf ſhe could have heard them eternally, yet ſhe conjured him for thoſe reaſons to give over that diſcourſe. But thoſe kind of Conjurations are always in vain; a Lover is never ſo furious, as where reaſons are introduced to perſwade him to the contrary. The Princes paſſion was augmented by this difficulty; but to accommodate with the prudence of *Agnes*, which he could not deny to be upon very good grounds, he reſolved to counterfeit an affection for the Princeſs of *Arragon*, but with this contrivance, that whatever he ſhould be forced to ſay to *Leonora*, ſhould be received by *Agnes* as intended to her, and the progreſſes he made upon the heart of the one, ſhould be conſtantly placed upon the account of the other. This reſolution being taken, and the Conditions agreed, *Don Pedro* pretended to comply with his Nurſes advice. The King and the Queen overjoy'd with this change, advanced the whole Family of the Marchioneſs, and made a thouſand Preſents to *Agnes*. It was a rare thing, and very much to the Reputation of Love, for Lovers of that Age to delude the Sagacity of two wiſe and intereſted Women, and a King accompliſhed in all the Myſteries of Government; but that which was moſt pleaſant of all, was the blindneſs of the Princeſs of *Arragon*, who knowing her ſelf handſom enough to be beloved, and receiving the ſame expreſſions, which the Prince, if he durſt, would have made to the young *Caſtro*, made many acknowledgments to her Rival for her aſſiſtance, without ſuſ-

pecting the least. One night when in the presence of *Agnes* the Prince beg'd a kiss of *Leonora* so earnestly, he was in a fair way to have prevailed: Not so fast, Madam, if you pleased, cryed the young *Castro*, you do not consider what you are about to do; there are more persons concerned in your conduct, than perhaps you imagine, and you must answer for my Vertue, if you expose your own in things unworthy of your Modesty. The Princess, who knew nothing of the agreement betwixt *Agnes* and the Prince, being surprised, askt her, how she became responsable for her Vertue; Do you not know, Madam, replied *Agnes*, that Persons of your Eminence and Extraction, are to be Examples to all their Inferiours? I look upon you, Madam, as my Model, and had I a Servant, I should think I might do any thing innocently, that I saw you do before me with the Prince. Yes indeed, replied the Princess, you might do it innocently enough, I never condemn that in another, which I practise my self, and I do not think I had transgressed the bounds of Civility so far, but I might have been imitated by all the Women in the World. The Prince durst not interpose in their Converse; he did not at first discern what *Agnes* intended, and when he had, he durst not contradict her for fear of discovering the Secret: But when he saw the question decided in his favour, and that by the mouth of the Princess, he made a sudden acclamation, magnified her Equity, as he called it, and after that day *Leonora* did nothing in obedience to the Orders of the Queen, but *Don Pedro* exacted the same from the kindness of *Agnes*: If he received an obliging

Letter

Letter from *Leonora*, See, Madam, ſaid he to the young *Caſtro*, the Princeſs ſhews you what you are to do to your Servant. If the Princeſs gave him a Braſſelet, you may learn by this, ſaid the Prince to *Agnes*, you are to gratifie your Servant, the Princeſs has given you an Example, and it will be injuſtice in you not to follow it. The deluded Princeſs confirmed all the Prince did already, and *Don Pedro* abuſing her Errour, made her moſt pitileſly pronounce ſentence many times againſt her ſelf: But this kind of Recreation was too pleaſant to laſt long. *Don Pedro* had made a Paper of Verſes for *Agnes* under the Name of *Leonora*, and reſolved to preſent them to the Princeſs in earneſt when *Agnes* had ſeen them, but *Agnes* having a deſire to keep, and conſider them a while, unhappily the Verſes dropt one day out of her Pocket, and were brought to *Leonora* before the Prince could bring them himſelf. *Leonora* thought they had been loſt, and took great pains to remember what ſhe had done with them, when the Prince came in and preſented them to her again. In ſearching for other papers, he had found them in his Pockets; and thinking it never unſeaſonable to make a Preſent, he brought them to *Leonora* in great haſte, as if they had been finiſht but juſt then. The Princeſs bluſht when ſhe knew them, and being told by the perſon that found them, that they fell out of *Agnes*'s Pocket; You will do me a pleaſure, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the Prince, not to give any thing to another body that is intended for me. *Don Pedro* aſſured her he had obeyed her before-hand, and that thoſe Verſes had never been ſhown but to her: and perſiſting in

that ſtory, the Princeſs began to be angry, went into the Queens Chamber, and gave her an account of what had paſt. The wiſe Queen found matters of ſuſpicion, which the unexperienced *Leonora* had not diſcovered: There was a kind of a Love-knot in the Verſes of *Agnes*, which were not in thoſe preſented to *Leonora*, and the Name of the Princeſs writ in another Character. There wanted no more to perſwade the Queen of the truth: She ſent for the Prince, and told him, that he had placed his Hypocriſie very ill; that the Marchioneſs of *Caſtro* and her Daughter, were too ſenſible to be acceſſory to his diſobedience; that it was by the Kings expreſs Orders *Agnes* had pretended to hearken to his proteſtations, and to teſtifie what ſhe ſaid, ſhe had preſented to the King the very ſame day the laſt Verſes he had made for her. This fetch ſucceeded as the Queen could deſire, the Prince bluſht, and ſaying only he could not have thought young *Agnes* ſo perfidious, by his ſilence he ſeemed to conſent to the whole accuſation. The Queen taking up an opinion the Marchioneſs had betray'd her, gave the King notice of her ambitious deſigns; upon which ſhe and her Daughter both were forbidden the Court, and the Prince murmuring againſt that prohibition; they doubled their rigour, and interdicted him the liberty of ſeeing them at home. The Prince perceiving by that what a Trick they had plaid him, ſwore he would be revenged, threatned the Queen in the Kings preſence, and forbore viſiting *Leonora* any more. But all this would not ſatisfie the Marchioneſs, her Genius lay for the Court, and ſhe could not live out

of

of the Verge of it. She writ to the Queen, and proteſted the two Lovers had deceived her; and to make good what ſhe affirmed, ſhe promiſed to watch them more narrowly for the future, and give her Majeſty a faithful account of their proceedings. In the mean time the Prince could not live without *Agnes*, he wanted not ſuch as carried his Letters, and returned him her Anſwers. This kind of convenience would have been a great matter to one which had never been happier, but in Love all deſcents are precipices, and all ſtumblings are falls. He conſidered that the Marchioneſs houſe ſtood cloſe by a Park-wall, which joyned to the Gardens of the Palace, and that *Agnes*'s Appartment had the proſpect on that ſide. He gave *Agnes* notice of the commodity, and having furniſht himſelf with a Ladder of Cord, he went every night out of his Chamber when his Servants were aſleep, and without the company of any (but one of his Officers who lay without in the Wardrobe) repaired under his *Agnes*'s Window. They had much and frequent diſcourſe, and that ſo kind. The Confident of theſe Enterviews imagining they might be further improved to his Maſters ſatisfaction, reſolved what he could to drive them to the height. He was an old Fornicator, and had had many an Intrigue paſt through his hands in his time, he apprehended the Princes deſires would be ſatiated with injoying her, and knowing that thoſe deſires were diſpleaſing to the King, he concluded he ſhould do both King and Maſter good ſervice, if he could put an end to theſe Conferences. He provided himſelf of another Ladder, hid it in a Hedge

near *Agnes*'s Windows, and obſerving one night by the Ladies diſcourſe, that that was a favourable conjecture for his deſigns: To what purpoſe, Sir, ſaid he to the Prince, is this ſpinning of time, when you may diſpatch all, if you pleaſe? Mount, mount, Sir, and go to her, and do what you have to do nearer hand, and then ſet up his Ladder. This counſel was pleaſing, and the Prince (the Window being low) was at the upper end of the Ladder, as ſoon as his Confident had propoſed it; *Agnes* was diſcreet, and not having ſuſpected ſuch an Attaque, ſhe could not receive it without horrour: ſhe retired immediately to the next Chamber, from thence into the Hall, and thence down the ſtairs. The Prince followed her as cloſe as he could; but not knowing the turnings of the Houſe, and the Fugitive being ſtill ſome diſtance before, there was always a Chamber betwixt them. Young *Agnes* without doubt could have wiſht he had been nearer, and began already to fear leſt he ſhould hurt himſelf in the dark, and as if the ſtairs had been the bounds of her apprehenſion, ſhe was juſt thinking of returning from whence ſhe came; but ſhe was prevented in that by her Mother and the Princeſs of *Arragon*. Her Mother did not believe the Princes deſires were lawful, nor (if they had) that they could have ever been executed, and therefore had kept her Parole very punctually with the Queen. She had watcht the two Lovers ſo cloſe, ſhe had diſcovered their nocturnal Entertainments: ſhe had given faithful advertiſement, and *Leonora* like an inraged Lover, delighting to reproach his Treaſon to the Traitor himſelf, got leave of the Queen that

ſhe

ſhe might lye privately in the Marchioneſſes Houſe, and if poſſible, catch her Gallant in the fact. At ſo an unexpected apparition, *Agnes* gave a skreek, and would have run to the Prince to have ſaved her, but her Mother ſtopt her, and giving her a twirl by the Elbow, thruſt her towards the next Chamber: As ſhe opened the door, there came ſo ſudden a guſt of wind out of it, as blew out the Marqueſſes Candle; ſhe was afraid her Daughter ſhould have eſcaped in that interval, and having a mind to ſurpriſe the Prince, whom nevertheleſs ſhe believed to be under the Window, ſhe ſeized upon *Agnes* her ſelf, and would not let her ſtir, till a new light was brought. *Leonora* committing the care of ſecuring the young *Caſtro* to her Mother, ſlipt privately without any noiſe into the Chamber from whence her Rival came out. The Prince by the glimmering of the Moon (which was then riſing) was juſt got thither, and taking *Leonora* for the perſon he purſued, he threw himſelf upon her, and clipt her in his Arms with as much ardour as could be expected from the affection of an amorous young man: Dear *Agnes*, ſaid he to the Princeſs, why do you withdraw from my affections? are you not ſenſible of their purity? I ſwear, *Agnes*, and I call Heaven to witneſs, my deſign is nothing elſe but to ſet the Crown of *Portugal* upon your Head; ſweeten this attempt of mine with ſome expreſſion of your kindneſs, and truſt your ſelf for once to the faith of a Perſon that adores you: You are not ignorant of my paſſion, you are acquainted with all the fallacies I have put upon *Leonora*, the indeed inhumane way I have taken to make her a

blind

blind and a cover for my affection to you; and the little advantage I have made of her Errours, have given you an entire prospect of my Soul. The innocence of the Princes intentions made him a little bold, he interrupted his discourses with some little exorbitances, and so resolute he was to make *Agnes* his Wife, that doubtless he would have presumed to have anticipated in some points, had not the Marchioness came into the Chamber with her Candle. It is no easie matter to determine who was in the greatest Consternation, the Princess to have heard the Princes Discourse, the Marchioness to find *Don Pedro* where he was, and the Prince at the apparition both of the one and the other. For some time they were all of them amazed, and stood gazing one upon another without speaking a word; but at length old *Castro* coming first to her tongue, she accosted him thus: How! Sir, said she to the Prince, and is it true that you make no scruple of sullying the Honour of a Person, which gave you your first nourishment? Is this, Sir, my recompence for having born you so often, and with so much tenderness, at my bosom? Ha! Sir, could I ever have expected this treatment from *Don Pedro*, or from the Son of the Great King *Alphonso*? Was I then to be the Victime of your secret passions, added the Princess, did I serve but as a stale and pretence, and was it only for the Love of *Agnes* you pretended to love me? The Prince at this second Charge, conceiving the Service too hot, quitted the field, and having with great speed secured his Ladder, he rescued himself from the reproaches of two outragious Women. This Adventure made as much noise

noiſe in the Court as could be expected from the fury of the Queen, and the Authority ſhe had uſurped over the Spirit of the King. The promiſes which *Don Pedro* made by miſtake to *Leonora*, interfering with the Power of the King, there was no kind of reprehenſion but it drew upon the Prince; thoſe appearances of Love wherewith he had abuſed the Princeſs of *Arragon*, giving occaſion of offence to the Royal Family from whence ſhe was deſcended, puſht on the Queen in her murmurs and threats, even to an excess: ſhe exclaimed againſt the conſequences of that inſolence, and nothing could repair it but either the Prince muſt marry her immediately, or elſe the King muſt give her leave to retire with her Daughter into the Kingdom of *Arragon*. The Marchioneſs her ſelf, who by *Leonora*'s condonation was become clearly of her ſide, and deſired his Majeſty to aſſign her a Husband for her Daughter, declaring that after ſuch contumacy as ſhe had committed, it was but reaſon ſhe ſhould expect one no where elſe but from the bounty of the King. The Prince endeavoured to diſ-entangle himſelf as well as he could; ſometimes he ſtormed like a mad man, ſometimes he ſubmitted, ſometimes he threatned to attempt any thing for the vindication of his liberty, and then again he would call for quarter to purchaſe a little repoſe. The King obſerving his diſorder to increaſe, and that the more violent it became, the more it was oppoſed, he thought no way ſo ſure to put an end to it, as to cauſe *Agnes* to be killed. She dyed, as the Queen gave out, of the ſmall Pox, but the more learned Authors are of opinion it was by poyſon. It is eaſie to conceive

Don

Don Pedro's diſtraction at ſo Tragical an accident, he reſolved to revenge himſelf upom whom ever he did but ſuſpect to have an hand in it, and his Father dying juſt in the nick, hence it was there aroſe an irreconciliable quarrel betwixt the two Crowns of *Arragon* and *Portugal*. *Don Pedro* ſacrificed ten years War, and ſo much blood to the Ghoſt of his dear *Agnes*, as might well have given him the addition of Cruel, had not the gentleneſs of the latter end attoned for the beginning of his Raign.

The Counteſs of Pointieuvre.

THere was another *Agnes* living almoſt about the ſame time, no leſs famous in the Hiſtory of *France*, than *Agnes de Caſtro* in the Hiſtory of *Portugal*. She was Miſtreſs to *Charles* VII. who governed the *French* Monarchy from the year 1422, to the year 1461. The troubles which happened in his Raign, are not my province in this place: There are Authors enough have related the Invaſion of the *Engliſh*, and the Exploits performed by the *Pucelle* in their expulſion; I will concern my ſelf no further than the Amours of this *Agnes*. The *Dauphin* of *France* known ſince by the Name of *Lewis* XI. endured with great impatience the Power this Woman had uſurpt upon his Father. He acted nothing but by her Counſels; he gave her the Barony of *Pontieuvre* (which till then was always an Appanage of the youngeſt Sons of the Royal Family) and all Favours and Offices in the Kingdom paſt through her hands. A great part of her Influence ſhe imployed in obliging the Prince, and omitted nothing which might mitigate the animoſity he had againſt her; but the Kings

Kings Preſents paſſing through her hands, were impregnated with poyſon. He had tryed ſeveral ways to deſtroy her, but none ſucceeded; however he would not give over, but reſolved upon another he believed more infallible. He had a Favourite called *Chaubannes*, Count of *Dammartin*, the handſomeſt young Lord in all the Court; he propoſed it to him to make Love to her, and knowing his Fathers Jealouſie, he doubted not but he ſhould ruine the Counteſs, if he could convince her of the leaſt infidelity. He imparted his deſign to the Count, and conjured his concurrence. The Propoſition at firſt appeared to be dangerous: he demanded of the Dauphin what Expedient he had thought of to ſecure him againſt his Fathers indignation, if his deſign ſhould happen to be ſuſpected. The real Service you will do him thereby, replied the Prince: We will tell him that ſhe had ſollicited you a long time, that the fear of being the Author of ſuch ill News, had hindred you from diſcovering it, and that you did hope in time to have tired out her importunities by your averſion? but that perceiving what you deſigned to extinguiſh thoſe flames, did but kindle and augment them, you believe it your duty now to give him notice of all. Poſſeſt, as he is, of the fidelity of *Agnes*, he will perhaps queſtion the report; you will ask him what proof he deſires, and then whatever is paſt, or whatever you hope for the future, will be but the conſequences of his Orders. Upon theſe Arguments *Chabannes* complied: He had a *Valet de Chambre* called S. *Colombe*, of whoſe fidelity he had had ample experience; he cauſed him to open the

Scene with *Mortaing* the Counteſſes Woman, who was privy to all her Miſtreſſes Secrets. S. *Colombe* counterfeited a paſſion immediately, as having that Leſſon by heart, and *Mortaing* was naturally very compaſſionate of other peoples ſufferings. They came preſently to their proteſtations and promiſes, and the Confidencies of the Miſtreſs were not long behind the aſſurances of the Servant. When S. *Colombe* found things in the poſture he deſired, he declared the affection his Maſter had for the Counteſs, and to ſweeten the propoſition he made to her to be ſerviceable to his Maſter; See, dear *Mortaing*, ſaid he to her, beſides the utility which will accrue to us both by that Commerce, it is the only way to continue our own, ſooner or later all things are diſcovered; and if our Lady comes once to diſcern our Amours (as how can it otherwiſe be) ſhe will never forgive you that, which ſhe looks upon at preſent as a Crime; for, *Mortaing*, it is none to love a King, that makes one the more honourable among men, and I am perſwaded is venial even before the Gods. Kings are ſo dear to them, I fancy every thing is grateful to them they do; but we that are of a more common Conſtitution, are not to expect the Priviledge of Princes, and can never obtain the Counteſſes indulgence, unleſs we can reduce her to a condition of having need of it her ſelf. *Mortaing* liked S. *Colombes* reaſons very well, and the ſame night as her Miſtreſs was undreſſing, ſhe put her upon a diſcourſe of all the people at Court. There was not one of them could eſcape her cenſure: But when they came to *Chabannes*; Ha! Madam, for him, cryed *Mortaing*, we cannot

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but ſpeak well; I never ſaw any man ſo compleat, and if I ſhould wiſh my ſelf handſom or great, it ſhould be on purpoſe to love him without being ridiculous. *Agnes* was well enough perſwaded her Damoiſelle was in the right, the Excellence of his Qualities had not eſcapt her obſervation, and ſhe had long ſince in her heart had a hankering after him; but the Favourites of the Daulphin having but little Commerce with the Miſtreſs of the King, the Count of *Dammartin* had obſerved none of the Simperings and Allurements ſhe made uſe of to inſnare him: Whereupon our Counteſs had conceived ſuch diſpleaſure, ſhe almoſt abhorred him, and turning away her head at the name of *Chabannes*, ſhe interrupted poor *Mortaing* in the midſt of her *Elogium*. Never name that man to me, ſaid ſhe to her, I hate him worſe than death or old age. Theſe words put the Damoiſelle into a moſt profound ſilence; ſhe withdrew into her Chamber in great confuſion, and was impatient next day to ſee S. *Colombe*, to adviſe him to imploy her no more in ſuch deſperate Commiſſions. S. *Colombe* went immediately to his Maſter to acquaint him with the ſucceſs of his Embaſſie; the Count was ſurpriſed at the News, he did not remember any thing he had done to diſoblige the Counteſs; he ordered S. *Colombe* to ſet his *Mortaing* a work to fiſh out the cauſe of her averſion. At the intreaty of her Gallant, *Mortaing* makes a ſecond attempt, but with as little ſatisfaction as before; the Counteſs could not forget the many glances ſhe had loſt, and could not pardon the Count of *Dammartin* that he had never obſerved them. This obſtinacy in the Counteſs

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nettled the poor Count, and not being accuſtomed to the hatred of fair Ladies, he began to do that out of vanity, which he was unwilling to have undertaken at the ſolicitation of the Prince. The King was at that time at *Tours*, where he reſolved to paſs the whole Winter. The happy way he was in, of recovering the whole Kingdom, put the Court into a diſpoſition to mirth; inſomuch as there was nothing ſpoke of but pleaſure and entertainments: The Dauphins Wife, who was the King of *Scots* Daughter, young and beautiful, loved her diverſions exceedingly; the Queen was complacent, poſitive in nothing, but complied with whatever ſhe and the reſt were inclined to; and the Dauphin himſelf (having given relaxation to his many diſtractions, in hopes his revenge was at hand) was at that time more addicted to be merry, than he had been accuſtomed to be. *Chabannes* made his advantage of thoſe favourable opportunities; he danced well, did every thing well, and attaqued the hatred *Agnes* pretended with ſo much addreſs, made her quickly diſcern that what ſhe interpreted as a real averſion, was but the obliging effect of his modeſty and baſhfulneſs. The Count perceived how things went almoſt as ſoon as the Counteſs, and being an old Sophiſter at that trade, he ſeemed as faſt to retire, as ſhe ſeemed to advance. He knew the frailty of her Sex, that they deſire nothing ſo furiouſly, as what is refuſed them: When he obſerved the Counteſſes Eye fixt upon him, he turned his face another way; if ſhe entertained him with diſcourſe, and turned it upon Love, to give her ſelf opportunity to repreſent the diſpoſition

on of hers, he talkt of nothing but the indifference of his temper, and the pain it would be to him to love any thing long. At length his wiles had their intended effect; for one night when the whole Court was at the Appartment of Madam *la Dauphine*, and *Chabannes* in his old way had ſhifted off the œillades of Madam *la Conteſſe*, ſhe took him aſide towards a Table where there was a Glaſs, and pretending to rectifie her Hood, ſhe askt him why it was he avoided the looks of the Ladies ſo much; I am afraid, Madam, replied he, to ſhew you the object of your diſdain, and I cannot but reſpect you, even where you are unjuſt. *Agnes* bluſht at his anſwer, and remembring what ſhe had ſaid to *Mortaing*, ſhe was impatient to be home, to know upon what grounds that Wench diſcovered to the Count what ſhe had diſcourſed to her in private. She cauſed her to be called as ſoon as ſhe was got to her Chamber, and reproaching her by the lightneſs of her tongue, in the bittereſt language ſhe could think of, ſhe commanded her to tell her truly what it was prevailed with her to be ſo fooliſh. *Mortaing* ſuppoſing her Miſtreſſes hatred for the Count as violent and immortal as ſhe pretended, concluded ſhe had committed a great Crime in entertaining the Propoſitions of his Love: She threw her ſelf down at her feet, told all S. *Colombe* had ſaid to her, conjured her to pardon what was paſt, and wiſht a thouſand imprecations, if ever ſhe were guilty again in that nature for the future. There is no great hurt in the buſineſs neither, ſaid Madam *Agnes*, ſweetning her again, the Crime was that you concealed it from me, do not you make ſuch Se-

crets another time, for I will have nothing paſs in my Houſe, but I will know it my ſelf: Alas! Madam, replied the trembling *Mortaing*, I durſt not tell you for my life; for you told me you hated the Count *Dammartin* perfectly. Yes, ſays ſhe, and I do hate him without doubt, but that hinders not but I may be well enough pleaſed to hear he hath a kindneſs for me; it is a way to exerciſe my Revenge: do you ask his *Valet de Chamber* the progreſs of his Love, and when he tells you, give me an account, but be ſure do not let him know I deſire to hear it, for it concerns me much he ſhould be ignorant. *Mortaing* promiſed to keep it moſt ſacredly; but ſhe had no Secret ſhe could conceal from her *Colombe*. *Chabannes* had intelligence of all; and being a while after at a Paſtime in the Queens Appartment, where the men demand a Secret of the Ladies, and give them their anſwer in ſome pretty-conceited Verſe, it fell to his ſhare to ask a Secret from the Counteſs *de Pontieuvre*; when one has ſo much concern for the hatred of people, replied the Counteſs, it is but reaſon they ſhould endeavour to remove it. A wiſe man, replied *Chabannes*, doth nothing without Orders; I conceive I have yours at this time, and in that opinion he made his Verſes, which the King (though ignorant of the true meaning) cauſed to be ſet, and he and the whole Court ſung nothing elſe for ſome time: and thus have I have rendred them for the ſatisfaction of the Reader.

The SONG.

I am no Pilot that defies the Seas,
And launches ſtight of Winds he can't appeaſe;
He that deſpairs to merit with his Love,
Vainly attempts thoſe Charms will mortal prove.
As Rocks, Winds, Seas, the wiſe man will avoid
Thoſe perils which ſo many have deſtroy'd.
The prudent Labourer ne're manures a field,
But what he hopes ſome recompence will yield.

The Dauphin perceiving Madam *Agnes* whiſpering with the Count, was impatient to know what ſhe had ſaid, he took him out therefore into the Garden by Moon-light, to demand what it was. We triumph, dear Prince, we triumph, ſaid the Count to him ſmiling, the Lady is reduced to a Parley already, and it is now our buſineſs to give her an Anſwer: Haſte then and do it, replied the Prince, I ſhall owe all my tranquillity to you, if you ruine that Woman; but have a care, ſhew not too much reſpect to her, tell her, that after ſuch declaration of her hatred as ſhe had made, it will be requiſite you ſhould have good proofs to aſſure you of the contrary: demand ſome kind Letters from her, tell her you delight in ſuch things, and drive on the buſineſs with all ſpeed to an Aſſignation. You may tell her you deſire that favour but as a ſign of her confidence, and, if you will, ſwear ſtoutly you will never abuſe it. He concerned himſelf not much whether he had the real injoyment of the Lady, ſo he had but a manifeſt aſſurance to obtain

it. To the inſtructions he had given him, the Dauphin added all opportunity imaginable, he obliged Madam Dauphin to be more frequently with the Counteſs, to pleaſe the King as he pretended, and taking *Chabannes* along with him, he invented ſo many ſpecious ways to ſeparate the Company, that there was few days but he ordered things ſo, there was a particular Entertainment betwixt Madam *Agnes* and the Count. But theſe opportunities produced an effect which neither Prince nor *Dammartin* did ever expect: The Counteſs was one of the handſomeſt Ladies in the World, and the Count was of an age that is ſeldom indifferent: He found there was no dallying with Love, without being puniſhed at laſt, and what he intended hypocritically, proved really true. This Experiment produced great alterations in his Politicks, he became diſcreet when he was moſt guilty of indiſcretion, and the Prince could get nothing out of him now, but relations of Madam *Agnes*'s cruelty. Whence comes this ſudden turn? ſaid the Dauphin to him, I thought ſhe had been running head-long upon the Precipice we had prepared for her; who is it has ſtopt her? She has doubtleſs ſome intelligence of our deſign, replied the Count; Ladies which have had any ſuch affairs in the World, can eaſily diſcriminate betwixt true Love and pretended. It is ſtrange, ſaid the Prince, that this Woman ſhould never be faithful, but now when I ſhould make my advantage of her infidelity; I knew ten perſons belonging to the Court (none of them comparable to you) with whom ſhe has communicated in that time: They had more Merit, or more Love

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than I then, replied the Count ſmiling; But, Sir, ſaid he very ſubtilly, if you have already ſo many aſſurances of the Counteſſes infidelity, what need is there that I conſtrain my ſelf any longer to make Love to her? the Intrigues ſhe has had with another, are not they as criminal towards the King, as if I were the Gallant my ſelf? No, ſays the Prince, they are idle, timorous Fellows, and dread the falling under *Agnes*'s diſpleaſure; beſides there is no man in the World ſo proper for my Confidence as you, you are the man alive I can truſt without danger: You muſt not therefore be diſcouraged, *Chabannes*, this Whimſie of hers will be brought off at laſt. The Count promiſed the Prince to redouble his endeavours: and indeed though *Agnes* ſpake no more to him before Company, he plied her ſufficiently when they were alone. He had cauſed Pages Cloaths to be made, of all the conſiderable Liveries of the Court, and pretending Meſſages ſometimes from one, and ſometimes another, there was ſcarce a morning but he brought her a Letter from himſelf. Under the Raign of *Charles* VII. the people which wore Liveries, were not ſuch Striplings as now a days they are; no body took a Lacquay, till he had a ſubſtantial beard. Trouſes were taken up afterwards upon Command, as is mentioned in ſeveral Hiſtories, ſo that *Dammartins bonne mine* was not incompatible with the Dreſs of a Foot-man. One day when he had put himſelf into Madam *la Dauphins* Colours, and according to his Cuſtom, pretended a fictitious Errand from her; he was ſent for up into her Chamber, and being in Diſcourſe with *Agnes* by her Bed-ſide, he forgot himſelf,

ſelf, and ſpun out his time longer than he ought. The King entred unexpectedly into the Room, and the Prince with him. The Counteſs lay always in the ſame Appartment with the King, never any thing but ſome Gallery or Anti-Chamber betwixt their Lodgings: and to prevent any Conſpiracies, his Guards ſtood always at her door. By a Courier from *Guyenne* the King had received News, that the Principal Towns of that Province were reduced to his Obedience: He ran immediately to impart it to the Counteſs, and the Dauphin, being in a good humour at that time, accompanied him in his Viſit: The Chamber was dark, and *Chabannes* had no great difficulty to get out of the Kings ſight; but the Dauphin having a glance of his Livery, and having a Meſſage from the Queen to deliver to his Wife, obliging her to a Viſit after Dinner, he called the Page to him, and bid him tell his Lady. *Agnes* was in a bodily fear, and indeed had the day been clearer, or the Dauphins Meſſage required an Anſwer, the Counteſs and Page both had been utterly undone; but by good Luck he came off with his Congy. He ran home as faſt as he could to change his Robes, and returning immediately to the Kings Lodgings, he made a great noiſe of two or three extraordinary things he had done that day, on purpoſe to take off the ſuſpicion of his real occupation. The Dauphin took him home with him to Dinner, and giving him an account of the Viſit he had made to the Kings Miſtreſs, it came into his mind that he found his Wife undreſt when he came back: He ſent to her to demand, if ſhe intended to wait upon the Queen in

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that poſture. She was ignorant what he meant, and ſent him word ſhe had received no ſuch Orders from her Majeſty; whereupon he went to her Chamber himſelf, and having given her an account of the Meſſage he ſent her by the Page, he cauſed him to be called, and gave Order he ſhould be corrected for his neglect. But he could not be ſo readily obeyed, for none of her Pages had been with Madam *de Pontieuvre*, and his Lady aſſured him it was not in her thoughts to ſend thither that day. The Prince was never ſo amazed in his life; he ſaw a Page in his own Livery talking to the Counteſs, he thought he heard him tell her, it was Madam *la Dauphine* which inquired of her health, and yet this Page was not to be found. *Chabannes* did what he could to ſatisfie his Curioſity; he told him there could be no myſtery in a Page who ſuffered himſelf to be ſeen both to the King and him, and that it muſt needs be he miſtook the Colours, and thought another Livery his own: But the Prince had a better opinion of his Eyes, than to be perſwaded to that. He ſent his Scouts abroad, and it was not long before he had ſome confuſed light of the truth: One morning when *Chabannes* was lockt up with the Prince, and endeavouring to pacifice his ſuſpicion, one of the Gentlemen he had imployed in the diſcovery, having been let into his Cloſet; The Page, Sir, ſaid he to the Prince, is no longer a Page, he is now become a Merchant of Laces, and not above two hours ſince he was with Madam *de Pontieuvre* in that Equipage. It may be a Marchant indeed, replied the Count, who was not a little concerned in the ſtory. Pardon me,

Monſieur le Comte, replied the Gentleman, it is the ſame Page the Dauphin ſaw in his Livery the other day in the Counteſſes Chamber. One of the *Scotch* Guard that I know very well, and one that is no Fool, was Sentinel at Madam *Agnes*'s door that day the Page entred, he found him ſo handſom, he took particular notice of him; and being upon the Guard again to day at the ſame Poſt, he perceived the Page and the Merchant were both one. But, ſaid the Prince, interrupting him, this *Scotch*-man that knew the face of the Page and the Merchant ſo well, doth not he know any perſon about the Court which reſembles them? No, Sir, replied the Gentleman, he is a Stranger, and has not been long in his Majeſties Service; but he has promiſed me to examine all people ſo ſtrictly for the future, that without doubt it will not be long before he diſcovers him. This Prophecy made *Chabannes* to tremble, he thought it was upon too probable foundations. He was very remarkable for the Excellence of his preſence, and was the moſt illuſtrious Object in the Court. He diſcourſed at large with the Prince about the buſineſs, and having cunningly informed himſelf of the *Scotch*-mans name, he came to S. *Colombe* to give him notice of what had paſſed, and told him he would ſpare no coſt or pains that might prevent the ill Conſequences he dreaded. S. *Colombe* was no Changling, he need ſpeak but one word, to make him know what was to be done. He went to the Guard-Chamber to find out the *Scot*. He invented a *Scotch* Genealogy which made them Couſin Germans, he pretended to be overjoy'd to ſee him, and the firſt expreſſion

preſſion of it, being to give him a glaſs of Wine, he drilled him into a Cabaret, where he had diſpoſed certain Souldiers to quarrel with him. The thing happened as S. *Colombe* had projected, the Guard was killed, and the Contriver of the Enterpriſe withdrew himſelf ſo cleanlily, there was not the leaſt mention of his name. When Fortune ſets her ſelf to be favourable, ſhe does nothing by halves: One of the Souldiers S. *Colombe* imployed in this buſineſs, had been formerly a Servant to *Monſieur de Trimouille*, a Favourite of the Kings. Some perſons of his Family who had been his Fellow-Servants, paſſing through the ſtreet where that Murder was committed, and obſerving ſeveral other of the Guards running in to reſcue their Camarade, they thought themſelves obliged to defend their old Companion: This Rencontre caſt the ſcandal of that Act upon the Servants of *Monſieur de la Trimouille*, and gave the Prince occaſion to ſuſpect that his Maſter was the principal in the Intrigue. He was almoſt of the ſame ſtature with *Chabannes*; he had black hair, and curled like his; and though the Features of the Count *Dammartin* were better than the others, and his Complexion more lively, yet the Room being duskiſh, they might well be miſtaken. *Monſieur le Dauphin* concluded from hence, it was *Monſieur Trimouille* he had ſeen in the Habit of a Page in Madam *Agnes*'s Lodgings; he hated him before, out of a general hatred he had for all the Kings Favourites, and was glad at his heart of this occaſion to ruine him, and his Fathers Miſtreſs together; 'Tis *Trimouille*, 'tis he, ſaid the Prince to *Chabannes*, I have a confuſed remembrance

brance of his very face; and the Murder of the *Scotch*-man by his Servants, is an inexpugnable confirmation. The poor man without doubt would have told, and *Tremouille* having ſo many oppoſite intereſts to reconcile, wanted not his Spies; he knew he was in danger of being diſcovered, and therefore cauſed him that could do it to be killed. *Chabannes* ſeemed to be of the ſame Judgment, he ſeemed to admire with the Prince, that a Favourite of the Kings ſhould commit ſo great an inſolence. 'Tis common, replied the Dauphin, Great men are frequently expoſed to the Treachery of their Creatures; for not being able to diſcern whether they love them for themſelves, or for their beneficence, they look upon that as the effect of their Love, which indeed is but the product of their own Intereſt. The Dauphin was naturally violent, and his hatred to the Kings Favourites, raſh, and impetuous: he thought he needed no other Evidence to accuſe *Trimouille*, and notwithſtanding all *Chabannes* could ſay to adviſe him to the contrary, he went forthwith to the King, to advertiſe him of what he thought he had been ſure. But that accuſation came to nothing; it happened the ſame time the Prince affirmed *Trimouille* to have been in Diſguiſe with the Counteſs, he had been at the ſame time ſhut up in Conference with the King about affairs of importance. The King being aſſured of this Circumſtance, made him believe the whole ſtory but a practice invented for the deſtruction of the Innocent; there was not a reproach nor reprehenſion but the Prince was forced to endure: and that ill ſucceſs did but augment

ment and exſtimulate his Curioſity. He doubled his vigilance, and ſpent whole nights petrolling about *Agnes*'s Lodgings. One night among the reſt as he was upon the Watch by a private pair of ſtairs (which he was informed was the way by which the two Lovers correſponded) he perceived a man to aſcend in the Habit of Citizen, with a parcel of Books under his Arm, and by the light of a Flambeau, which he cauſed to paſs by on purpoſe, he diſcryed it was *Chabannes*. It is not eaſie to determine which of the two was in the greateſt ſurpriſe; the Prince ſtarted back two ſteps, and *Chabannes* had like to fallen into a ſwound; but remembring that he had need of the greateſt preſence of Spirit to bring himſelf off out of that dangerous condition, he recollected himſelf, and Silence, dear Sir, ſaid he ſoftly to the Dauphin, let me alone with my Stratagem, I have begun, and do thus, purſue it for your intereſt, let me proceed, and I will tell you the whole Myſtery when we have more leiſure. *Chabannes* thought to have qualified the Princes heat by that Propoſition; and ſuppoſing the time too ſhort for ſo ſpecious an invention, he thought to gain more to make it more plauſible: But the Prince was not to be wheedled at that rate, he had naturally an aptitude to be jealous. It was not many moments before that *Chabannes* had left him, and no mention of his deſign, beſides his diſcompoſure at firſt betrayed him. The Princes Eyes opened both in an inſtant, he was highly tranſported; but the deſire of Revenge following cloſe upon his ſuſpicion of the Treaſon, he reſtrained himſelf, and pretended to be caught in that ſnare which *Chabannes* had laid. *Chaban-*

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ues was admitted into the Counteſſes Chamber, and perſwaded himſelf his Wits had brought him off; he gave her a relation of all that was paſt, and the good Lady was almoſt diſtracted, for ſhe could ſee no way poſſible to get out of that Labyrinth. The Dauphin in the mean time ran to his Fathers Chamber, he had a thouſand fancies in his head in a moment which perſwaded him *Chabannes* was the Traitor: I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid he to the King, will you be pleaſed to go along with me into Madam *Agnes*'s Chamber, and you ſhall ſee irrefragable proofs of her infidelity to you. The King had that night ſup'd in his Bed, he had been a hunting, was weary, and no body with him to entertain him but *Trimouille*. Is it not *Trimouille* again, ſaid he to the Prince, pointing to him with his finger, who is in ſuch favour with the Counteſs? No, Sir, replied the Dauphin, it is not *Trimouille*, and I beg his pardon for ſuſpecting him; but vouchſafe, Sir, I beſeech you to diſcover the Myſtery with your own Eyes, and you ſhall find it extraordinary: The Prince would not name *Chabannes* but in his preſence; he had intruſted him with ſo many flagitious Secrets in his time, he was afraid of his indiſcretion, and was reſolved to deſtroy him before his accuſation. His reſervedneſs in that point made the King give little credit to the reſt; he would not diſturb his Miſtreſs, he told him he was ſufficiently aſſured of her Vertue: but *Trimouille* who had a long time deſired to be right with the Prince, and found himſelf obliged to him for the Apology he had made, added his inſtances to the Princes, and together they prevailed upon his Majeſty to go;

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he called for his Night-Gown, and giving Order no body ſhould follow but the Prince and *Trimouille*, he went into a little Gallery which paſt betwixt his Lodgings and the Counteſſes. The two Lovers had been ſo long in conſultation about the Courſe they were to ſteer, that the debate was not ended, when *Mortaing* (who was all the while upon the Guard) came in running with the New that the King was at hand. The Counteſs was extremely ſurpriſed at the Alarm; but being reſolved (let what would happen) *Chabannes* ſhould not be found diſguiſed in her Chamber, ſhe cauſed him to ſtep in betwixt the Papers, and the glaſs of the Window, and *Mortaing* having put to the Shuts, and drawn the Curtains, the King found the Counteſs without any Company, but a few Books which ſhe pretended to be reading with great intention. What have you done, Madam, ſaid the Prince to her with ſomething an angry Tone, with the man that brought you theſe Books? Have you occaſion for him, Sir, replied the Counteſs with a ſmile as quiet and unconcerned, as it had been natural? Yes, Madam, replied the Prince, I have occaſion for him, and it is for him the King comes hither to ſearch; you muſt command him to be called then, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the Prince, it is not long ſince he was here, and he cannot be gone far. The Prince had placed his Sentinels at all paſſages to the Counteſſes Appartment, he ſent to inquire of them, if any ſuch perſon had gone by, and they aſſured him not. We ſhall not go far then ſure, ſaid the Prince, taking the Candle in his own hand, to find out what we look for, the Bird is not yet out of its Neſt; and then

then ſearching in all the corners of the Chamber, he put the poor Counteſs into a miſerable fright; but perceiving he did not think of looking where he ought, ſhe recollected her ſelf, and taking the advantage of her good Fortune; See, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the King, the effects of that hatred *Monſieur Dauphin* has always had for me, which I could never overcome: It is not many days ſince he ſuſpected me for *Tremouille*, now he would charge me with another, and I do expect ſome time or other he will foiſt ſome body into my Chamber, on purpoſe he may be found there. Shall I be any longer expoſed to theſe dangers, Sir? ſaid ſhe to the King, ſuffer me I beſeech you to retire (and with that word ſhe burſt out into tears) I conjure you ſuffer me, by all the bounty wherewith your Majeſty has honoured me: I am not able any longer to hold out againſt the Power and Malevolence of the Prince; I reſpect him as much as he hates me, and a thouſand deaths I would endure before I would divert your kindneſs from him; ſuffer me therefore, for God ſake ſuffer me to retire. No, Madam, replied the King (toucht to the very heart to ſee his Miſtreſſes tears) you ſhall not retire, my Son ſhall learn to pay better reſpect to what is ſo dear to me; and thereupon he commanded him out of his ſight, and to appear no more before him till he was ſent for. The Dauphin thought that Command very unjuſt, and the Hiſtory tells that he diſpenſed with many things which were inconſiſtent with the reſpect he ought to his Father; but *Tremouille* pacified the diſorder, and prevailed with the Prince to go out of the Chamber. To comfort the Counteſs after ſo

many

many croſſes, the King told her he would take up his Quarters with her that night. She uſed all the Arguments ſhe could to moderate that exceſs of Commiſeration; ſhe pretended ſhe had cryed till her head aked, and the injuries ſhe had received had put her into a very ill capacity of that Honour: But the King admitting no excuſes, there was a neceſſity ſhe muſt obey, and *Chabannes* continued all that cold night in the Window, whilſt the King was luxuriating in the Arms of his Miſtreſs. I leave the Reader to judge how the poor Stationer entertained himſelf; he durſt neither breathe, nor ſtir, and the leaſt ſneeze in the world might have coſt him his life. The compaſſionate Counteſs did what ſhe could to ſhorten his pain: ſhe counterfeited her ſelf ill ſo cunningly, the King left her very early in the morning. As ſoon as he was gone, *Mortaing* came to take her Count out of the Preſs, where he had paſt away his time ſo ſadly betwixt apprehenſion and cold, that he was in appearance more than half dead.

But there's no cold ſo rigid to the ſenſe,
But yields to th' ardour of Loves influence.
In vain, in vain, the Froſt and Snow conſpire,
T' aſſwage the fury of a Lovers fire.
If Love but interpoſes on his ſcore,
One moments happineſs elates him more
Than years of ſorrow could depreſs before.

When the Count was ſufficiently chafft, and come to himſelf, it was agreed betwixt them that he ſhould pretend to the Dauphin, that having found

found a Letter which appointed a *Rendez-vous* in Madam *Agnes*'s Lodgings, to a certain perſon who was to be admitted in the Habit of a Citizen carrying his Books; he had taken that Diſguiſe upon him to diſcover the Intrigue: but that he found it was nothing but from one of her Women to a Gentleman, and therefore he went back again without further attempt, when he perceived it was a Myſtery of ſo inferiour Contrivance. *Chabannes* had but little hopes the Dauphin would ſwallow this ſtory; but he was to make the beſt of a bad Market, and if the worſt came to the worſt, it was but loſing his friendſhip: The greateſt difficulty remaining was, which way to make his retreat without being perceived, for they doubted not but Scouts were laid at all paſſages about her Houſe. *Mortaing* remembred her ſelf of a certain *Engliſh* Woman of an extraordinary ſtature, who was one of Madam *Agnes*'s Laundry-Maids; ſhe went up, and fetcht down one of her Gowns, pretending to ſee the faſhion of it: She put it upon *Chabannes* as well as ſhe could; and giving him a kind of a Hood they wore in thoſe days, which covered half their bodies, ſhe paſt him through the Wardrobe, as if it had been ſhe whom he did repreſent. The Spies having Orders to ſtop no body but ſuch a one as was deſcribed to them, they examined not the Laundry-Maid, but let her paſs out of the Palace without any obſtruction, but as he was marching to a Houſe in the Town where S. *Colombe* managed his Diſguiſes, *Chabannes* was perceived by a perſon, who having a while conſidered his motion and his habit, cryed out on a ſudden, Ah marry! this is he I look for.

Upon

Upon which Alarm two or three armed men that were by, threw themſelves upon the Count, who was then in no poſture to defend himſelf; they ſeized upon him, clapt him into a Boat upon the *Loire*, and commanded the Water-man to paſs over to the other ſide as faſt as he could. Our Lover in Maſcarade knew not whether he was arreſted as *Chabannes*, or as the *Engliſh* Woman, and not daring to tell them who he was, leſt they ſhould take him for who he was not, he would not turn up his Hood. One of Madam *Agnes*'s Servants having ſeen this Attachment, and knowing the Laundreſſes Gown very well, ſhe came thundring with the News to the Counteſſes Appartment. The ſtory ſeemed falſe to the Family, for the *Engliſh* Woman was at that time in the Wardrobe; but Madam *Agnes* imagining the worſt, believed it was the Dauphin had cauſed him to be apprehended. She doubted not but the whole Intrigue was diſcovered, and not being able to out-face the firſt reproaches of the King, ſhe got into her Coach, accompanied only by *Mortaing*, and without more ado betook her ſelf to a Monaſtery. The King hearing of her Retirement, concluded it the effect of the laſt nights perquiſition, and fell into a moſt outragious paſſion againſt the Prince. The Dauphin proteſted he was in the right, and not guilty of any thing that was falſe; but it was in vain, the more he laboured to juſtifie himſelf, the more he exaſperated his Father. His Friends adviſed him to withdraw till the ſtorm was over, and accordingly he retired into the Province of *Dauphine*, as ſome ſay much better ſatisfied with *Trimouille* than

they could have imagined. *Chabannes* in the mean time returned peaceably to his own Houſe; the man that had run away with him, was the *Engliſh* Womans Husband, in whoſe Cloaths the Count was eſcapt: This Woman had run away from her good man upon pretence of ill uſage; and he being not at all conſenting to the Divorce, and not daring to offer any violence to the Sanctuary ſhe had choſen, he watcht her perpetually in the ſtreets, reſolved to ſecure her whenever he met her, as he thought he had done in the perſon of *Chabannes*. When by the reproaches he made him, the Count perceived his miſtake, he pulled up his Hood, and the man being undeceived, he beg'd his pardon, and reconducted him to the Citizens houſe, whither he was going before when he ſtopt him. *Chabannes* changed his Cloaths, and came immediately to Court to ſee how things paſt. He was exceedingly ſurpriſed to underſtand their proceedings, and diſpatcht S. *Colombe* to Madam *Agnes* in Poſt-haſte: he prevailed upon her more by that one Meſſage, than the King had done with all his importunities: She took her leave of her Covent, and returned to Court illuſtrious, and more pleaſant than ever: But ſhe enjoyed not long the advantages of her reſtauration, for ſhe dyed not many days after. The cauſes of her death were found to be unnatural, and *Monſieur Tremouille*'s ſudden Retreat to the Dauphin at the ſame time, made it too probable he was inſtrumental in the buſineſs. The good King *Charles* was ſo paſſionately afflicted therewith, he would admit of no conſolation: *Chabannes* had like to have dyed with ſorrow, but the Kings favour

ſupported

ſupported him. He had *Tremouilles* place (vacant by his abſenting himſelf) confer'd upon him by the King, during whoſe life he quickly enjoyed it. It is not to be imagined he was in ſuch favour when the Prince came to the Crown; he was arreſted before he could eſcape, and the Dauphin being now *Lewis* XI. would have ſacrificed him to his new Dignity, had not he evaded his indignation by eſcaping out of the *Baſtille*. I refer the Reader to the Hiſtory it ſelf to be informed of all the Occurrences. The Annals of Love obſerve only the more remarkable Paſſages, and repreſents them without any regular Order.

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE SIXTH PART.

Feliciane. ABout the ſame time we have ſpoken of before, the Wife of a *Spaniſh* Merchant who traded into the *Levant*, being taken Priſoner by the *Corſaires*, and her Husband ſlain in the fight, ſhe was ſold to one of the principal *African* Lords, whoſe ordinary Reſidence was in *Tunis*. The *African* Lord became enamour'd of his Slave, and finding her too vertuous to make a bare advantage of his paſſion, he was conſtrain-

conſtrained to marry her. He had one Daughter by her, which he called *Feliciane*, after the name of her Mother. The Mother and the Daughter begat a kindneſs in him to the *Spaniſh* Nation: He ſuffered his Wife to teach his Daughter that Language, as her Mother-tongue; and when any *Spaniard* of Quality came into *Barbary*, he lodged them uſually at his own Houſe, and performed all the good offices to them he was able. *Alphonſo Ribiero*, Son to *Don Garcias Ribiero*, born in *Alcantara*, came to *Tunis*, to treat about the Ranſom of his Elder Brother, who ſailing into *Greece*, was taken by the Pirats, and exchanged with certain Slaves of *Barbary*. *Alphonſo* was too young to be intruſted alone with ſo great a Negotiation; he was appointed only to the Ceremonial part; for there was an old Servant of his Fathers ſent along with him to manage the Bargain. He was received by the Father of *Feliciane*, not only as a *Spaniard*, but as a perſon particularly related to his Wife: She had been at his birth, and paſſed the prime of her years in *Don Garcias* Houſe. The young *Feliciana* and he were preſently ſurpriſed with a violent inclination one for the other; Nature had, it ſeems, delighted her ſelf to prepare ways for their affection. *Alphonſo* reſembled the young *African* ſo exactly, and the *African Alphonſo*, that they might well have been miſtaken, had not their Habits diſtinguiſht both their Sexes and Perſons.

But Love's no need of likeneſs, he diſplays
A thouſand Arts, contrives a thouſand ways.

To bedge in peoples hearts, by ſecret turns,
The moſt unlike, and the moſt cold he burns:
Nought's incombuſtible, when he conſpires,
No humane temper can withſtand his fires.

Feliciana ſeeing her own Picture in *Alphonſo*, as he did in *Feliciana*, ſhe fell in Love almoſt at firſt ſight; their looks, their manners, their motions, every thing in them prevented the office of their Tongue: ſo that they were immediately advanced to their reciprocal promiſes. Simpathy is a great promoter of ſuch Adventures, and makes a great deal of ground in a little time. Great was the joy for their Love: he performed his Honorary part very well, he was the Prieſt and the Deity both; But the liberty of his elder Brother was an unſeaſonable impediment to the Myſtery. *Alphonſo* uſed all the Arts he could invent not to return into *Caſtille*; there was not a Curioſity a man of his age could be capable of pretending, but he made uſe of to ſtay; but his Brother was inexorable, and he muſt go along: yet this was not without ſolemn promiſes from *Alphonſo* to come back again in a ſhort time, if he lived, and as ſincere aſſurances from *Feliciana*, never to falſifie that faith which ſhe had given him. Their Adieu was ſorrowful and kind: exceſs of Love was at that time in ſeaſon (for Love has its ſeaſons as well as other things, and is as troubleſom to thoſe whoſe deſires are ſatisfied, as it is agreeable where they are in their ſpring) *Alphonſo* being departed, and *Feliciana* very impatient of his return, many months paſſed, and no News of her *Caſtillan*. There were ſeveral *Spaniſh* Ships arri-

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ved upon the Coaſt of *Barbary*, and in them ſome *Alcantara* Merchants, with Preſents from *Don Garcias* for *Feliciana*'s Mother; but no Letter, nor no private Meſſage for her. This negligence ſtartled her, ſhe was afraid ſhe was betrayed, and the firſt effect of that opinion being a reſolution to reproach the crime to the Criminal himſelf, ſhe inſinuated with a Maſter of *Biſcay*, and perſwading him ſhe would go over into *Spain* to turn Chriſtian, ſhe made him promiſe her to land her in the Port of *Carthagena*. The bargain made, and the hour of her Embarkment arrived, *Feliciana* put on a Suit of Cloaths of *Alphonſo*'s, which he had left by accident behind him, and providing her ſelf with certain Chains of Gold, away ſhe went to meet with her *Biſcayen*. The Seas and the Winds were ſo favourable to her deſigns, that ſhe landed at *Carthagena* without any accident: ſhe brought a Horſe there immediately, and taking a Guide, put her ſelf upon the Road for *Alcantara*. She inquired of *Alphonſo* where-ever ſhe came; in ſome place they knew not where he was, in others they knew him not at all; but at length there was an old Hoſteſs of *Toledo* who told our diſguiſed *African* there was to be a Meeting of all the *Ribieros* in that Town within a few days, that ſhe underſtood ſo much from a Neighbour of hers, at whoſe Houſe that Family uſed to lodge; and that the ſame Neighbour told her withal, that *Don Garcias* came to be preſent at the Marriage of his younger Son with one *Hypolita de Cueva*, which was reckoned the handſomeſt young Maid in *Caſtille*. This News ſtruck *Feliciana* to the heart, ſhe wondred not now her Lover had been

ſo lazy as never to write to her; ſhe found he had other affairs upon his hands: ſhe reſolved however to attend him at *Toledo*, and cauſing her ſelf to be called *Felician*, her ſhape and her legs concurred ſo well with her deſign, ſhe was not ſuſpected in the leaſt. She was handſom, and the Sex ſhe pretended to in her Diſguiſe, made her Beauty more rare. She never ſtir'd out of her Inn but ſhe received ſome Complement or other: One Evening as ſhe was walking in one of the Walks in *Toledo*, and according to her old cuſtom had been interrupted by ſeveral idle Propoſitions, a certain Lady in a Vail came to her, pulled her privately by the Arm, and made ſigns to her to follow her: *Feliciana*, or *Felician*, as you pleaſe, thought this alſo was another of his Miſtreſſes, whoſe hopes ſhe was conſtrained to betray; and in that opinion would have ſteered her courſe another way, but the Lady laying hold on her; Follow me, thou perfidious *Alphonſo*, ſaid ſhe to her, follow me, or I'le be thy deſtruction. The Name of *Alphonſo* awakening the Curioſity of *Feliciane*, ſhe followed the Lady into a Chamber where there were ſeveral Candles lighted. The *Spaniſh* Lady as ſoon as ſhe was entred, turned up her Vail, and diſcovering a ſingular Beauty; Whence is it, *Alphonſo*, ſaid ſhe to her, that you conſtrain me to theſe Stratagems to gain a little of your Converſe? what reaſon have you to change your Name, and call your ſelf *Felician*? why do you conceal your ſelf from *Hypolita de Cueva*? in ſhort, what is this Myſtery, and what grounds have you for it? *Feliciane* perceived by her diſcourſe it was her Rival whom Fortune had

deliver-

delivered into her hands, and being firmly reſolved to give her no quarter; This Myſtery is greater than I can tell you, Madam, replied ſhe, I would ſpare my ſelf the hardſhip of telling you my ſelf, and that is the true reaſon I have declined you for ſome days: But, Madam, ſince you will force me, I muſt needs confeſs I am not capable of accompliſhing our Marriage. *Don Garcias* Journey to *Toledo* will be in vain, for the faith you expect ſo impatiently from me, is, alas, ingaged to another a long while ago. How! cryed *Hypolita* in a mighty ſurpriſe, your faith ingaged to another? Yes, Madam, continued *Felician*, an *African* Lady, inferior to your ſelf neither in Birth nor in Love, and (to one that was in Love with her) not much behind you in Beauty, has received that faith which you challenge. Ha! why then, thou perjured Perſon, replied *Hypolita*, haſt thou been ſo audacious as to promiſe me? I am a man, replied *Feliciana*, and he that names Man, names Unconſtancy; your Beauty made me forget for a while what I ought to my *African*; but I am returned to my firſt Love, and ſince I muſt be free with you, let me tell you I will dye a thouſand deaths before I will betray her: Ha! Traitor, cryed the diſconſolate *Hypolita*, I always pierced into your heart through all your Diſguiſes, I obſerved always a force upon your actions, which me-thought, gave your Language the lye; and you know, vile man, I have told you ſo often. But, ſaid ſhe purſuing her tranſport, you ſhall never boaſt you have captivated *Hypolita*, unpuniſht, what my kindneſs cannot expect, my vengeance muſt obtain: And then calling up people to ſeize

upon

upon *Feliciana*, whom ſhe miſtook all this while for *Alphonſo*, ſhe ran to her Fathers Chamber to give him an account what ſhe had done. The old *Caſtillan* applauded the indignation of his Daughter; he commanded *Feliciana* ſhould be kept ſafe that night, and the next day he ſent her to Priſon. A Magiſtrate of no ſmall Authority in that Town, was deſired to examine her: She began to relent, would have changed her ſtory, and pretended ſhe was miſtaken for another; but *Hypolita*'s allegation, and the teſtimony of ſeveral other perſons which aſſured him it was *Alphonſo*, prevailed ſo far above all that ſhe could ſay, that ſhe was almoſt brought to the miſerable Election of marrying *Hypolita*, or loſing her head. She had rather have dyed, than have cured the Jealouſie ſhe had created in her Rival; but conſidering that what ſhe was unwilling to do her ſelf, *Alphonſo* would do of courſe; ſhe writ *Hypolita* word, that ſhe was ſo far from being *Alphonſo*, ſhe was the *African* Lady ſhe had told her of, and that if ſhe would take the pains to come to the Priſon, ſhe ſhould ſatisfie her own eyes with the truth of it. This Letter was delivered to the Keeper, and he deſired to ſee it conveyed to *Hypolita*. He received it without any difficulty, lookt upon it as a Recantation, and knew the whole Family of the *Cuevas* deſired nothing more than that *Alphonſo* would do as he was obliged, without further compulſion. But by accident the Count *de Atrevalo*, Confident to this *Alphonſo* of *Caſtille*, and one who diſputed the Crown with King *Henry*, made his Entry that day into *Toledo*, as Governour of the Town. The Keeper muſt needs be a Spectator

tor of this Ceremony, and ingaging himself too far in the Crowd, he lost his Letter. It was taken up by one of the Counts Officers, who finding the Contents a little odd and unusual, would needs shew it his Master. The Governour was as much surprised with the Adventure as his Man, and had a great Curiosity to understand the Particulars. He sent word to old *Seigneur Cueva*, he desired to know the difference betwixt him and *Alphonso Ribiero*; and upon that pretence sending for the Prisoner, he told her what he knew of her affairs already, and desired her to inform him of the rest. She satisfied his Curiosity; she was resolved to oppose the Marriage betwixt *Alphonso* and *Hypolita*, and she believed it so near a conclusion, that she thought she ought not to make a Secret any longer of that which the whole World would know in a very short time. But it fell out otherwise however. The Count *de Atrevano*, who by the natural propensity of his Nation, was inclinable to impressions of Love, took a great liking to the *African*; he thought he should do great Service to the Families both of the *Cuevas* and *Ribieros*, to keep this Lady out of their sight, and fancying great pleasure besides in having so fair a Mistress in his Chamber, without any Parents or Relations to call him to an account; he caused *Feliciana* to be removed to a Castle a few days Journey from *Toledo*. The carrying her away made a strange noise in the Town: *Hypolita*'s Friends believed *Don Garcias* had caused it. *Don Garcias* on the contrary, who expected to find *Alphonso* in good Intelligence with *Hypolita*, and was come thither to see her married, was much

surprised

ſurpriſed to hear News ſo contrary to his expectation; he demanded his Son of *Seigneur Cueva*, and old *Cueva* demanded him of him: To explain the Intrigue, the Governour attended for *Alphonſo*, but *Alphonſo* did not appear; conſidering therefore that he could not declare what he knew, without diſcovering what he had a mind to conceal, he reſolved to ſay nothing, and therefore leaving the Parents to diſpute it among themſelves, he went himſelf to the Caſtle, whither he had cauſed *Feliciana* to be conducted. He had ordered her Womens Cloaths, and Women to attend her, and the Count found her as handſom a Lady as he had been a Cavalier. He acquainted her with his intentions, and telling her it was unreaſonable ſo excellent a Perſon ſhould be ſerved only by a Lover that had been falſe, he offered himſelf to repair the injury ſhe had received from young *Alphonſo*. *Feliciana* trembled at his tydings, but returned him this anſwer, That ſhe gave him many thanks for the Civility of his Offer; but being come into *Spain* only in queſt of her *Alphonſo*, ſhe beg'd of him the liberty to purſue her deſign. The Governour would not openly contend with her obſtinacy, he had a mind to be happy with as little trouble as he could. He made ſeveral rich Preſents to the *African*, and ſhe accepted them with ſcorn, he ſhewed her the Rarities of the Caſtle, and ſhe ſeemed not to regard them; he reſolved to have a little patience, and ſee how that would work: and therefore returned to his new Government, and leaving one of his Nephews, called *Don Ferdinand* in Command, he gave him expreſs charge to have a care of her Perſon,

ſon, and ſo to prepare her with his Counſels, that he might find her tractable at his Return. He put his affairs into ſafe hands to ſucceed. *Don Fernand* had been no leſs ſmitten with the ſight of *Feliciana*, than his Uncle the Count: When he found himſelf Maſter of his Deſtiny, he began to pay her ſuch reſpects as were not at all compatible with his Commiſſion; he ſighed, he raved, flew out ſo far as to make ridiculous Pictures of his Uncle, and by degrees fell into expreſſions to this purpoſe, that if he were in Love with *Feliciana*, his thoughts were more innocent than his; it was not long before he blurted quite out, and told the *African* the whole bottom of his heart. All Lovers in the World but *Alphonſo* were indifferent to her, the legitimacy of *Fernandos* deſires were no advantage to him at all, and ſhe had no more inclination to be married to him, than to be Miſtreſs to his Uncle; but judging very prudently notwithſtanding, that by oppoſing one of them againſt the other, ſhe might ſecure her ſelf againſt both, ſhe pretended to hearken to *Don Fernands* Propoſitions, and let fall ſome trifling Complacences on purpoſe. A witty Woman is at no great expence to pleaſe a man that is in Love with her. *Fernand* was extremely well ſatisfied with his good Fortune; *Feliciana* prevailed with him to let her eſcape, but upon promiſe to ſtay for him upon the Frontiers of *Arragon*, where in a few days he ingaged to wait upon her, and conduct her into *France*. He had a great mind to have gone away with her from the firſt, but ſhe perſwaded it would be more convenient for him to ſtay with the Count, and to facilitate her Eſcape, by perverting the

the Hue and Crys, and ſending them the wrong way. The Project being laid with all poſſible deliberation, and all things prepared that were neceſſary for its execution, *Feliciana* reſumed the Habit of her Cavalier, mounted upon a Horſe *Don Fernand* had given her, and deluding the vigilance of her Women, ſtole away one morning from her ſecond Impriſonment, to ſeek out a refuge for the innocence of her Love. *Don Fernand* faſtned a Cord to her Bed-Chamber Window, that it might be preſumed ſhe had eſcapt that way; he pretended to be infinitely concerned for her eſcape; and for his better diſſimulation, he put himſelf in purſuit of her, as if he had had an unſatiable deſire to have recovered her. He was but juſt gone out, when *Alphonſo* came to repoſe himſelf an hour or two in the Caſtle. He had his reaſons not to venture himſelf in the Towns, and knowing the Magnificence of the Count *d'Atrevalo*, he doubted not but a Stranger of his Garb would be well received in any place belonging to him; nor was he deceived: They entertained him very civilly, appointed him to eat, and *Feliciana*'s Appartment being open, and lying moſt conveniently, the Steward attended the new Gueſt into her Chamber. There was a Picture of *Feliciana*'s hung up in the Room, exceedingly like her, which *Don Fernand* had beg'd of her one time when his Uncle had ſent Painters to adorn a Gallery in the Caſtle. *Alphonſo* was ſurpriſed at the ſight of that Picture, as is eaſily to be imagined. *Feliciana* was dreſt in the *Spaniſh* Mode, and that Dreſs diſguiſed her a little; but however ſhe was diſcernable to Eyes leſs penetrating than a Lovers.

He

He was going out to inquire of ſome body whoſe that Picture was, and how it came thither; but in his perplexities he took one door for another, and inſtead of going into the Antichamber, which led to the ſtairs, he found himſelf in a little Cloſet adorned with Pictures, whoſe Frames of Wainſcot were all covered over with Love-knots, wounded Hearts, and double FF. theſe fancies augmented his aſtoniſhment; and to carry it on to the higheſt degree, he found a little Table-book lying open upon the Table, and written as he conceived with *Feliciana*'s own hand: he took it up, and read theſe Verſes enſuing.

Ingrateful Wretch, and perjur'd, what can be
Equal to th' guilt of infidelity?
What more tranſgreſſive to Loves laws? what more
'Gainſt Nature, than t'forget what you have ſwore?
But hold! fond Heart, let not his preſent ſtate
Expunge the kindneſs he expreſt of late,
Betray'd, I ought, but loving, cannot hate.

And at the bottom of theſe Verſes there was writ in great Characters,

THE PROFESSION OF AN AMOROUS FAITH.

This Title promiſed ſome rare and divertiſing Articles; but *Feliciana* had not had time to write them, and if ſhe had, *Alphonſo* was in ſuch trouble, he could not have had the power to have read them. He went down the firſt ſtairs he could meet with, which

which ſtairs went directly to her Maids Chamber, where by accident having taken Phyſick that day, the Governeſs was in Bed. She was an old Woman truckling under the burden of her age, and yet ſeeing but a man come into the Room, ſhe ſkreekt out, and hid her face under the Coverlet, as if ſhe had been but fifteen, and her vertue in the greateſt danger imaginable. *Alphonſo* excuſed himſelf, told her he was a Stranger, who knew not whither the ſtairs would carry him, beg'd her pardon for ſurpriſing her in that condition, and deſired her to inform him, if ſhe could, where the Count *d'Atrevalo* had got the Picture which hung in a Chamber hard by. Is it *Feliciana*'s Picture you mean? ſaid the old Woman, with her head in the Bed all the while. Yes, replied *Alphonſo*, 'tis ſhe I ſpeak of. *Don Fernand*, the Governours Nephew, replied the old Woman, cauſed it to be drawn by the life. And where is that Lady? cryed *Alphonſo* in haſte. The Governeſs was much offended with *Feliciana*'s eſcape: ſhe found her imployment very good, could not pardon the *African* for making it ceaſe, and the diſguſts of ſuch kind of perſons go ſeldom without a touch of ill language. She is rambling about the World, ſaid the malicious old Woman; ſhe was two months together in this Houſe, where the Count *d'Atrevalo* cauſed her to be treated, as ſhe had been the beſt Lady in *Caſtille*; but not being willing to be reſtrained, and, as it ſeems not accuſtomed to be contented with one Servant, ſhe got away this very night out of her Chamber Window by the fidelity of a Bed-cord. I am damned, if jealous *Don Fernand* had not a hand in it: I obſerved long ſince there

there was a kindness betwixt them; and when she sate for her Picture, I durst have sworn by their gloating, the poor Count would be betrayed. The old Matron had scarce finisht these words, but two or three of her other Women hearing a noise from the next Chamber where they were, came in to see what was the matter. They no sooner cast their eyes upon *Alphonso*, but they took him for *Feliciana*; one could not forbear expressing her joy to see her returned; another upbraided her by the fright into which she had been put. *Alphonso* perceived their mistake, and told them they took him for another person; but they observing him to be preparing to be gone, and not being able to believe but this was *Feliciana*, they threw themselves upon him, cryed out for more help; and in short, seized upon him in spight of all his protestations, that he was none of *Feliciana*. Whilst these things were in transaction, the Count *d'Atrevalo* arrived; he had been told of *Feliciana*'s escape by the first he met, and understanding afterwards what had passed in the Governesses Chamber, he repaired thither with all speed to see what was the matter. Which way have I disobliged you, *Feliciana*, said he to *Alphonso* whom he took at first for his *African*, what have I done that should cause you to disguise your self to escape from me? I love you, I confess, *Feliciana*, but I appeal to your self whether that passion had ever any effects that might constrain you to this Metamorphosis. Submissive Representations have hitherto been the only Interpreters of my Heart: I have not left you any thing to suspect me of that was unworthy, I have required nothing of

you but what was lawful; I have kept you two months together in my Houſe, without abuſing my power, and you have reſtrained my affections to the ſevere bounds of Civility: why then, *Feliciana*, do you flye from me? or what one thing have I done to diſoblige you? Had it not been for the Conference he had had with the old Governeſs, this Diſcourſe coming out of the Rivals own mouth would have amply reſolved his ſuſpicions; but it was not now, the Count he was jealous of ſo much as *Don Fernand*. I am not ſhe you take me for, Sir, ſaid he to the Count; I know my reſemblance is great enough to authorize your miſtake; but though Nature hath created that reſemblance in our faces, Heaven hath formed our mind of different Conſtitutions; hers is as diſloyal as mine is faithful, and the perjury of which ſhe is guilty, betrays me with as much ingratitude, as I am charged with for not betraying of her. The Count having had leiſure whilſt *Alphonſo* was ſpeaking, to examine him more ſtrictly, diſcerned ſome difference betwixt him, and his *African*. His ſtature was the larger of the two, his Features more remarkable, and he perceived ſome glimmerings of a beard, he began to think it muſt be *Alphonſo*, and therefore looking upon him now rather as his Rival than his Miſtreſs; he cauſed him to be ſhut up cloſe, ſent to give notice to old *Cueva* of his detention, and ſwore he would dye but he would make young *Ribiero* marry *Hypolita*. In the mean time *Feliciana* was making her eſcape, not knowing whither ſhe was going, nor in what place ſhe could find any protection. She durſt not continue in *Caſtille*, ſhe could

could not resolve to go back into *Barbary*, much less would she go to the place where she had appointed *Don Fernand* to meet her. She took the right hand way, where she had promised to take the left, and the left where she was to have taken the right; and being equally fearful of losing, and not losing her way, she marcht on in a most unutterable perplexity. It is not to be questioned whether she made use of any imprecations against the ingrateful person, had run her upon these difficulties, whether she resolved to hate his person as much as she detested his infidelity, and whether in repenting she had loved him, she did not resolve to love him no longer; all these confusions were the common effects of jealousie and anger, and never was Lover in *Feliciana*'s condition but was sensible of them. Being in the highest of these sorrowful reflections, and entred into a Wood she knew not which was the way out of; she was in great danger of passing not only the rest of the day, but the whole night in that solitude, when by accident she met with a Cavaliere, who having lookt wishly upon her once or twice, made up to her with design to accost her. The poor *Feliciana* was so prepossest with fear, that forgetting her Disguise, she apprehended this Gallant would prove some new *Amouroso*, and clapt Spurs to her Horse to escape him, if she could: But the Cavalier crying out after her, Hold, *Seigneur Alphonso*, 'tis your most faithful *Mandoce*, she recollected her self, and became so curious as to look back. She resolved to make advantage of this accident, and replied, I did not know you indeed as I was passing, but well,

how does the fair *Hypolita*? *Hypolita*, Sir, ſaid *Mandoce*, would not receive your Letter; ſhe told me you were a Traitor, and that ſhe abhorred your very Name, that ſhe would not proſecute your death, that ſhe was ſo generous as to rejoyce that you were ſafe; but that you ſhould not preſume for the future to abuſe her integrity, unleſs you deſired to provoke her fury again. I intreated her to explain her Diſcourſe, and aſſured her I knew nothing of it; but my ignorance was taken for an artifice, and ſhe threatned to have me apprehended, and your retreat, and the place I was to meet you, extorted from me by torments. I had no directions to inform her, and me-though ſhe lookt as if ſhe would have been as good as her word: Her threatning me ſo, made me get out of *Toledo* as faſt as I could, and my advice is, that you would get as far off as you can alſo; for knowing how things ſtand in your own conſcience, my opinion, Sir, is it will be no place for you. And having given his Judgment, *Mandoce* ſuppoſing *Feliciana* to be his Maſter, put the Letter into her hands. *Feliciana* took it, and ſtepping two or three paces aſide, that *Mandoce* might not perceive the trouble it gave her, ſhe opened it, and read as follows.

Madam,

Your deſert is too great to be made the object of a counterfeit paſſion. My heart is entirely another's, and I cannot obtain from its veritable ſentiments, that it ſhould conſtrain it ſelf any longer. You will call me treacherous, and perjured, but, Madam,

'tis to avoid those Epithets, I expose my self to them. The suspicions of Don Garcias *made me guilty of a procedeur contrary to my nature. I could not disentangle my self from his vigilance, but by pretending Love unto you, and I could wish with all my heart my pretences were in earnest, that I might do Justice to your Charms: But, Madam, the affections of a mans heart depend not upon himself; pardon mine then I beseech you, a Crime it could not but commit, and if you be generous, complain, but do not abhor me.*

There was not a word in this Letter but was a wholesom Antidote against *Feliciana*'s Jealousie; and as if her good Genius had apprehended that the forgetting of names might have yet left some poyson behind it: *Mandoce* beginning where he left; There is no room now, Sir, said he, for unseasonable Contemplations, your time is but short; and seeing you are resolved at last to return into *Africk*, why will you not take this opportunity, and away to the next Port. There is a Vessel ready, and you have no more to do but to go aboard, and set Sail; besides let me tell you, I heard a Whispering among some people who baited at my Inn, which makes me jealous of your person. They said that you were apprehended, and that the Count *d'Atrevalo* had sworn to make you marry *Hypolita*: I see well enough those Fellows were mistaken, and I know well enough those rumours are vain; but believe me, Sir, let us save our selves, if we can, *Hypolita* is highly offended, and will play you some scurvy trick or other, if she be not prevented. *Feliciana* could not contain her self at this last assurance of

her Servants fidelity, she gave thanks to her Stars which had drawn her out of her errour, and pronouncing her self a thousand times happy, thrice happy *Feliciana*; she conjured *Mandoce* to tell her where she might find *Alphonso*. *Mandoce* was so frighted at that question, he had like to have run away from her; he lookt upon *Feliciana* as he was utterly undone, and taking her still for his Master, he asked her (shivering) if she were out of her Wits: No, *Mandoce*, replied *Feliciana*, I am not out of my Wits; on the contrary, I have recovered them. Then she told him her Name, and that she was come into *Spain* on purpose to seek him. What *Mandoce* had heard talkt to his Master formerly, of the exact resemblance betwixt *Feliciana* and him, perswaded him presently all was true that she said. He fell down upon his knees, and gave thanks that their Journey was shortned, and conducting the *African* where his Master had appointed to meet him that night; he gave her an account as they travelled, that *Alphonso*'s Brother had conceived a suspicion of their Amour before his departure from *Affrick*; that he had advertised his Father of it at his return, and that the old man having intercepted Letters, by which *Alphonso* assured *Feliciana* he would be with her ere long; he caused him to be so narrowly watcht, he could not make one step but *Don Garcias* had notice; that being weary of that persecution, and perswaded he could not (without collusion) disingage himself from his vigilance, he had pretended Love to *Hyppolita de Cueva*, who was gone to see one of her Aunts at *Alcantara*; that *Don Garcias* believing he had

been in earneſt, had concluded the Articles with *Hypolita*'s Father, and conſtrained *Alphonſo* to ſign them: But that a few days after he had eſcapt, and got off to a Friends houſe, who furniſht him with money for his Voyage into *Africk*, whither he was then ready to go, and had been there before that time, had the ſeaſon of the year been proper for his deſigns. This Diſcourſe, and ſuch others entertained *Feliciana* to the place where ſhe expected her *Alphonſo*, and where ſhe found him in effect; but alas! not in the condition ſhe deſired. The Count *d'Atrevalo* having News that the Count *de Benevent* (a great Lord in *Caſtille*) and ſome other of his beſt friends were coming to his Houſe, and apprehending that *Alphonſo* might take advantage to eſcape by the diſorder ſo much company was like to produce; and being abſolutely reſolved to ſecure the poſſeſſion of *Feliciana*, by forcing his Rival to marry *Hypolita*, he cauſed him to be conveyed to a Fort upon the Frontier of *Murcia*, not above a days Journey from thence. The Priſoner went away late from the Counts Houſe, and could not reach his Giſte; he was forced to lye by the way, and it fell out his Quarters were taken up for him in the ſame place where he had appointed *Mandoce* to come to him: The ſame Fortune contrived it, that *Don Fernand* returning from the ſearch he pretended, was come to the ſame Houſe. *Feliciana* ſaw him come into the Court, through the Windows of her Chamber, and the very ſight of him had like to have made her betake her ſelf to her heels; but a new fancy coming into her head in the inſtant, ſhe ſent *Mandoce* to let him know *Feliciana*

would ſpeak with him, and ordered one of *Alphonſo*'s Servants to conduct him into a little Court into which ſhe had obſerved one of her Windows did look. *Mandoce* diſcharged himſelf of his Commiſſion, and *Don Fernand* came overjoy'd to the Window where *Feliciana* expected him: My dear *Don Fernand*, ſaid ſhe to him, and as ſoftly as ſhe could ſpeak, Heaven has ſent you once more to my relief; I am taken again, 'tis I that am conducting to the Frontiers of *Murcia*, the Count *d'Atrevalo* takes me for *Alphonſo*; but do not you ſuffer your ſelf to be deceived with our reſemblance; I am *Feliciana*, and to convince you, See there, ſaid ſhe, throwing her Table-book to him, ſee what you gave me when I took my leave of you at the Counts Caſtle, you ſhall find there the Roads you directed me to take, and ſet them down with your own hand, ſave me once more, if you can poſſibly. After this Propoſition ſhe pulled in her head, and retired, as ſhe had been afraid to be over-heard; and *Don Fernand* returning as faſt, he fell upon contriving which way he ſhould reſcue the Priſoner which he took to be *Feliciana*; he went to the Officer which commanded the Convoy, and told him the Count having occaſion to imploy him with all ſpeed at the Caſtle, had ſent him to execute his place. The Officer knowing him to be his Nephew, and in good eſteem with the Count, made no ſcruple to reſign, and mounting in the morning by break of day, away he went Poſt where *Fernand* directed him. His back was no ſooner turned, but *Don Fernand* commanded his Convoy to horſe, and diſperſed them, ſome he placed in one poſt, ſome in another,

another, ſome he ſent to ſecure ſuch a Paſs, others to poſſeſs ſuch a Bridge, and when they were far enough aſunder, running to *Alphonſo*'s Bed, Come let us ſave our ſelves now, *Feliciana*, ſaid he, all things are ready for our eſcape: We will go to *Carthagena*, which is no great diſtance from hence, and from thence paſs into *Barbary*; but you muſt make haſte, for time is precious. *Alphonſo* underſtood immediately who he took him for; but he had no mind to rectifie an errour was like to procure him his liberty. He dreſt himſelf out of hand, and followed the Count. They took Horſe without any noiſe, and marcht directly for *Carthagena*. The Sun was not quite up when they departed, and they paſſed upon a Cauſway that would not permit them to diſcourſe. But as ſoon as *Don Fernand* found himſelf out of danger, my dear *Feliciana*, ſaid he to his Rival, putting one of his Arms about her Neck, ſee now, at length we are delivered from the Tyranny of the Count *d'Atrevalo*: he ſhall diſturb our felicity no more, and thanks to the good counſel you gave, we ſhall find in *Barbary* that repoſe, which we durſt not ſo much as hope for in *Caſtille*; But tell me, my dear, how came you to be re-taken, how came you to deceive my Uncle, and by what good Fortune did you find the way of ſpeaking to me yeſterday? *Alphonſo* underſtood but one part of his Diſcourſe; but that was ſufficient to inform him, that he who talkt to him was his Rival, and the Counts Nephew who reſcued *Feliciana* from the hands of his Uncle the firſt time. This conſideration tranſported him with jealouſie and fury: he clapt his hand upon one of *Don Fer-*

nands

nands Piſtols, and clapping Spurs to his Horſe to diſingage himſelf a little, he turned ſhort, and told him, thou ſhalt dye, vile man, thou ſhalt dye, and thy blood revenge the perfidiouſneſs of my ingrateful Miſtreſs. *Don Fernand* was ſo ſurpriſed at this action, he took it at firſt for a dream. He lookt upon himſelf, he ſtared upon *Alphonſo*, he knew he was *Don Fernand*; but he took his Rival for his Miſtreſs, and not being able to accommodate theſe inconſiſtencies, being clearly tranſported, he demanded of *Alphonſo*, if he had loſt his ſenſes, or whether he knew him or not: I know you too well, replied the young *Kibiero*; but it is you that does not know me: defend your ſelf while you may, or I ſhall ſpoil your fencing. *Feliciana* and *Mandoce* came in juſt as *Alphonſo* had ſpoke thoſe words: They had watcht when *Don Fernand* departed, and traced him all the way; Hold, *Alphonſo*, cryed the *African*, forcing her ſelf betwixt them, do not attempt the life of a perſon, to whom you are indebted for your *Feliciana*. Theſe words and the ſight of *Feliciana*, opened *Don Fernands* Eyes, and he became ſenſible of his miſtake: he remembred he had heard talk of the reſemblance betwixt *Alphonſo* and his *African*, and concluding it was his Rival he had delivered, he would have fallen upon him; but *Feliciana* and *Mandoce* oppoſed: Be patient, *Don Fernand*, ſaid the *African* to him, be patient, your fury at this time will be in vain: I do not doubt but it troubles you, that you have reſcued your Rival, inſtead of your Miſtreſs, and that it muſt be great regret to you to have twice betrayed your Uncle, when you conſider the

effects

effects of that Treaſon were nothing elſe but the delivering up *Feliciana* to her *Alphonſo*; but there is a Deſtiny in Love, as in other things; you were not born to be more happy in yours, I am ſorry for it with all my heart, and will pray heartily to *Cupid* to comfort you. As for my ſelf, 'tis not in my power, I am young *Ribieros*, and can be no bodies elſe: And having ended her Speech, ſhe whipt on her Horſe, and *Alphonſo* and *Mandoce* followed: *Alphonſo* had like to have run away at the very ſight of *Feliciana*, ſo ſtrange an impreſſion had the opinion of her inconſtancy made in him: But *Mandoce* perceiving it, got up to him, and conjured him not to be ſo fierce, for he could aſſure him his Miſtreſs was innocent. What ſhe ſaid to *Don Fernand* confirmed his report, ſo that *Alphonſo* followed her much better ſatisfied than when ſhe fell firſt upon *Fernand*. *Don Fernand* endeavoured to have oppoſed their flight, at leaſt not to leave them; but the firſt was impoſſible, and as to the ſecond, the trouble which was upon him not permitting him the prudent management of his Horſe, he ran him upon a Rock before he was aware, and down he came with all four. The two Lovers did not hold it any part of their Charity to relieve him; they rid as faſt as they could to *Carthagena*, and from thence paſt with all ſpeed into *Africk*, where the ſincerity of *Alphonſo*'s intentions, made the Father and Mother of *Feliciana* forget what their Daughter had done. And all the Family of the *Ribieros* were glad to follow their Example. The fury of the Count *d'Atrevalo* was ſo great upon the News that the two Lovers were arrived ſafely in *Barbary*,

that

that not content to exercise his rage upon his Nephew (who was pursued and slain by his Orders) he extended it to all such as had any intimacy or relation to *Alphonso*. He persecuted *Don Garcias* severely, for having taken away the best part of his Estate, and caused his elder Son to be executed, he forced the old man to seek Sanctuary with his youngest: and this was the Source of all the Divisions in the Kingdom of *Castille*, which in less than thirty years time caused the change of so many Masters, and at length pulled down his Holinesses Excommunication upon the Head of the Count *d'Atrevalo*; but we will leave him to his penitences, and continue our Remarks upon the most amorous Passages in History.

Love is a thing hereditary falls
Like Land, unto the Children; Parents free,
And gay, produce the like, no spleens, no galls,
But streams of Love run down the family.
The mother which before was soft and kind,
But seldom leaves a dogged Girl behind.

Jane *supposed* of Castille. There is no Reader I suppose so ignorant, but he knows what the *Spanish* History reports of *Leonora*, the Wife of *Henry* the Fourth, King of *Castille*, surnamed the Impotent. This Princess having a private Amour with the Count *de Cueva*, chief of the Family we have mentioned so lately, and since created Duke of *Albuquerque*, would not trouble her self, as other Ladies do, to conceal it from her Husband, she made her Love an Affair of State; and King *Henry*, perswaded

ſwaded that it was by his fault his Wife had no Children, and being paſſionately deſirous of them, he intreated *Leonora* very civilly that ſhe would contrive ſome way or other to provide him one. She pretended great horrour at the firſt Propoſition, that ſhe might have the pleaſure of being preſſed; and the King did her that kindneſs, he preſt, he intreated, and his Election concurring with the Queens, the good Monarch conducted the Count *de Cueva* to the Royal Bed with his own hand. The buſineſs was executed with full liberty, and of this admirable Conjunction that *Jane* was born who was owned by *Henry*, and for a long time after diſputed the Crown with the famous *Iſabella*, Grand-mother to the Emperour *Charles* V. It would be to invert the Laws of Nature and Gallantry, to aſcribe rigid and ſevere Vertue to a Daughter of ſo ſpurious Extraction, we muſt endeavour to repreſent her conformable to the Birth wherewith her Mother had honoured her. She was not above ſixteen or ſeventeen years of age, when *Lewis* XI. King of *France* (the ſame we have ſpoken of before as Dauphin in the Gallanteries of *Agnes*) ſent the Biſhop of *Alby* to demand her in Marriage for his Brother the Count *de Guyenne*. The Count *de Boulogne* was imployed particularly from the Count *de Guyenne* with full power in his Name to do what he thought requiſite in the Affair, and he thought good to fall in Love with her himſelf. He was handſom, and airy, and the *French* are never ſo tranſcendantly illuſtrious as in foreign Countries. The *Infanta* of *Caſtille* ſaw nothing at King *Henry*'s Court ſo magnificently ſpruce as the *French* Count: She could

not

not forbear running into an admiration of their Manners and Deportment, and the Count, like a good Polititian, perſwading *Monſieur d'Alby*, that to render their Embaſſie ſucceſsful, it would be convenient to gain upon the inclinations of the Princeſs, in reſpect of the power ſhe had over her Mother, and her Mother over the King; he entertained her with continual Diſcourſes about the liberty with which they made Love in *France*. It had not been long ſince *Charles* VII. was dead, and the ſeverity of *Lewis*'s Regiment was not eſtabliſht as yet: He talkt of nothing but the wonderful freedoms of the laſt Reign, to have heard him, one would have ſworn the good qualities of the Ladies were denominated by their Conqueſts, and he aſſured her that in *France* one would paſs for either ſimple, or deformed, if at her age ſhe had not had two or three Amours. The Princeſs was jealous of the reputation of her Charms, gave the Count to underſtand ſhe liked the *French* faſhion very well, and according to his deſcription, would be very glad to be in it. For her firſt Leſſon, he cauſed her Picture to be taken in little, by the permiſſion of the Queen, to ſend it as he pretended, to the Count *de Guyenne*; but when it was finiſht, he cauſed a Copy to be taken, and ſending that to the Count, he kept the Original for himſelf; See, Madam, ſaid he to the Princeſs, how ingenious men demean themſelves in our Court; their pretences are honourable and fair in every thing they do. Their outward profeſſions are always above cenſure; but the ſecret intention they reſerve to themſelves; and it would be a ſign of a very barren invention to

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circumſcribe it within the bounds of a ſingle deſign. Such ſolid Leſſons as theſe meeting with a Nature apt and diſpoſed, made ſo great a progreſs in a few months, that the Princeſs was able to have commented upon his Text. *Caſtille* was then in great Troubles by the pretenſions of the Infant *Alphonſo*, Brother of *Iſabella*, and the Nephew of *Henry*, who (as Hiſtorians ſay) without any lawful Right made Claim to the Crown. The Grandees of the Country endeavoured to accommodate the difference. The Marqueſs *de Villena* ſupporting *Alphonſo*'s, and the Duke of *Albuquerque Henry*'s pretenſions. The young Princeſs had a mind to bring over the Marqueſs to the Intereſts of *Henry*, in which ſhe was ingaged; and to that purpoſe bethought her ſelf of putting the Count of *Boulognes* Documents in practice: The Marqueſs *de Villena* hoping to draw ſome advantage from the Converſation of the Princeſs, which might be profitable to *Alphonſo*, prevented the obliging deſigns ſhe had upon his Heart. They began their firſt Commerce with their Eyes: if he thought he underſtood the meaning of her glances, his were no leſs intelligible to her; ſo that there needed no further explication of that Language. There was a Garden belonging to the Palace, reſerved only for the Queen and her Daughter to walk in, into which no man was ever admitted: The Princeſs took the Air there every night without any Attendance but an old Governeſs (the Count *de Boulogne* had corrupted) and her Maids who never came near her but when they were called. The Marqueſs found a way to introduce himſelf into this Garden; he attended the

hour

hour in which the Princeſs was accuſtomed to walk, and following her with his Eye into a Grove of Cypreſs-trees which formed themſelves into a Labyrinth, he diſcovered himſelf to her when he judged it convenient. The Princeſs was ſurpriſed to ſee a man in that place, and the firſt impreſſion made her retire: but the Marqueſs conjuring her to hear him one word, the *Infanta* was flexible and yielded. And for as much as the Daughters of Kings are not to be courted as common perſons are, reaſons of State being always the pretence of an ingenious Lover among them; he began firſt with a Declaration of the abſolute Power he had to negotiate in the difference betwixt *Alphonſo* and *Henry*; he next repreſented how eaſie it would be for him to propoſe in the Treaty her Marriage with *Alphonſo*, and obſerving the effect that Overture had upon the Princeſs, he began to inſinuate the Love he had for her himſelf, and declared that by her indulgence and affection, ſhe might ingage him in her Intereſts. The Princeſs took a reſolution worthy of the Doctrine the *French* Count had preacht to her: ſhe pretended great ſeverity, but yet without ſhifting the Marqueſſes hopes; My heart, ſays ſhe, prefers the love of Vertue to all the Dignities in the World, nevertheleſs it is not ſo ungrateful, but a conſiderable ſervice may have an influence upon it. In the midſt of this Conference the Princeſs apprehended ſhe heard ſome body walk behind the Paliſſade, againſt which ſhe was leaning, and ſhe trembled at the Alarm. Though the Queen had made no profeſſion of auſterity her ſelf, yet ſhe exacted it in others, and according to the Maxime of

of Court Ladies, was a declared Enemy to all other peoples Courtſhip. The Princeſs fearing therefore to be ſurpriſed alone in diſcourſe with a man, made but one leap betwixt the place where ſhe was, and the door into her Appartment; and in imitation of her, the Marqueſs made as much haſte away as he could. He that put them to the rout, ſaw nothing but their ſhadow: it was the Count of *Boulogne*, who obſerving her walk, had got in at one of the Gates, and was watching upon the ſame deſign as had tempted his Rival. He was in as much fear of being diſcovered as they. When he heard them he hid himſelf, and ſuſpecting nothing of the truth, he gave them as much leiſure to eſcape as they could wiſh. When by the profound ſilence after they were fled, he judged he might come forth without danger, he ſtole to the Princeſſes Window (which he knew lookt into the Garden) reſolved to knock gently, and if it were poſſible, prevail for ſome moments Converſe; but he was ſurpriſed with a violent ſhowre of rain, which made him apprehend the Princeſs, could neither come out her ſelf, nor put her head out of the Window, ſo that he was glad to retire very melancholy upon the illneſs of his ſucceſs. As he was marching off, he perceived ſomething under his feet, which he took up, and found it like a Womans Pantoffle or high Shoe; and indeed it was one of the *Infanta*'s, which ſhe loſt as ſhe was running away, and durſt not ſtoop to take it up again. The Count ſeized upon it, and imagining the Lady which loſt it, muſt needs have been in great haſte to leave it behind her, he concluded the noiſe he had heard could not be without

Myſtery; and had a great curioſity in himſelf to find out the bottom of it. The Pantoffle being in his Judgment neceſſary to his deſign, he put it up carefully in his Pocket, and went home to his Quarters. Being there, he began to examine it particularly, and found it to be richly embroidred, and the form very handſom; he ſent one of his Servants (who wanting no cunning) to inquire of all the Work-men in the City, for whom that Pantoffle was made, and it proved to be made for a young *Caſtellane*, called *Elvira*, who was one of the Princeſſes Maids of Honour, and having excellent invention in all kind of Trimmings, the Princeſs her ſelf wore many times of her Work. The Count *de Boulogne* being ignorant of the ſecond Deſtiny of the Pantoffle, contented himſelf with the firſt; and (his Intrigue with the Princeſs carrying more of honour than profit along with it) he thought it not incompatible, if he had made a little Love to the *Caſtillane*. She had appeared to him very pretty from his very Arrival, and if the honour of having the firſt-fruits of a Royal Heart, joyned with ſome ſecret deſigns upon the ſcore of the Count *de Guyenne*, had not ſollicited his deſires for the *Infanta*, *Elvira* had had the firſt of his devotions. He was heartily glad to find his way ſo well prepared: Lovers by the by, do not inſiſt ſo much upon Quality and Greatneſs; the Conqueſts that are moſt eaſie, are moſt acceptable with them. He built upon the foundation of a former *Rendez-vous*, and judging of *Elviras* Complexion by what he thought he knew of her already, the firſt occaſion he met with, he fancied would be favourable enough.

enough. Being at a Comedy in the Queens Apartment, and a Collation afterwards, to which the Embaſſadours were invited, he took *Elvira* aſide towards a Baliſter, and pretending to deſire her explication of ſome Paintings upon the Wainſcot, which he liked very well: 'Tis not theſe Paintings is the buſineſs, *Elvira*, ſaid he, as ſoftly as he could ſpeak, that is but the pretence of our diſcourſe: I love you, and could never be happy in an opportunity of telling you before. I know I attempt a Fort, has been taken already, but it is the cuſtom among the *French* to diſpoſſeſs all Uſurpers: I am not ignorant of your affairs, it was I routed you the Queens Garden the other night: it was I made you run in ſuch haſte, and it is I have the Pantoffle in my cuſtody, which you loſt by the way. I have not told any thing of all this to any but your ſelf, and will dye a thouſand deaths before ever I will tell it, But, fair *Elvira*, let me remember you, ſuch diſcretion as this deſerves ſome kind of favour, recompenſe it therefore, if you pleaſe. *Elvira* was young, high-ſpirited, one that would not admit of an Intrigue, and for whom Nature had liberally done, what the Laws, and Education do many times find great difficulty to do. You addreſs your ſelf very ill, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe to the Count ſomething angrily, you muſt ſeek a new Object for your Romances, ſuch trifles will not reliſh with me: And what ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſpake with that Emphaſis, as bold as the Monſieur was, ſhe put him out of Countenance. Nevertheleſs being aſſured, as he thought, *Elvira* was not ſo terrible as ſhe deſired to appear, this ſally did but redouble the ardour of

his Attaque, he watched *Elvira's* Eyes when-ever he was permitted to ſee her: He took all lawful occaſions to make her little Preſents, he gave many Balls to the Princeſſes Maids, and found a way to inſinuate, they were intended only for her. But the more he concerned himſelf, the leſs notice ſhe took. When he talkt to her of the Garden, the *Rendez-vous*, and the Pantoffle, ſhe lookt upon him as diſtracted, and he (not to drive a thing too far, when he perceived ſhe delighted not to hear) took himſelf up, and pretending to believe her heart as yet undiſpoſed of, beſeeched her he might have it in that quality rather than fail: She told him very ſnappingly, ſhe would do nothing in that nature, and that ſhe was a profeſt Enemy to thoſe kind of Intrigues; but let her ſay what ſhe would he would have been ſworn to the contrary, and that it was her caution, not her humour deceived him. Well, he muſt needs know which of the two ſpoke truth: He had made but one of the Gardiners before, he made them all now; he underſtood the Marqueſs *de Villena* entred into the Garden that night he found the Pantoffle. He ſent for the Work-man that made it, and examined it himſelf; he aſſured him he made it for *Elvira*, ſo that the obſtinacy ſhe had expreſt, began to loſe that credit it had almoſt acquired. The Count ſuſpected it an artifice, and believing it would be meritorious to convince her of her juggling, he reſolved to take her in the act. Though he had all theſe deſigns in his head, his Intrigues with the Princeſs went on nevertheleſs: He accoſted her as oft as he could, he writ Letters to her every day, and invented an hundred

dred ways to convey them; sometimes he sent them wrapt up in dryed Sweet-meats (and I suppose it was he brought up that custom at his return, for it is still practised in *France* at this day) otherwhiles he brought Verses and Songs according to the way of the *French* Court, and then stole in a Letter amongst those the Princess seemed to like. He was so ingenious likewise to cause a Busk of Leaf-gold to be made upon blue Enamel, all hollow within, and the Princess pretending to shew him the Workmanship, or playing at some kind of Sport where that would be necessary, she received his Notes many times, and many times answered them. They were as kind as at the beginning, and (except certain degrees of benevolence which he reserved till after his Embassie was concluded) he thought himself in as much favour as he could wish; but he was very much mistaken. The Marques had satisfied the *Infanta*, that her Marriage with *Alphonso* would be more honourable and advantagious, than the Count *de Guyenne*; and the Princess treating the Embassadours according to the quality of their Propositions, the Prince of *Castille's* Embassadours had the precedence in her heart. The Marques had met her by her order in the Garden, where he had found her the first time without it; and as his designs of marrying her to *Alphonso*, were not so sincere as the Count *de Boulognes* were to marry her to the Count *de Guyenne*; the story says, the Marques was much bolder with the pretences of the Prince of *Castille*, than the Count was with those of the *French* Prince. One evening when he was in the Queens Garden attending the

Princeſs who had promiſed to meet him without any Equipage but her Governante; the Count *de Boulogne*, who had his Scouts abroad, had notice where he was: he haſted privately into the Garden by the Gate that was at his diſpoſing, and expecting at leaſt to take *Elvira* in a lye, he ſtole gently behind an Arbour, where the Gardiner he had made, aſſured him the Marqueſs was entred. The evening was dark, and the Princeſs, and *Villena* ſpake very low, nevertheleſs the Count could here the Whiſpering they made. He went round about the Arbour, and throwing himſelf into it ſuddenly; How now! Madam, ſaid he to the Princeſs, you will have no Amours not you? your *Rendez vous*, and the ſtory of the Pantoffles are but Romances and Fables? you have no kindneſs for the Marqueſs of *Villena* at all? and you are naturally, what the moſt vertuous are by Education? Part of this charge was properly enough upon the Princeſs, and had the Count been aſſured to whom he had addreſt his Diſcourſe, his publick and private Intereſts would have authorized him to have expreſt himſelf in that manner: But the haughtineſs and quality of the *Infanta* would not permit her to return him any milder reply. She told the Count he was very bold to intrude himſelf into a Converſation where he was not invited; that ſhe had her reaſons for the ſecrecy of her diſcourſe with the Marqueſs, wherewith the King was already contented, and (beſides the Queen) ſhe thought her ſelf not accomptable to any body elſe; that he would be gone immediately, unleſs he deſired ſhe ſhould forget the reſpect ſhe had for his Dignity, as he had forgot

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what was due unto her. It is not eaſie to expreſs the aſtoniſhment the Count *de Boulogne* was in when he heard it was the *Infanta*; he thought he had been miſtaken, and interrupting her in a fright; Why, Madam, ſaid he to her, is it you that is in this Arbour? Yes, replied the *Infanta* in a paſſion, it is I: And this Cavalier with me is the Marqueſs *de Villena*? Yes, ſaid the Marqueſs, I am the Marqueſs *de Villena*, and I am in diſcourſe with the *Infanta* about matters of State. I ask your pardon, Madam, replied the Count out of countenance, I did not expect to have found the Marqueſs in ſo good Company, I ſhall take my meaſures better another time, and ſeeing the reſpect I owe you is expoſed by ſuch accidents undeſigned, I ſhall keep a better guard upon it for the future. Having finiſhed theſe words, he withdrew, and left the *Infanta* in a moſt inexpreſſible diſquiet. The true cauſe ſhe concealed from the Marqueſs; that piece of ſincerity is never in uſe; but the ſcrupulous vertue wherewith the Queen did ſeem to embelliſh her older years, ſupplied the Princeſs with pretences enough for her diſorder. As ſoon as ſhe was got to her Chamber, ſhe writ a Letter to the Count, and though ſhe father'd her *Rendez-vous* upon the troubles of *Caſtile*, yet ſhe expreſt ſo ſenſible a ſorrow for the ſuſpicions he had conceived, that one muſt have been the *Infanta* her ſelf to have diſcovered the fallacy. This Letter by ill Fortune fell into the hands of the Marqueſs *de Villena*. The Princeſs had the Names of her Gallants ſo ready in her memory, that ſhe confounded them; and thinking to name the Count *de Boulogne*, ſhe directed her Meſ-

ſenger to the Marqueſs. The Meſſenger underſtanding no further than what he received from her mouth for there was no Superſcription) carried it directly as the Princeſs had commanded before ſhe was aware. Such Meſſages as thoſe are uſually great interruptions to Gallants repoſe. The Marqueſs ſpent the beſt part of the night in contemplation of that gracious Letter, he was immediately ſatisfied of the miſtake. The Count was ſo exactly deſcribed, he needed not have been his Rival to diſcover it was to him. This made the Marqueſs as jealous as angry: He conſidered in what manner the Count accoſted the Princeſs, and judged her anſwer, though apparently angry, yet upon ſecond thoughts more than ordinary familiar; he deduced two or three melancholy Conſequences, and reſolved to ſecond them with Conference with the Count, he went to ſpeak with him as ſoon as he was dreſt. The Count had received a Ticket from the Princeſs, addreſt to the Marqueſs, as the Marqueſs had received one the night before intended to the Count. She had diſcovered the Deſtiny of her Letter, upon the return of her Meſſenger; and would fain have rectified it, if it were poſſible; with this deſign, ſhe conjured the Marqueſs to meet her in a Monaſtery, where ſhe was to dine that day, and where ſhe hoped to have the liberty to diſcourſe with him. The faults of Servants have ſuch a ſucceſſive concatenation, they are neither to be juſtified nor prevented. The Princeſs had given ſo ſevere a Lecture to him that carried the Letter, for having delivered it to Marqueſs *de Villena*, and reitered with ſo confuſed a tranſport, that what ſhe writ,

writ, was for the Count *de Boulogne*, that his name ran ſtill in his head, inſomuch as he miſtook again and carried the Ticket to the Count. He was juſt reading it when the Marqueſs came in, and *Villena* ſeeing him go out who brought the Note, and knowing him to be the ſame perſon who had brought him the Letter the evening before; This Officer of the Princeſs, ſaid he to the Count, hath prevented my zeal but a moment, I am come to deliver you the Letter which without doubt he has told you did belong to you. He told me but one thing (and that I am not much concerned to know) replied the Count; which is, that the Princeſs goes this day to dinner in a Monaſtery in this City; you who have more affairs to treat with her than I have, and who chuſes ſuch private places for your tranſactions, may, if you pleaſe, make your advantage of this; and giving him the Ticket, he bade him look where it was. The Marqueſs was named in it, ſo the Count made no ſcruple to deliver it to him. Ha! truly, ſaid the Marqueſs ſmiling when he had read it, this Adventure is pretty; the Princeſs I preceive would not leave us any thing wherewith to reproach one another, and I ſhould have had the advantage too much, ſhould I have given you the Letter ſhe writ to you, unleſs you had had the ſame Preſent for me. Having ſaid thoſe words, he thruſt it into his hands. The Count read it, and going on afterwards in his Diſcourſe; The Princeſs, ſaid he, takes more pains than ſhe needs, I am too wiſe to do her any injury, and too incredulous to be deceived. But, Sir, ſaid he to the Marqueſs, may I ask you, how long is it

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ſince you have been in poſſeſſion of the Princeſs's favours? for knowing ſo much as I do, I ſuppoſe you will not be deſirous to make it a ſecret; I believe, Sir, we are both guilty of the ſame indiſcretion, replied the Marquels, I am no more ignorant of your affairs, than you are of mine, and I think the Princeſs is not worthy of your Cautions, when we reflect upon the way ſhe hath treated us. The two Lovers being ſtrangely irritated, but poſſeſt with a paſſion too indifferent to produce any Tragical effects, entred into an entire intimacy upon the ſcore of their Adventures, and reſolved to be revenged by defeating her Marriage with either of the Princes from whom they were imployed. But they had not the pleaſure of that revenge, *Alphonſo* and the Count *de Guyenne* dying about the ſame time, and the King of *Caſtille* following not long after, the Princeſſes Deſtiny conducted her into *Portugal*, where ſhe failed not without doubt to put her old Maxims in practice. But I could never get the true Memoires of the reſt of her Intrigues. All I could learn was only this, that after ſeveral Adventures, a Ray of Grace confined her to a Monaſtery of Saint *Clares*, where ſhe ended her life with moſt exemplary devotion. The Count *de Boulogne* (who knowing her humour, lookt upon her retirement but as ſome amorous diſcontent) communicated his thoughts to ſo many people, that the Tradition is come down as far as us, and I have related, as I received it: and thus finding the third Tome of our Annals ſufficiently large, I make haſte to acquit my ſelf of my fourth.

THE

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE SEVENTH PART.

Ismael (who by Usurpation had wrested the *Persian* Empire out of the hands of Prince *Imerse*, Grand-child to *Usun-Cassan*) had two Sons which were Twins, the eldest was called *Seach-Caly*, and the other *Chasan-Helif*: the *Sophy* designed the first of these two Princes for a Sister of *Imerses*, named *Imerselle*, to whom from her Infancy he had given Education suitable to his design, and this Marriage being like to corroborate his Usurpa-

Uſurpations, he reſolved it in one of his Royal Feaſts, ſo famous in that Country, where it is reckoned a crime no leſs than mortal to appeal from the Decrees pronounced at ſuch times. The Grandees of that Empire having been long prepared for that Alliance, had approved it before, and the pain annext to the infringement of that Law, tranſcending any repugnancy the Princeſs could conſerve againſt the Family of that Tyrant; there was nothing expected but the Concluſion of that Negotiation, and the delivering up certain Provinces which as yet remained faithful to their lawful Prince; but in ſuch caſes the ſuffrage of the people is not ſo neceſſary, as a concurrence of Love: Which admitting no Laws but its own; Prince *Caly* underſtood thoſe of his Country in vain, and could not bring his heart to a compliance therewith. He was deſperately enamour'd of a Kinſwoman of his, called *Zuria*, and his paſſion being ſecret, was the more violent. He did what he could to reſiſt this inclination; but finding it grow higher by depreſſion, he ſent for his Brother, and made him his Confident both of his Love, and deſpair. Nor indeed could he have choſen one more ſincere, for beſides the perfect amity betwixt them, *Chaſan* had an ardent affection for *Imerſelle*: he never durſt declare it to her, becauſe he thought her too worthy of the Empire, and ſo too high for any Subject to marry; beſides he knew the Order of Nature had deſigned her for his Brother. How! Sir, ſaid he, when the Prince told him he could not love *Imerſelle*, is the Princeſs of *Perſia* offered to you, and you will not accept? I know her Excellencies well enough, replied

plied the Prince; but I am obliged by ſo ſtrong ligaments to *Zuria*, that I am not able to break them. I muſt confeſs *Imerſelle* is beautiful, I muſt confeſs ſhe is vertuous, and I know in prudence I ſhould look no further. But, dear Brother, I have no ſooner made this reflexion, but I find I know not what ebullition in my mind that oppoſes it immediately. My mind will not be ſubdued by the dictates of my reaſon, the Beauty of *Imerſelle* affects my Eye, but makes no impreſſion at my heart; and whatever I endeavour for her to no purpoſe; I feel naturally for *Zuria* without any conſtraint. Ha! Sir, replied *Chaſan*, you ſhall find more people with the ſame paſſion for *Imerſelle*, which you have for *Zuria*, than you ſhall find on the contrary: Nothing in this World is ſo perfect as *Imerſelle*, nor nothing in this World ſo deſirable. Ha! dear Brother, cryed the Prince embracing him, if I be not miſtaken, I diſcern you, you love *Imerſelle* without doubt, and though Fortune hath done me a diſpleaſure, I ſee ſhe hath provided me a remedy: Is it poſſible that in robbing my ſelf of a thing I abhor, I ſhould be ſerviceable to a Brother I love ſo entirely? It is but too poſſible that I love *Imerſelle*, replied *Chaſan*, for my paſſion for her is as ancient as my reaſon. But, Sir, which way will that be a remedy to you? you muſt reſolve to dye, or marry the Princeſs. Our Father is ſevere, he apprehends the Revolt of a people he hath conquered, who do ſtill retain an inclination to their natural Prince: He will never encourage their diſobedience, by diſpenſing with yours; and (I cannot ſpeak it but with horrour) I have too much reaſon

to believe he will punish it in you as severely as in the meanest of his Subjects; What advantage to you then, if I admire *Imerselle*? will my misfortune be a diminution to yours? and will you think your self the less miserable for my being so too? We must try what we can to be neither of us so, replied *Scach Caly*, the *Sophy* is old, and I cannot think will make over-much haste to consummate our Marriage: He hath a troublesom War upon his hands will give him impediment for a while; let us make use of the present, and leave futurity to the disposition of the Heavens. Having said thus, he proposed that Prince *Chasan* should make Love to *Imerselle* in his Name. We shall have no great task to obtain conveniencies, continued Prince *Caly*, we are of the same stature, and have the same voice, let us commit the rest to the Conduct of Love. It was not many days after this resolution was taken, before the Princes met an occasion for an Essay: The Prince *Imerse* was retired to the Court of *Bajazet* II. Emperour of the *Turks*, who had given hopes of restoring him to the Throne of his Fathers. *Campson*, Sultan of *Egypt*, declared Enmity to *Bajazet*, being glad to divert those Troops which might otherwise be imployed against him, sent *Thoman Bey* (who succeeded him in that Monarchy) to the *Sophy*, to offer him Alliance, and conjure him to an Union. This Overture was too much to *Ismaels* advantage to be refused; he received the Embassadour very honourably, and to do something the *Egyptian* might more particularly apply to his own esteem and his Country's, the Court of *Persia* invented Dances *à l'Egyptienne*,

ptienne, in which they danced masked, and habited after the manner of *Egypt*. This Disguise furnishing the Princes with the opportunity they wanted, they caused their Habits to be made exactly alike, and *Caly* giving place to his Brother, and paying him all the respects that might signifie him to be elder Brother, he got the liberty to be with *Zuria*, whilst *Chasan* supplied his place next *Imerselle*. The Princess *Imerselle* found her false *Caly* much more passionate than her true one: he expresst himself so zealously, and in such terms, as the sincerity of her old *Caly* could not dispense with: one of the conditions of this Ball was, that they should have liberty to steal little discourses whilst it lasted, and *Chasan* received those his good Fortune gave him with the Princess, with so great transportation, the Princess was surprised. I believe, Sir, said she to him smiling, the Habit you wear hath some secret propriety to make you amorous, you never appeared so much to me before, and 'tis no longer ago than last night, I was telling the Princess *Zuria*, your Cousin, that if your coolness continued, I should be the first would expose my self to the rigour of the Law, rather than see you obey the *Sophy* with so much reluctancy. Disguise, Madam, replied *Chasan*, is many times so necessary to Love, Lovers can speak nothing passionately without it; It is not the Command of the *Sophy* that brings me thus near you, it is the desire of my own heart; I might be another, not *Caly*, without yours or my Fathers perceiving it: But my heart acting by peculiar Principles of its own, without any foreign constraint, it is Love which speaks by my mouth, and not

not the *Sophy*'s Decree that excites me. But this Love, is it more constrained in my Closet, replied *Imerselle*, or in another place you please to chuse, than in the confusion of so great an Assembly? Were we of those kind of Lovers to whom all occasions of Converse were interdicted, or whose actions were exposed to the eyes of our Enemies, I should not wonder you should want a Disguise to declare your affection; but by his direction, to whom Nature and Fortune hath obliged us both, you may impart it how, where, and as often as you please; all places are proper, and all expressions allowed you; how comes it then you have been so indifferent before, and are so vehement now? The Prince would have been put to some trouble to have answered this second question, had not the Company broke up, and relieved them. His Brother and he ran to the Window, as it had been to take a little air, and returning without their Masks, *Scach Caly* was obliged to give *Imerselle* his hand, and to wait upon her to her Appartment; but it was done with a coldness so unconformable to the Discourse she had had before, that she could not but admire the difference. The *Sophy* believing it had been his eldest Son that entertained *Imerselle* all the while, and perceiving him whom he took to be his second, to keep close to *Zuria*, he fancied he was in Love with her, and was not displeased; *Chasan*, said he to him next morning, I am sensible of the secret inclinations of your heart; fatherly Love is full of observation, and I have discovered that which perhaps you never intended I should see. I might complain that you consulted me not; but I

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am a good Father, and will impute that want of respect, to the impetuosity of a passion, which by my own experience I know is not to be master'd by persons of your age. *Chasan* could not at first recollect what should cause this Errour in the *Sophy*; he suspected he had discovered himby some or other of his gestures, whilst he was in Conference with *Imerselle*, and that preferring the satisfaction of his Children to the rigour of his Laws, he would not constrain their inclinations. Is it possible, Sir, your paternal Love should have so excellent an efficacy? replied *Chasan*; Yes, dear Son, it has, replied *Ismael*, and I give you my inviolable word; the same day your elder Brother marries the Princess of *Persia*, the same day you shall marry your Cousin *Zuria*; His Cousin, Sir? replied *Caly*, who was present at the promise. Yes, his Cousin, replied the *Sophy*, I observed him discoursing with her last night, as with a person not indifferent to him, and though I might well dispose of him otherwise, yet such is my indulgence, I shall gratifie his desires. It was very lucky that the *Sophy* went into his Closet as soon as he had spoke these words: the Princes discomposure had discovered that which they intended to conceal: They retired to their Appartments so afflicted and confused, they had scarce power to contain themselves from murmuring. How! said *Chasan*, is it not sufficient to satisfie the rigour of my Destiny, that I have loved a Princess from my Childhood, and dare not hope to injoy it? But I must marry one I neither can, nor ought to love, Is it nothing, said *Caly*, that I must be deprived of *Zuria*, but I must be forced to marry *Imerselle*?

and my Brother whom I love as my ſelf, muſt he become the only Perſon in the World I ought to hate? How! *Zuria* muſt be married to *Chaſan*? then *Chaſan* it is I muſt eſteem the only ruine and ſupplanter of my happineſs. It ſhall never be, Sir, replied the young Prince, I can love no body but *Imerſelle*, and therefore will never be married to *Zuria*. You would marry her, replied the diſconſolate *Caly*, could you but conceive the ſecret Charms wherewith ſhe effacinates the hearts of all that approach her, could you but diſcern the ſweetneſs of her Wit, the excellence of her Soul, and the obliging way ſhe has in all her actions. Ha! dear Brother, 'tis impoſſible you ſhould ſee that Princeſs with the leaſt aſſiduity, but you muſt needs be in Love with her. I am afraid rather, replied *Chaſan*, you will not be able to defend your ſelf againſt the tranſcendencies of *Imerſelle*, when you come to obſerve her with more intention. No, you are ſecure againſt that danger, replied Prince *Caly*, interrupting him, I have had tryal already of the Charms of *Imerſelle*, and I find they can do nothing upon me; but you having as yet had no conflict with *Zuria*, your firſt muſt of neceſſity be mortal. After they had a long time tormented one another in this manner, they went together to *Imerſelles* Lodgings, and found the Princeſs *Zuria* with her; had Love been to have diſpoſed of their places, the Princes had known how to have choſen them well enough. But *Zuria* being fearful of the life of her Prince, would not ſuffer him to ſpeak privately with her in the preſence of the Princeſs of *Perſia*; and *Chaſan* apprehending *Imerſelles* ſeve-

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rity, durſt not owne his paſſion without his Diſguiſe. The conſtraint they ſuffered in not having the liberty of their own inclinations, was conſpicuouſly viſible in their faces. *Zuria* took notice of *Caly*'s diſtraction, and applied all the conſolation the kindneſs of her glances could contribute; and the more ſhe applied, the more his diſquiet was increaſed. The Princeſs of *Perſia* imagining the Prince at that time ſo melancholy and dejected, was the ſame who the night before was ſo vigorous, and brave, ſhe upbraided him by his puſillanimity, and he knew not how to defend himſelf. They ſpent all the afternoon in this doleful imployment, but the evening being come, the Princes hoping for more favours from its obſcurity, than from the clearneſs of the day. They propoſed to the Princeſſes to take a Walk; they accepted of the motion, and all four went down into the Garden together: *Scach-Caly* led *Imerſelle*, and *Chaſan Zuria*; the Prince lookt back every ſtep he went, to ſee if *Zuria*'s Beauty had not produced the effects he preſaged. By the actions of his Brother, it ſeemed to him his Propheſie was falſe, and whilſt they were in the light, his ſuſpicions were tolerable, but when they came into the dark Alley, and he could not ſee what paſſed betwixt them, he loſt all conſideration, and cryed out, without knowing what he ſaid, he will be in Love withher, doubtleſs he will be in Love with her; it is impoſſible for him to defend himſelf: Who do you ſpeak of? ſaid *Imerſelle* interrupting him, and griping him by the hand. The Prince was troubled to find he had betrayed himſelf, and doing what he could to re-

collect; It is my Brother, Madam, I ſpeak to, replied he. He has often told me he is Beauty-proof, and that no Woman living was able to make any impreſſion upon him; I was unwilling he ſhould have that advantage of me, and therefore I intreated my Couſin to uſe what Art ſhe could to ſubdue him. Will you pleaſe, Madam, and we will liſten to hear how ſhe ſucceeds? The word was no ſooner out of his mouth, but he ran the Princeſs up into a Hedge, and thruſt himſelf by her: It was dark in that Alley in the day time, and was not to be expected it ſhould be lighter, when it was dark every where elſe. *Chaſan* and his Couſin paſt juſt by *Imerſelle* and the Prince without perceiving them in the leaſt, and *Caly* heard what his Brother diſcourſed; It is that, ſaid he, will be one day the greateſt of our pleaſures. A declared Intrigue is but flat and inſipid; Love is never ſo well ſetled, as where no body ſuſpects its reſidence. *Chaſan* ſpoke theſe words upon the ſcore of his paſſion for the Princeſs of *Perſia*; but *Caly*'s Jealouſie would not admit of that interpretation; he underſtood all according to the depravity of his own ſenſe, and that imagination over-powring his Judgment, he ran immediately to his Brother, and left his Princeſs without her Gentleman-Uſher. *Chaſan* heard one behind him, and demanding who was there, *Caly* quickly informed him, by thruſting him haſtily from *Zuria*, and telling him he had ſupplied that place long enough; he intimated thereby that his place with *Imerſelle* was vacant. *Chaſan* ran to the Princeſs to propagate the Myſtery of the *Egyptian*; he found her highly diſguſted with the manner in which *Caly* had

had quitted her, she was got as far as the end of the Alley, to have called her Women, and gone back to her Lodgings: But *Chasan* stopt her by the Gown, and desired the reason of her retreat. Here is no need of me, Sir, said she twitching her Gown out of his hand, and doubling her pace. The young Prince imagined presently *Caly* had discovered something of his Love to *Zuria*, and being desirous, if possible, to repair it: But, fair Princess, said he to *Imerselle*, holding her still by the Gown, do not use me so severely, I beseech you, I am not capable of any desire that may offend you; if before I was aware I have done any thing has displeased you; See, Madam, I am ready to dye in expiation. This submission of *Chasan*, whom she took all the while for *Caly*, did in some measure qualifie her anger: she loved not that Prince, but as one he thought designed to be her Husband; but she was high, knew well she deserved all the respects of a Lover, and could not brook the indifferencies of *Caly*. She made her reproaches therefore to *Chasan*, mistaking him for *Caly*, which he found by their fiercenes to proceed from a real displeasure. You indulge my affection perhaps more than you intend, when you let me see so much of your indignation: it is too violent to be the effect of an ordinary cause: You love doubtless, for so immoderate an anger goes seldom unaccompanied with a proportion of the other. Do not you flatter your self with that imagination, replied *Imerselle*, if I love you, it is only so far as I am forced by the Commands of the *Sophy*. Before I was obliged to marry you by that irrevocable Decree, I lookt upon you as there had

been no such man, and (by a blind instinct from I know not what cause) had I consulted my own heart, I should have found there Prince *Chasans* interest much greater than yours. *Chasans*, Madam? replied the Prince. Yes *Chasans*, replied *Imerselle*, his deportment accommodates much more with my humour than yours: he has more Complacency for me than you, and I find a secret propensity in me to do him what service I can. Ha! Madam, cryed *Chasan*, interrupting her, do not suppress that propensity, I beseech you. *Chasan* is equally dear to me with my self, his advantages are mine, I feel all his desires, I participate of his joys, and I cannot be happy but in his good Fortune. I said not what I did, replied the Princess, to put you upon that declaration: I am sensible how I am ingaged by the Laws of the *Persians*, and the Sympathy I have for your Brother, will not make me hazard my life by making him my Husband; nor indeed do I know whether he would desire it, we have never discoursed of any such thing, but I am glad I have this opportunity to let you know that 'tis my Honour, and nothing else, is exasperated by your slights. Find but a way of enfranchizing me from the penalty of the Decree; restore me but once freely to my self, and dispose of your self afterward as you please, I'le assure you I shall not be concerned, but whilst I continue under the ingagement that is upon me, I expect it should be reciprocal, and you sensible of your obligation as well as my self. This Discourse drawing on *Chasan* into a Conversation he did not like, he was constrained to personate *Caly* all the rest of the Walk:

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he beg'd her pardon for what he had not done, and made a thouſand prayers and proteſtations: They had the true Character of Love, that paſſion is never more prodigal of its favours than at the time of reconciliation. *Chaſan* had a Ring given him by the Princeſs off of her finger upon this condition, that whenever ſhe was required by that Signal to perform her ingagement, ſhe would chearfully receive him for her Husband. The Prince *Caly* had almoſt the ſame aſſurances from *Zuria*; ſhe could not (whatever ſhe ſaid) reſolve to expoſe a perſon ſhe loved ſo entirely, to the ſeverity of his Father: But Love having inſpired him with thoughts of running to ſome Sanctuary, ſhe conſented, and obliged her ſelf that when-ever they found themſelves reduced to that neceſſity, ſhe would readily ſubmit. Theſe favourable hopes quieted the diſorders of the two Brothers; they paſt that night with more tranquillity than they had done five or ſix before; but their ſleep was a Cheat, which inchanted them for ſome hours, only to make their ſorrows the more ſenſible when they wak ed. The Prine *Imerſe* having advertiſement of *Iſmaels* deſigns upon the perſon of his Siſter, being averſe to that Alliance, and retaining a juſt hatred to the Uſurper of his Throne, he reſolved to attempt any thing might obſtruct the accompliſhment of the Marriage. The *Sophy* held his Court at that time at *Xiras*, the Capital City of that Province in *Perſia*. This City preſerved a fidelity for its Prince, which all *Iſmaels* Authority could never eradicate; *Imerſe* ſent private Agents to the principal Inhabitants, remonſtrated the trouble it would

be to him to ſee his blood confounded with the blood of his implacable Enemy; and conjured them, if they could poſſibly, to prevent that diſparagement by ſtealing *Imerſelle* away: His Agents acquitted themſelves ſo well of their Commiſſion, that the very night after the Walk we have mentioned, the Princeſs of *Perſia* was ſurpriſed, and the Princeſs *Zuria* with her, who unfortunately for *Caly*, lay that night with *Imerſelle*. The Enterpriſe was performed without any great noiſe; the Princeſſes Lodging in a quarter of the Palace, a good diſtance from the *Sophys* Appartment; the Inſtruments of the deſign were let in by the Princeſſes Women, who were moſt of them related ſome way or other to the heads of the Party, and the Prince *Imerſe* having charged them with expreſs Order under his Hand, that his Siſter might not miſtake, there was only *Zuria's* ſkreeks to be prevented, which were ſtopt before ſhe was well awake. They clapt the Princeſſes into a Coach which attended on purpoſe, conveyed them out of a Gate they had ſecured, and following the Road to *Texel* with all ſpeed, they were received into that Town by *Imerſe*, and the Sultan *Selim*, the Son of *Bajazet* II. who in the name of his Father had the Command of all *Phrygia*. It is eaſie to imagine the affliction of the two Princes at this ſorrowful News; they mounted immediately, and being followed by the whole Court they endeavoured to diſcover which way theſe Raviſhers were gone; but they could have no information, till it was too late to overtake them: They ſeemed to be inconſolable, and their Love not being to be confined within the bounds

bounds of ſimple grief, they reſolved to get to their Princeſſes, if they could, and try all ways poſſible, for their relief. They took upon them the Habit of certain new *Derviſes* of the Sect of *Scaydar*, who was a famous Commentator upon the *Alcoran*, and from whom they were deſcended, and alluding the Cautions of their old Father, they took their way towards *Phrygia*. They had not marcht far before they had News of what they ſought after: The Sultan *Selim* was fallen in Love with *Imerſelle* at firſt ſight, and *Imerſe* had as great a paſſion for *Zuria*; their Loves were ſo conſpicuous by their publick magnificences, there was ſcarce one perſon ignorant of it in the whole Country. Our loving *Derviſes* were almoſt diſtracted at the Report, they haſtened their march, and in a ſhort time were advanced within half a days Journey of *Cibotis*, called otherwiſe *Apamia*, where the Sultan *Selim* held his Court. They took up their habitations in a Deſart near the River *Meandre*; a Grot with two or three murmuring Fountains were preſented to them by Chance, as it had been by Command. Such perſons as they had been conſtrained to bring along with them, they ſent into the City, to ſupply ſuch things as they wanted, and to diffuſe the noiſe of their extraordinary Vertue among the people, which was ſo effectually performed, they were not long before they were viſited by all the Bigots and Fanaticks in Mahumetiſm. They entertained their devout Viſitants with Diſcourſes only of the Vanity of this World, and the ſolid pleaſure in the Contemplation of the next. It is a general Maxime, the hypocritical Devout is always more eloquent

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than the true, their ſoul is full of nothing but it ſelf, the humility of good men, and meditation upon what they are to treat, and this Evangelical ſimplicity (which is the imitable Character of true piety) adding much to the riches of their expreſſion, they become very ſtrong and powerful in their perſwaſions. Our pretended *Derviſes* joyning to their Hypocriſie, a high natural Wit, made ſo great a progreſs among the Inhabitants of *Texel*, that in a ſhort time the News of them came to the ears of Sultan *Selim*. The new *Scaydars* were not mentioned but as the eldeſt Sons of Prophets, and (by an uſual Hyperbole in ſuch occaſions) ſeveral perſons affirmed they had ſeen them do Miracles, who never heard of them but from the mouth of ſome fantaſtical Enthuſiaſt, or the relation of ſome private Emiſſaries of their own. This high reputation drawing upon them the eſteem of the Sultan, he ſent Preſents to the pretended *Derviſes*, and conjuring them to recommend him to their Prophet. They promiſed him their interceſſion, but his Preſents they returned, pretending they renounced all things belonging to this World; and had now no Commerce but with the Angels. This Anſwer moved the Curioſity of *Selim*, he made an agreement with the Prince *Imerſe*, to make them a Viſit: The two Princes had advertiſement of their deſign; they had their Spies in the Town, who obſerved and gave notice of the motions of their Rivals: They ſtudied gravity for ſome time wherewith they might receive them; and *Selim* being arrived at their Cave, they knew ſo well how to furniſh it with ſuch things as might perſwade him of their Sanctity,

Sanctity, that the beſt piece of Houſhold-ſtuff to be ſeen, was the inſtrument they kept to mortifie their fleſh. The Inventory almoſt frighted the two *Curioſoes*, they were afraid of profaning ſo holy a place, and the *Derviſes* ſeconding their Errour; Moſt dear Children of our great Prophet, ſaid *Caly* to them, be not fearful to approach the moſt humble Servants of the Eternal; 'tis for your ſakes only we are ſent into this Province, and it is the charitable care the Heavens take of your Conduct, that has put it into your hearts to viſit us. Hark, you Sultan *Selim*; Hark, you Prince *Imerſe*, the Stars do look upon you with a malevolent Aſpect, and you have a ſtrong diſpoſition to follow their malign Influence: Our Divine Prophet has thought you worthy of his own direction in ſo perillous a paſſage, and we are the ſacred Interpreters of his adorable intentions. At theſe words adorable, ſacred Interpreters, delegated to them from ſo venerable a Prophet; the Sultan *Selim* and Prince *Imerſe*, made a moſt profound Reverence, and proteſting they would receive with as much ſubmiſſion as faith, the divine Decrees it ſhould pleaſe thoſe *Scaydars* to pronounce, they humbly intreated they would vouchſafe to begin the Exerciſe of their Miſſion. The counterfeit *Derviſes* concluded it beſt to pretend as much difficulty as they could, to confirm their Rivals in their credulity. The Myſteries of Heaven are neither explained, nor received with ſo little preparation, ſaid *Chaſan*, there muſt be prayers, and auſterities to open the ſacred Repoſitories of the Celeſtial graces: You have a heart repleat with mundane deſires, how

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can you believe, till they be expelled, there ſhould be room for divine Inſpirations? Purge, purge away the pollutions wherewith that is defiled, and then our great Prophet will repleniſh you with ſuch ſalutiferous emanations as he has reſerved for you: Love, hatred, and ambition are like ſo many Tempeſts in your Soul, force your ſelves what you can to calm them, excite your ſelves what you can to tranquillity, deprive your ſelves of the ſight of ſuch objects, as produce thoſe turbulencies in your ſoul; we do not name them, becauſe our revelation tell us, you will divine even that, of which we think not convenient to remember you. But, dear Princes, let us acquaint you, we are not ignorant of the moſt ſecret of your thoughts; and when you ſhall be worthily prepared for our inſtructions, ſhall tell you ſuch things as will ſurpriſe you: Go then, and put your ſelves into a condition to merit that bounty wherewith the Heavens are pleaſed to favour you; and when you judge your ſouls in ſuch a poſture as is required, repair to us again, and be further informed. Theſe cunning *Derviſes* referred the Rivals to a ſecond Conference, as well to agree upon what they were to ſay, as not to render themſelves ſuſpected of a premeditated deſign; and this adjournment producing the effect they expected, the Sultan calculated the importance of their advice, by the difficulty they made of giving it: he thought he might from theſe Holy perſons draw ſuch wholeſom inſtructions as might direct him in the conduct of his whole life. Theſe Fathers have a ſtrict Communication with Heaven, ſaid he to Prince *Imerſe*, the brightneſs of their vertue blazing

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in their actions, and there is a Character of piety so visible in their faces, it seems to be expanded by the divine hands of that great Prophet himself: *Imerse* concurred exactly in *Selims* observations, and both of them projecting to make their advantage of the Present Heaven had made them of these wonderful men, they sent to give them an account of the preparations they had made for a second Visit, and to desire their opinions, whether they were sufficient. The Princes sent them word, no: They had sent out their Scouts for more news; and from the people which came to see them, wheedled out such Intelligence as was necessary for their design, they had a mind to gain more time to compleat their informations, and contented themselves to send them this single Injunction, that above all things they should forbear the Conversation of Women, lest they should abuse the authority their Director had given them; there was no sort of penance but they exacted from their Rivals; they made them fast, they made them watch; and their subtleties extended to greater tryals than those: But at length, supposing themselves sufficiently inlighted, they let fall their secret persecution; and the day for their second Visit being appointed, the abused Princes came again to their Grot. The anger of Heaven, said *Chasan* to them as soon as he saw them, begins to dispel, the instance of your prayers, and the piety of your works, have mollified the rigour of that sentence the Stars seemed to pronounce against you: And that you may believe we speak not of our selves, you shall hear what our great Prophet has revealed to us; You, Sultan *Selim*, said he

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to the *Turkiſh* Prince, taking him aſide, you have drawn down the divine diſpleaſure upon your head, by a ſecret animoſity you had againſt your Brother *Mahumet*; you would have been preferred before him to the Government of *Amaſia*, and not ſucceeding in your deſign, the deſpight you conceived prevailed with you to excite the people of that Province to complain of him ſo vigorouſly, their complaints coſt him his life. Do not I tell you true, Sir, ſaid *Chaſan*? The Sultan was forced to confeſs, he had actually committed all he was charged with, and having added ſomething of his own, he confirmed the *Dervis* in whatever their perquiſition had cauſed them to ſuſpect. The Heavens, juſtly incenſed againſt you for ſo deteſtable a crime, continued he, has provoked you to the Love of a Princeſs of *Perſia*, which will be certainly your ruine: It is decreed, and our great Prophet has ſent us on purpoſe to give you advice; but your, and our prayers begin to incline him. He was a man, as you are, and though his humanity was ſuſtained by divine Qualifications, he knows nevertheleſs how far the frailties of your Nature may carry you: Let that Princeſs be brought hither, let her Attendants be as few as they can, for we delight not to converſe with more in this World than is neceſſary for your preſervation; and for no other reaſon, but for the accompliſhment of our Prophets deſigns, could we be induced to any private Entertainment with Womankind: But we know our inſtructions, and it is for the execution of them only we are come into this Province. The Sultan was ſo reſpectful, and ſo ſerious in his attention, the counterfeit *Dervis* had

had much ado to compose himself, and retain the gravity required: nor was *Caly* in the mean time under lesser temptation; he was gotten into the particulars of all *Imerses* affairs. That Prince had ingenuously confest all the Circumstances of the stealing the Princesses, named the persons with whom he had Intelligence in *Xiras*, and discovered several other Secrets of importance, which the *Dervis* fisht out of him by pretending he knew all before, and demanded his recapitulation, as a mark only of his submission to the will of the Prophet, and passing from matters of State, to matters of Love; You are in Love, Sir, said he, with the Princess *Zuria*, the prescience wherewith we are indued, gave us information of that Love, even before it was conceived: But, Sir, let me tell you, you will meet with great difficulties in that Enterprise, it is not at all pleasing to our divine Prophet, and you will make him a Sacrifice infinitely grateful, if you surmount that passion, and desist: Ha: holy Father, replied *Imerse*, it is not possible to surmount it; if any thing could have prevailed, the Princesses severity would have done it: she is insensible of all my pains, and received my offers with most insufferable neglect. Without doubt, replied *Caly*, her heart is prepossest in favour of some other person. Has not the Sultan *Selim*, think you, made no impression there; he is young, he is handsom, has his just expectation of the *Ottoman* Throne, and I am afraid (by what I observe in the Constellations) that Prince will betray the confidence you have in him. If he must betray me, replied *Imerse*, it is not upon this occasion; he is extravagantly

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in Love with my Sister, and the Princess for whom my passion is so violent, has no less indifference for all the World than for me: Yet I cannot but think her of an amorous temper, replied the *Dervis*, she is born under a Planet not guilty of such indifferent Influences, and I dare promise I could find out a place in her heart capable of those impressions, had I but discoursed with her as long as I have done with you. How! I beseech you, said *Imerse* interrupting him, will you vouchsafe to discourse with her, and I will bring her to you when-ever you please; she will make no scruple of coming, she has already an extreme curiosity to see you, and when the other day I gave her a description of your person, I observed an emotion in her countenance so great, as I thought she had not been capable of. I commend her zeal, replied *Caly*, the desire of seeing persons eminent for their piety, is a happy preparative to their imitation. Heaven does not grant those graces to all the World, and I know by that, *Zuria* is a Darling of the divine Prophet, upon which assurance you shall obtain that act of charity from me when you please. But it must be speedily, for the time that was assigned us for our conversation of men, is now almost expired; and we must ere long leave our association with prophane persons, to renew our Commerce with the Angels. The credulous *Imerse* knockt his knees with a holy trepidation at the *Dervises* news; and making the bargain as strong as he could, for the next day, *Selim* obtained of *Chasan*, that *Imerselle* might bear her Company. The *Dervises* slept but little the night before that blessed Enterview; *Caly*'s joy produced

produced transports incompatible with his repose, and his Brothers apprehensions kept him as watchful on the other side. He was afraid to find *Imerselle* prepossest with kindness for the Sultan, he was handsom, and the little Love the Princess had for *Caly*, made him afraid *Selim* would not meet any considerable defence. He durst not mention it in the least to his Rival, lest he should not be able to master his confusion in so subtile a point; reserving himself therefore to be informed from the Princesses own mouth, he prepared himself for those informations with inexpressible commotion. The deluded Lovers were in no less anxiety. Hope is an unquiet passion, which gives the mind more agitation many times, than a real despair. They proposed the business to the Princesses at their return; they approved it, especially *Zuria*, who finding the description of the *Dervises* not much differing from *Ismaels* two Sons, had a violent imagination of the truth. She was got up and ready before day, and pressing *Imerselle* to make as much haste, they were got to the Grot before they were expected. Their new Lovers would accompany them by all means (which was foreseen by the *Dervises*) but they thought that obstacle would be removed by the respect they would shew them. They had shrowded themselves each of them under a Hat with a long tail pulled down in such sort, it covered most of their faces. That kind of Dress they pretended, was the Habit of their Piety, when they were forced upon any Conference with Women: *Chasin* made signs to *Imerselle* to follow him to the foot of a Rock, where he designed his Communication;

and *Caly* took *Zuria* aside to walk under the Trees; and that the *Turkish* Prince and his Camarade might give no interruption, they gave them certain prayers in the *Turkish* Language with injunction to go into the *Grotto*, and say them over there for their happy success. The Rivals were flexible, and obeyed: They were so possest of the *Dervises* Sanctity, they would have extended their conformity much further, if it had been desired. *Chasan* having placed *Imerselle* upon a part of the Rock, which was covered with moss, keeping himself just before her upon his feet, that the Sultans Equipage (who stood round about the Grot) might have no prospect of his face. I have great things to relate to you, young Princess, said he, dissembling his voice as much as he could; I know things of you, you do not know of your self; but as the ingenuous declaration of our most secret sentiments is the ordinary Channel of Celestial graces, do you merit by that act of submission the good things which are in my power to impart; tell me sincerely what was your thoughts of *Scach Caly*, what of *Chasan Helif*, and what is your present opinion of the Sultan. Observing her to change colour, you are surprised, Princess, said he, to find me so skilful in your affairs; but let me tell you, those persons who are honoured with a familiar Conversation with Heaven, are ignorant of nothing that passes upon Earth. I know you have a secret inclination to *Chasan*; you discovered as much to *Caly* himself that night you were walking in the Palace Garden at *Xiras*, which, if my memory fails not, was the night before you were carried away; judge now if I be not acquainted with your affairs,

affairs, and save me the labour of telling you any more. Alas! replied *Imerselle* in a great surprise, I can say no more to you, having discovered my affection for *Chasan*, you have discovered the greatest secret of my soul. I confess that Sympathy was born with me; yet when I thought it my duty to resist it, I did it with some kind of success, he never had the least inclination of it from me, as you have had now: But if I must confess the true state of my heart, I must acknowledge that inclination increases every day upon me; I love *Chasan* much better in *Phrygia*, than I did in *Persia*, and by I know not what Capricio of Love, absence augments that in me, which it destroys in all other persons in the World. You have no kindness then for *Selim*? said the happy *Chasan*, and the Princess replying only with a contemptuous shrug, gave him more satisfaction than an eloquent Discourse. I am fully satisfied, fair Princess, of your sincerity, said *Chasan*, and to recompense it by an information as grateful, know *Imerselle*, that *Chasan* loves you a thousand times better than you love him. It was he entertained you at the *Egyptian* Ball under the name of his Brother; it was he who leaving *Caly* with his Cousin *Zuria* that night you were walking in the Garden, appeased your indignation with those mollifying words: To him it was you gave that Ring which ingaged your faith to him by those sacred protestations; and in a word, it is he who (renouncing all the pleasures of his Fathers Court, and despising all the dangers he should be exposed to, were he known) speaks to you at this present under the Name and Figure you see. The Prince

might truſt *Imerſelle* without ſcruple, the confeſſion ſhe had made ſecured him againſt any indiſcretion. It was not without reaſon he had taken care the Princeſſes face ſhould be covered: the alterations this diſcourſe made there, could not have been provided againſt but by that precaution: She bluſht, ſhe was diſturbed, ſhe had like to have cryed out, and run away; but the danger the leaſt noiſe would bring upon *Chaſan*, reſtraining that *impetus*, ſhe remained as immoveable in the place where ſhe ſate: *Chaſan* taking advantage of her perplexity, drew out the Ring, and diſcovering his face, the Princeſs found ſo much Love there, that though her Eyes, and the ſight of her Ring had not convinced her, ſhe would have concluded no body but the counterfeit *Egyptian*, and he that made Love to her in the Walk, could have lookt upon her with ſuch paſſionate glances. She blamed the Prince for the perils to which he had expoſed himſelf, ſhe conjured him to clear himſelf as ſoon as he could, and then inquired very earneſtly how he had done to delude the Sultan and Prince *Imerſe* ſo handſomly. He gave her an account in few words of whatever ſhe askt him; he told her the Love *Caly* retained for *Zuria*, their adventures as Princes of *Perſia*, their adventures as *Derviſes*, and concluded all with a requeſt to her to cajol the imaginations of *Selim*, that by that Complacence perſwading him of the intereſts the *Derviſes* had in Heaven, he might be induced to permit the Princeſſes to viſit them oftner. The Converſation of *Caly* and *Zuria* was neither ſo ſerious, nor ſincere at firſt: ſhe knew the Prince as ſoon as ſhe ſee him, his ſhape, his voice,

voice, but above all the ſecret emotion of a heart truly affected, aſſured her it was none but her dear *Caly* that ſpoke to her; however reſolving to puniſh him for that he had ſo well maſter'd his tranſport: It was not neceſſary, devout Father, ſaid ſhe to him, that the Prince *Imerſe* ſhould bring me hither upon the deſign he pretended; for whether by the miraculous efficacy of your prayers, or whether that there is a period for anger, as for other things; ſo it is, that ſenſible part of my heart which you promiſed to find, is perfectly diſcovered. I love the Prince of *Perſia*, and am ready to act whatever his Love can reaſonably expect from me. I am amazed, replied *Caly* in ſome kind of diſturbance, that this change ſhould be ſo ſudden; I have ſome ſecret Revelations which aſſured me that your paſſion for the Prince *Scach-Caly*, would have made a better defence againſt the attaques of the Prince *Imerſe*. It did indeed make defence for a while, replied the ſly *Zuria*, and ſince you know all, I need not ſcruple to confeſs, I did love the Prince you ſpeak of very well; but the abſence of one Lover, and the aſſiduities of another make ſtrange Metamorphoſes ſometimes in the affections of a Woman. The diſguiſed Prince began to rave at this diſcourſe, which made the Princeſs judg ſhe had carried her hypocriſie too far. She ſmiled, and looking upon the Prince with an air ſufficient to deſpel a thouſand ſuſpicions; Recollect your ſelf, Seigneur *Dervis*, ſaid ſhe to him, you have but little Communication with Heaven, if you have no better notion of what happens below: Call in your good Genius to your relief, and ſhe will tell you

Zuria will never love any thing but her dear *Caly*, whom the disguise of a *Dervis* cannot conceal from her heart, and that in all Habits, as in all places, he shall find her always the same. The Prince perceiving his Errour by those words, reproacht her a thousand times for the perplexities she had put him to: It was resolved by agreement they should contrive as many Conferences as they could. He told her designs, which the proximity betwixt *Imerselle* and *Inerse* would not permit *Chasan* to discover to that Princess; and then passing all of them together to interrupt the two Lovers meditations in the Grot, the abused Princes found their prayers so effectual in appearance, they thought they could not sufficiently admire the Celestial power wherewith the *Dervises* were endued. The Princesses flattered their hopes with a thousand frivolous assurances. *Zurias* greatest care was to make peace betwixt *Ismael* and *Imerse*; *Selim* promised to dispose his Father *Bajazet* to mediate in the affair, upon condition he might have *Imerselle* for his labour; the Princess pretended to consent, and frequent Journies were made to the *Dervises* to recommend their success to the Divine Prophet. The abused Lovers were imployed always in Pilgrimages, and it was admirable Entertainment for their Rivals to see them besotted with their credulity, whilst they good Fathers, were making Love to their Mistresses. Their discourse grew more passionate by degrees; and doubtless had the circumstances of time and place been a little more favourable, a kindness upon that occasion would have had a singular relish: The counterfeit *Dervises* sustained their Characters

racter with incomparable addreſs; they never fed but in the night, to perſwade ſuch as would be ſo ſimple, they kept perpetual faſt. The *Turkiſh* Prince lookt upon them as ſent down from Heaven, and gave the Sultan his Father ſuch an Elogy of them, he ſent a perſon on purpoſe to viſit them from himſelf: They refuſed to ſee his Envoy, pretending that was a day in which they were not allowed to admit of any humane Converſation; and the Princeſſes themſelves coming to ſee them that day, were ſent back with the ſame excuſe. But it was not for nothing they denied themſelves ſo great a happineſs; they had ſeduced ſome of the principal Inhabitants of the Town of *Antalia* (which was the Reſidence of *Caragoſe Beglierbey* of *Natolia*) he had infuſed into them, that he had received a marvellous Sword from Heaven, by vertue of which a new Government ſhould be eſtabliſhed in *Turkie*; that *Bajazet* was but an unprofitable Trunk, and that the crimes of *Selim* had provokt Heaven againſt his whole Race: The crimes wherewith he charged him, had been told from his own mouth; he declared them to the *Natolians* with advantage, and promiſing them no leſs than ineſtimable riches in this life, and eternal felicity in the next, if they aſſiſted towards the erection of that new Dominion; they concurred, ingaged to receive him into their City, and take Arms under his Conduct to maintain the Sect of the *Scaydars*. This Treaty was managed in the moſt obſcure part of the Deſart, at the ſame time the *Derviſes* gave ſo great a teſtimony of their Sanctity, by refuſing *Bajazets* Envoy. The day ſet for the Enterpriſe, and all things pre-

pared for its execution, they ſent word to Sultan *Selim*, that at length the moment was come in which the Divine Prophet commiſerating the violence they had done to themſelves in converſing ſo long among ſinners, had given them leave to withdraw from that ſlavery, and retire into a Deſart unknown to all perſons affected with the pleaſures of this World, and that when they were once gone, they ſhould be heard of no more till they were dead, that before their departure they had obtained by ſingular favour a liberty of revealing all their ſecrets to them effectually, which they had done hitherto but in part; that if he pleaſed he might come to them to the Grot, and bring the two Princeſſes with him, to whom likewiſe they would declare the laſt pleaſure of their Prophet; but that they ſhould have as few of their Attendants as poſſible, in reſpect of the horrour they conceived at the ſight of the people of this World. The Sultan ran head-long into the Trap he had laid for him; he went to the Grot with the Princeſſes, and Prince *Imerſe*, and not above eight or ten armed men in their Company. The *Perſian* Princes lay in Ambuſcade upon a paſs, at the head of three or four hundred new Sectaries, which they had divided into ſeveral Squadrons, and diſpoſed privately up and down to prevent the danger of an Alarm, but with directions upon a Signal, agreed to draw into a Body, which they did, and fell upon the Sultan when he leaſt expected ſuch entertainment. The Princeſſes were ſecured, and carried away by their true Lovers to the City *Antalia*, where the Princes were received. They drove away the *Beglierbey*

lierbey, and put all that oppoſed to the Sword; after which, they got ſo many men together, by their falſe predictions, and poſſeſt themſelves of ſo many Towns, that by the aſſiſtance of *Iſmael*, they maintained War ſeveral years againſt all the Diſciples of *Oſman*, and miſt narrowly of extinguiſhing them quite. They gained three great Battels, killed three *Baſhaws*, and which was more to their ſatisfaction, injoyed their Princeſſes quietly, whom the death of *Iſmael* and *Imerſe*, who lived not long after, left entirely to their diſpoſition.

Don Sebaſtian, King of *Portugal*, animated againſt the *Mores*, rather by his Chriſtian zeal, than his prudence, paſſed into *Africk* at the Head of a puiſſant Army, in the year 1580. The pretence of this War, was the oppreſſion of *Muly Mahomet*, King of *Marocco* and *Fez*, whom his Uncle *Muley Moluc*, called otherwiſe *Abdelmelec*, would diſpoſſeſs of his Kingdom, as belonging to him. Equity and Juſtice were of *Abdelmelecs* ſide; but the Chriſtians for *Muley Mahomet*. He had paſſed his word to them, that if they ſecured him in his Throne, he would embrace the Catholick Faith; and that ingagement outweigh'd all other conſiderations: *Sebaſtian* armed himſelf, ſollicited all Chriſtian Princes, paſt with his Army into *Africk*; and I am apt to believe with many grave Authors, the intereſt of Religion was the only motive that carried him: But Love inſinuates many times, where it is not deſired. *Don Sebaſtian.*

Muley had a Daughter called *Xerina*, who being born of a *Greek*, was not ſo black as your ordinary *Africans*: She was as well proportioned as was poſſible,

possible, and the Courtship of *Granada* was not worn out of the Manners of the *Mores* at that time. *Don Sebastian* could not defend himself against her Charms, though he was contracted to *Mary* of *Portugal*, his Cousin, was to marry her at his return, and loved her exceedingly before he was acquainted with *Xerina*; this Marriage was of great importance to the repose of *Portugal*.

But obstacles in Love do but allure,
And tempt th' indifferent Lover to desire,
That God delights in difficulties sure,
Who will not suffer soft and gentle fire.

What reason prompts is but esteem, not Love,
And to pursue it, civil, and no more;
What passion, non-sense will, and humour prove,
And run the desperate Lover out of door.

Let reason then triumph, let passion fall,
Be wise and civil, but not fond at all.

Don Sebastian being of too great Eminence and Quality to apprehend a repulse, it was not long before he acquainted *Xerina* with his affections. The Princess approved of him well enough, and her ambition increased her approbation. She received the declaration of his Love without any difficulty, and promising *Don Sebastian* to turn Christian, as he promised to relinquish the Princess of *Portugal*; Love was so witty as to prevent the remorse for his inconstancy, by perswading him he did a meritorious act in quitting his first Mistress,

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to make his ſecond a Proſelyte: and thus were theſe new Lovers united in a quiet and firm union. *Don Sebaſtian* intruſted *Xerina* with his moſt ſecret thoughts, and the Princeſs to recompenſe that confidence, ſhewed him all the kindneſs imaginable: In this poſture they lived whilſt the War was in ſuſpence; but *Abdelmelec* having forced *Muley* to a Battel in the Plains of *Tamiſta*, the Kings of *Morocco* and *Portugal* were ſlain, and with them ſo great a number of the *Portugal* Nobleſs, there was ſcarce one left to return with the ſad news. *Xerina* loſing at that defeat the Crowns of *Morocco* and *Fez*, and her hopes of *Portugal* with them, was tranſported with a moſt inconſolable ſorrow: A little before day ſhe ran her ſelf into the Plain of *Tamiſta* (attended by only one Chriſtian Slave called *Laura*, who was privy to all her ſecrets) reſolving with her own hands to have ſacrificed her ſelf upon the Corps of her beloved King; ſhe ſearched for him among the diſmal numbers of the dead and the dying, with which that Plain was covered at that time. Some of the wounded who had yet ſo much ſenſe left them as to know her, directed her to that part of the Battel where he fought; ſhe ran thither with great fury, and ſuppoſing ſhe had met with her Monarch in the perſon of a young *Portugueze*, who reſembled him very much, ſhe fetcht a ſad ſhreek, and prepared her ſelf to execute her dire reſolution; but the poor man opening his eyes at her Cry, and it being by that time clear day, ſhe perceived he was not dead. From an unmeaſurable ſorrow, ſhe paſt to ſo immoderate a joy, it had almoſt coſt her her life, but recollecting her

ſelf,

ſelf, and calling *Laura* to her aſſiſtance, her Love re-inforced her natural ſtrength ſo well, ſhe drew her beloved from amongſt the dead, and haled him to the Bank of the River *Mucazen*, which runs along by the Plain where the Battel was fought: Having got him ſo far, ſhe examined his wounds, bound them up as well as ſhe could, and ſending *Laura* to a houſe ſhe diſcryed not far from the River, ſhe cauſed people to come and help to carry him to ſome place of ſecurity. Indeed there were but few of that Nature in that Kingdom, for the ſucceſs of that Battel gave *Abdelmelec* poſſeſſion of all his pretenſions, and the Engagement of *Don Sebaſtian* with his Enemy *Muley*, rendred his death neceſſary to that new Kings repoſe; *Xerina* was as well fearful of the life of her Lover, as of his liberty, if he fell into the hands of the Conqueror. She put him therefore into a Bark, and rowing down with him to the mouth of the River (which was not very far) ſhe landed him in a little Iſland where there were ſome few habitations. She had many Jewels about her; the Ladies of her Quality among the *Mores*, are uſually covered with them; ſhe diſtributed ſome of them amongſt thoſe who had aſſiſted, and conjuring them to fetch her Chirurgions from ſome of the neighbouring Towns, they brought her ſuch relief as his condition required. His wounds being ſearcht, were not found to be dangerous, their greateſt apprehenſion was from his great loſs of blood; the ſight of what was done for him, ſurpriſed him exceedingly, he ſaw himſelf lamented, and relieved by one of the faireſt perſons in the World, whoſe Quality was proclaimed by her

her Habit, but could not ſatisfie himſelf for what reaſon a Lady he had never ſeen before to his knowledge, ſhould concern her ſelf ſo far in his recovery. He would have inquired, but ſhe ſtopt his mouth, telling him in *Portugueſe* (which ſhe had learnt to pleaſe *Don Sebaſtian*) that he was not yet ſtrong enough for a diſcourſe, and that ſhe would give him an account of all when his health did permit. Theſe cares augmented his aſtoniſhment more and more, and he called out many times to have his Deſtiny cleared. The firſt moment it might be done without danger, *Xerina* ſate down by his Pillow, and told him; At length, Sir, I begin to conceive hopes of your recovery; the Heavens would not deprive the *Portugals* of their King, and have been pleaſed to make uſe of the Miniſtry of your *Xerina*, for the preſervation of the life of her dear *Don Sebaſtian*. The wounded perſon found the Princeſſes miſtake by her diſcourſe, but thought it no prudence to convert her, on the contrary he uſed all his Art to confirm it: he foreſaw too many good conſequences, to manage them ill. He returned a thouſand paſſionate acknowledgments to the Princeſs, and conjured her to tell him which way it was poſſible ſhe ſhould get him off the field. She gave him an account, and by that account he diſcovered *Xerina's* Birth, and ingagements with the King of *Portugal*. He did his utmoſt to perſonate *Don Sebaſtian*; and he might do it the more ſecurely, becauſe the people whom *Xerina* had ſent out in queſt of *Don Sebaſtian*, had brought her word, that endeavouring to ſave himſelf by ſwimming the River, he was drown-

drowned, and his body not to be found. She believed this truth to be an errour, as confidently as her own errour to be a truth; and promiſing no leſs to her ſelf than in a ſhort time to be made Queen of *Portugal*, there was no care, nor no promiſe but (in her opinion) ſhe ought to ſo juſt a pretenſion. The wounded *Portugal* had Courage and Wit enough to make his advantage of his Fortune: He learnt by the Princeſſes diſcourſe, that *Muley Boabdelin*, a Prince of the Blood Royal of *Morocco*, had had particular friendſhip with the true King of *Portugal*. She cauſed advertiſement to be ſent to him, that her Friend *Don Sebaſtian* was not dead according to Report, but that if he pleaſed to repair to the Iſle of *Mucazen*, he ſhould hear further. *Muley* departed with all ſpeed from the remoteſt part of the Province of *Hoſcore* (whither he was retired from the Tyranny of *Abdelmelec*) and cauſing himſelf to be conducted by *Xerinus* Envoy, to the place where he aſſured he ſhould find him, he was deceived by the reſemblance, as *Xerina* had been before him. In the Hiſtories of all Ages and all Countries, there is nothing more ſtrange than the perfection of this reſemblance: It extended even to the natural marks *Don Sebaſtian* had in certain places of his body. *Muley* not doubting therefore but the perſon he ſaw was the true King of *Portugal*, he expreſt extreme joy at his preſervation, and acquainted him that his Uncle *Henry*, Cardinal of *Portugal*, and Brother to *Don John* who died laſt, was by the conſent of the people, choſen to ſucceed him. This news ſtartled the ambition of our counterfeit *Sebaſtian*; he was afraid it would be no

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eaſie matter to diſpoſſeſs *Henry* of a Throne he was eſtabliſht in already; *Muley* was of his opinion: it was agreed they ſhould negotiate with ſome of the prineipal of that Kingdom, to aſſert the Intereſt of their Monarch, and not ſuffer it to be invaded by the artifice of an upſtart King. *Muley* offered *Xerina* and her Lover a retreat in the mean time into his Province of *Hoſcore*, where he was too well fortified to apprehend a purſuit. They concluded amongſt them, that it ſhould not be publiſht *Don Sebaſtian* was alive, till he ſhould be in a condition to be reſtored to the Crown; but to authorize what kindneſs the Princeſs had ſhown him, *Muley* acquainted them that above all things it would be neceſſary for him to marry *Xerina* immediately. This was one of the effects of that reſemblance of which the falſe *Sebaſtian* hoped to reap the benefit. He was inamour'd of the Princeſſes Beauty and Behaviour: he ſatisfied *Muley*'s deſires with as much joy as readineſs, and till his poſſeſſion had maſter'd his appetite, reckoned himſelf among the happieſt of his Sex; but when once he was married, and had quencht the ardour of his deſires, the private Negotiation in *Portugal* began to go on but ſlowly; no body was vigorous enough in his affairs, and nothing would ſerve but he muſt go over, and manage them himſelf. Poor *Xerina* diſſwaded him from that reſolution with the moſt fervent Careſſes Love could poſſibly inſpire: I love you as well without your Crown, ſaid ſhe to him, as with it, and why then is it neceſſary? let it be your felicity to be beloved by me, as it is mine to be beloved by you, and you will have no need of ſuch hazardous

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desires. Why! Madam, replied the false Monarch, do you think it possible for a Prince born to wear a Crown, and who hath already tasted the sweetness of Dominion, to condescend and debase himself to the condition of a private person? Ha! Madam, either you have not considered what it is to be a King, or you have not any regard to my satisfaction, seeing the Propositions you make, are so unacceptable to me. Pardon, Sir, what is past, replied *Xerina*, and I shall disoblige you no more in that nature; I must acknowledge your soul to be too large to be bounded with ordinary imployments: But let mine have the same Justice, suffer me to contribute my assistance towards the recovery of your Crown, and vouchsafe me my share in all the difficulties you shall meet. *Africa*, *Asia*, *Europe*, and all places are alike to me in your Company, refuse me not then that pleasure of following you, which you owe to my Love; and were I so unhappy to find any thing more potent upon your soul than that passion, yet it ought to be my glory to cooperate towards the establishment of an Authority, to which you have no pretension but for me. These kind considerations past for reproaches in the Spirit of the disgusted *Sebastian*, he was offended therewith, and his Capricio provokt *Xerina* as much. They fell into some extravagant expressions, and those pretences furnisht him with his desired pretence. *Xerina* had news he was preparing for *Europe*, and she made Verses to disswade him so kind and importunate, nothing but a satiated Lover could have read them without being moved. He scarce vouchsafed to cast an eye upon them, and some

some of them were not opened till he came into *Portugal*. He had found Love so favourable to him in *Africk*, he presumed it would be his Conductor in all his other Enterprises. He understood the secrets of *Sebastian* as well as he had been he; That Prince had discovered all to *Xerina*, and this false *Sebastian* had wheedled them artificially out of the Princess, in pretending to take delight in the relations she made of the expressions of his Love. Tell me I beseech you, Madam, said he, what was it you were most affected with in all my proceedings; I would willingly know what it was satisfied you most, that I might do the same thing often, which I did before with such success. The Princess ingenuously confessed the thing by which she thought her self most obliged, was his desertion of *Mary* of *Portugal*; and that the rather, said she, because that Princess is fair, loved you very well, and (as you told me your self) was beloved entirely by you, before your acquaintance with me: And, Madam, the secrets of State which I imparted to you, replied the Impostor, were not you well pleased with them; that piece of confidence is the highest and most obliging a Monarch can express. *Xerina* acknowledged her ingagement for them also; and then falling into a recapitulation of whatever *Don Sebastian* had told her (that was of importance) she discovered to her false Prince all the Intrigues of that State. Furnisht with a precaution so necessary, he took his Journey for *Italy*, as knowing the Princess of *Portugal* contracted to *Don Sebastian*, was married since his death to *Alexander Farnese*, Duke of *Parma*, and was at that time a

Widow. Persons of the Quality he pretended are not ignorant of those kind of affairs. He arrived at *Parma*, and having caused the Dutchess to be acquainted, there was a *Portugal* Gentleman which had brought her tidings he could not communicate to any but her self, he was by her order introduced into her Closet. By an Express from *Lisbon*, she had lately received news that Cardinal *Henry* was dead; and was preparing her Claim to the Crown for *Ranuccio Farnese* her Son, who being by the Mother side descended from Prince *Edward*, derived his Original from *Emanuel*, the Chief of that Royal Line. Several other Pretenders did the same: *Catharine*, the Sister of *Mary*, set up the Interest of *Theodor de Braganza* her Son: *Emanuel Philbert*, Duke of *Savoy*, pretended to it in right of his Mother *Beatrix* of *Portugal*; and so large was the Competition, *Catharine de Medicis* (though of a Branch far remoter than the rest) was not wanting with her Claim; but above all *Paul* IV. was most sollicitous, pretending that Crown to be a Fief to the Papal See, and endeavouring zealously in his own person to defeat the pretences of his Competitors. To regulate so great a difference, the States of that Kingdom were conven'd; and the Dutchess of *Parma* having her head full of those affairs, lookt upon her false *Sebastian* as the Ghost of her true one, came on purpose at that time to direct her in her distractions. She fetcht a great skreek as soon as she saw him, and running to the other end of the Closet in an amaze, she told her new King she took him for a Spirit. How! Madam, said he without any visible commotion, does

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Don Sebastian fright you? he expected a better reception for the pains he hath suffered coming in to see you. The Dutchesses trouble increased at the hearing of his voice, so as she could neither speak, nor stir out of her place. Dear Cousin, continued her false *Sebastian* in a most passionate tone, I am no Phantosm, I am the same *Don Sebastian* you formerly honoured with your favour, and I am returned as full of your fair Idea, as when I went first into *Africk*. The Dutchess recovered her self a little, and permitting *Don Sebastian* to come nearer, she put forth her hand, though tremblingly, towards the hand of the Monarch, she toucht him, she considered him, and her senses assured her that what she saw and what she felt, was certainly *Don Sebastian*. Ha! Sir, said she with a most pitiful voice, whence do you come? where have you hid your self thus long? by what miracle are you returned? When you shall be in a condition to hear me, replied *Sebastian*, I will give you an account; in the mean time recollect your self from your fright, believe me the real King of *Portugal*; and if you do not know me by my shape, my voice, or the features of my face, at least owne me by the impression of Love you cannot but discover in my Eyes. I am fully recollected, replied the Dutchess, calling for a Chair for him, and sitting by him her self: I confess the first sight of you put me into a confusion I cou'd not suddenly master; but now, Sir, it is dissipated, and gone. Tell me therefore I beseech you, and do not delay me, to what miracle is it we owe both your life, and return. To love, Madam, replied *Sebastian*, a passion that was able to affect your

heart, could not be less favourable than to defend me against all other accidents. Then he gave her a relation how he had been taken from amongst the dead by *Xerina*, how for some time he had continued in the Isle of *Mucazen*, and afterwards in *Hoscore*; but he concealed very carefully from the Dutchess, that ever *Sebastian* was in Love with *Xerina* before the Battel. He told her that Princess was in Love with him indeed, but without any expectation. I had no inclination in the world to have her so much as think so, continued he, for having past my Parole to you, I would have dyed before I would have broken it. He told her that by the assistance of *Muley Boabdelin*, a Prince of the Royal Blood of *Morocco*, *Xerina* had given him all imaginable persecution, to force him to a relinquishment of her, that she had urged to him her Marriage with the Duke of *Parma*, and prest him very hard to a reprisal, but that understanding a while after, she was a Widow, he had escapt out of Prison, and was come to throw that Prince at her feet, who had not only loved her always himself, but flattered himself with the thoughts of being beloved by her. The Dutchess demanded, if he loved her so well, why he never writ to her? I writ several times, Madam, replied he, but *Xerina* without doubt (who expected that from my ruine, which she could not hope from my restablishment) took such Orders to intercept them, as never any of them could come to your hand. My Captivity was very severe, I was treated like one that was beloved, but could get no liberty to free my self from the trouble of that Character. The Dutchess

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of *Parma* overjoy'd with the relation of a Conſtancy ſo well repreſented, made as many excuſes as Congies to her miſtaken Couſin. She appointed him an Appartment according to his ſuppoſed Quality; aſſigned him a ſuitable Equipage, and furniſht him with grave men to ſend as his Deputies to the Eſtates of *Portugal*. That Deputation cauſed a ſtrange ſurpriſe, as may be imagined. They ſelected ſix out of their Aſſembly, ſome of which had been Miniſters to *Don Sebaſtian*, and ſent them into *Italy*, to ſurvey their dear Monarch: their Eyes perſwaded them it was he; but not daring to relye wholly upon them, they askt him certain queſtions they would have ſworn none but the right *Don Sebaſtian* could have anſwered. But he was throughly inſtructed by *Xerina*; Love had tranſported the ſoul of the King of *Portugal*, into that of the Princeſs of *Morocco*, and by an effect of the ſame Love, the ſoul of *Xerina* was tranſmigrated into the falſe *Sebaſtian*. The Ambaſſadors (convinced that no man living could have reſolved thoſe queſtions but the true *Sebaſtian*) made their Report to the Eſtates, he was undoubtedly their King: The Competitors accuſed them of Treachery, proteſted they were corrupt, and demanded that *Don Sebaſtian* might appear in perſon at the Aſſembly of the States General, to be formally interrogated before them. Such as were affected to the memory of *Don Sebaſtian*, could not be perſwaded it could be done with ſecurity to him: the Aſſembly was divided; ſuch as were for the King, were called Royaliſts; ſuch as were for the Princes, were called the League. During which diſorders,

he that was the cauſe of them, had his Reſidence at *Parma*, attending till there ſhould be an Army raiſed to vindicate his intereſt, at the Head of which he reſolved to demand Reſtauration. He ought his life to *Xerina*; he was loved entirely by her, and had loved her as well: But the Princeſs of *Parma* ingaged the Princes of *Italy* in his quarrel, and when the deſign of being King interpoſes in an Intrigue, reaſon of State rules the roaſt, and leaves all others in the lurch: He ſacrificed his gratitude to his ambition without any remorſe, and imploying thoſe Leſſons of kindneſs he had received from *Xerina*, againſt her ſelf, he made them the foundations of that Complacence and artifice, to which the heart of the Dutcheſs was forced to ſubmit. She loved him for his perſon, much more for his quality; ſhe began to be jealous without knowing any reaſonable grounds for her jealouſie; ſuch paſſions as hers are ſeldom without great curioſity. One evening when her counterfeit *Sebaſtian* was leading her by the ſide of a Canal, which is one of the greateſt Ornaments to the Palace of *Farneſe*, ſhe ſpied a Ribband hanging out of his Pocket, which ſhe judged might be one of thoſe Letter-caſes called in *Italy Cartero's*; ſhe ſtole it out gently, and having conveyed it into her own Pocket, without being perceived, ſhe began to be impatient to be peeping. She could not have had any thing more proper to have juſtified her ſecret ſuſpicions, than that. It was a parcel of *Xerina's* Letters and Verſes, which the falſe *Sebaſtian* had found that morning (in a little Cabinet he brought with him out of *Africk*, and had put them in his Pocket with reſolution to

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have burnt them, but he was interrupted by the coming in of the Dutchess; and this Walk having followed immediately upon the Visit, he was forced to keep them in his Pocket, till the curious Dutchess thought good to remove them. She read two or three Notes at first, which seemed to be nothing but assurances of the Sacrifice her Monarch pretended to have made to her, of the affections of *Xerina*. That Princess had complained of the unconstancy of his Love, and reproacht him by his infidelity: But she not having had always reason to complain, there were Letters of his, recriminating upon her. They were all writ in *Portugueſe*, but one among the rest was sealed up, which the tender *Xerina* had sent to her Ingrate, some few days before his departure from *Hoscore*, and contained a Paper of Verses upon their late difference, so sensible and kind, I could not but insert them.

Is it decreed then, and pronounc'd above?
We must have no return, no mutual Love.
Can't our old inclination and converse, (fierce,
(Which seems ought to make our absence long and
And seems t' assure me of your heart) can't they
Contribute, and remove those blocks away?
My wrath ne're went so far, I never meant,
When my rash tongue to your voyage did consent,
You should have t'a'ne th' advantage, e'en when I
Felt my poor heart give my false tongue the lye.
In vain I seek thee now in places where
So oft in Love to me thou didst appear.
In vain I seek thee where thou never wert,
Since th' day thou overcam'st my pride and heart.

No place escapes me, but I think on you,
No place occurs, but I expect you too.
Where-e're I come, on whatsoe're I see,
I leave, methinks sweet images of thee,
Which at my next return (required) they
To my poor fancy as faithfully repay. (vain
Each dream, each sudden noise, each thought in
Seems to return my Love, my King again.
I run where hope conducts (deluded) and
Whate're I see, I call Sebastian,
Come, come cry I, indulge my sweet desires,
Come where my Love, come where my faith requires.
Rouse up thy dying flames, try with what Art
Pretended wrath new ardour can impart,
Wrath, not allow'd in Lovers breasts to burn;
But to endear, and sweeten their return. (were
Shall these complaints, shall these requests which
But errours fruits, vanish in idle air?
No, without doubt, Love will convey them so,
They'l have access, and influence on you.
Methinks I feel th' agreement of our souls,
And your kind Love your negligence controuls;
Methinks you'r weary too of our debate;
Let Love alone, how to accommodate,
He'l rectifie our quarrels, let you see
A thousand new complacencies in me.
Mine eyes, I fancy, will appear more bright,
Than when they first discover'd my delight:
And to consummate all, you'l love me too,
As well and long, dear Prince, as I love you.

All this shall do you no good, cryed the Dutchess of *Parma*; when she had read them through, I shall

ſhall take ſuch Orders, your hopes ſhall evaporate. But alas! ſaid ſhe (caſting her Eyes upon ſuch places as gave the ſtrongeſt inſinuations of *Xerinas* being beloved) I fear it is too late; and reading them again, ſhe ſtopt when ſhe came at theſe.

In vain I ſeek thee now in places where
So oft, in Love to me, thou didſt appear.

This, ſaid ſhe, is not the expreſſion of a deſpiſed Lover; if it be true thou art ſo now, it is no leſs true, that thou haſt not been ſo always; that conſideration repreſenting *Don Sebaſtian* light, and unconſtant, and apprehending the ſame levity of which ſhe ſaw ſuch fatal marks in the Princeſs of *Morocco*, ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be ſurpriſed by the moſt violent fit of ſorrow, ſhe had ever been ſenſible of in her life. As ſhe was in the midſt of theſe melancholy reflexions, her falſe *Don Sebaſtian* entred into her Chamber, he had perceived he had loſt his Letters; and ſuſpecting what had really happened, was come to make his Apology. The firſt thing he ſaw when he came in, was *Xerinas* Letters upon the Table, and the Paper of Verſes on the top; and clapping his hand upon them, Your charity ſure is very ſmall, Madam, ſaid he to the Dutcheſs, to expoſe the follies of a Princeſs, whoſe Quality and Innocence deſerved more compaſſion: Conceal her extravagances, I beſeech you, Madam, I am much troubled they ſhould fall into your hands; I put them into my Pocket, with deſign to have burnt them, and kept them not only from your Eyes, but from the ſight of the whole World.

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They have not been always ſo odious to you, Sir, replied the Dutcheſs, and if I may conjecture from them, I owe that to your Highneſs, which I aſcribed before to your conſtancy; 'tis not to the Love of me, you ſacrifice the Princeſs of *Morocco*, 'tis to the fickleneſs of that which you pretended to her; and then ſhewing him the Verſes ſhe had markt, Read, Sir, ſaid ſhe, read here in what manner *Xerina* expreſſes her ſelf, and then vouchſafe to tell me how your return is to be called. The Verſes were exceeding tender and kind, and muſt needs renew the impreſſions of ſenſibility in a heart which had been ſenſible before; but nothing is ſo obdurately impenetrable as the heart which follows after a violent paſſion. *Sebaſtian* concerned himſelf not one jot at what *Xerina* had written; but applying his thoughts wholly to pacifie the Dutcheſs: I never loved the Princeſs of *Morocco* in my life, Madam, ſaid he to her; if ſhe fancied ſo her ſelf, and that imagination brake into theſe Verſes, it is but a vanity common to the greateſt part of her Sex, to which I have contributed no more than by an indiſpenſable Civility. But, Madam, in the caſe of your Marriage with the Duke of *Parma*, it is not poſſible for me to flatter my ſelf with that opinion, 'tis a thing palpable and conſtant, and can never be excuſed. Do not you upbraid me by my Marriage, to juſtifie your own Levity, replied the Dutcheſs: Women of my Quality are ſubject to ſuch Formalities, as no paſſion can exempt us from. I believed you to be dead, and all *Portugal* bear me witneſs I never ſaw Duke *Alexander* till I married him: But you, Sir, knew I was alive, you knew where

where to addreſs your ſelf; yet you did that by Election, which I did out of obedience and conſtraint; and if your heart hath been toucht for *Xerina*, you are guilty not only of one ſingle act, but of a habit of infidelity. *Don Sebaſtian* did what he could to expunge that fancy out of her mind; he endeavoured to perſwade the Dutcheſs, that if people be found at their return, as they were when they departed, they ought never to be queſtioned about the interval. The Dutcheſs did not reliſh that Doctrine, ſhe proceeded in her Jealouſie, multiplying her Chimera's, till at laſt to rectifie all, *Xerina* arrived at *Lisbon*. This Princeſs receiving no tokens of her Servants remembrance, and underſtanding by report how things proceeded in *Portugal*, ſhe obtained liberty of *Muley* to go thither her ſelf to clear up thoſe doubts which the *Portuguez* lay under: And indeed ſhe did clear them; but (in giving her reaſons (which ſeemed to be ſatisfactory) that the falſe was the true *Sebaſtian*) ſhe diſcovered withal, that her mighty Monarch was married to her. It was happy for him he was departed from *Parma* when theſe tidings arrived; had he been there, the fury of the Dutcheſs would too probably have found out ſome fatal way of Revenge; but by good luck he was gone to head thoſe Troops his Friends had raiſed for the aſſertion of his intereſt. *Xerinas* Title was indiſputable; ſhe was contracted to *Don Sebaſtian* by the King of *Morocco*, before the Battel of *Tamiſta*; it was not to his gratitude to *Xerina* only the Dutcheſs of *Parma* ought to attribute his Treaſon, for he had loved her Rival before ſhe had ſaved his life; and

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he which she mistook for *Sebastian*, had married her afterward in the Province of *Hoscore*, with all requisite Formalities; nor could the difference of their Religions be any obstruction, for *Xerina* had promised to turn Christian, and performed, as soon as she was landed in *Portugal*. How could the Dutchess of *Parma*'s fury be expresst when she understood all these circumstances? Had he had but one fault to have been pardoned, 'tis possible Love might have obtained it: But all ways of reconciliation were interdicted; and that which rendred her indignation most just, was, that this false *Sebastian* had received a thousand innocent favours from her, which this unlucky news converted into crimes. Love effected that in her which it produces in most of her Sex; she ran from one extremity to another, and her anger being augmented by the consideration of her past kindness, she sent on purpose to the States of *Portugal*, to remonstrate that her new *Sebastian* was an Impostor, that she had discovered it by several contradictions, wherein he had surprised him; and pretending a Voyage into *Portugal*, with design to procure that Crown for the young *Farnese*, her Son, she came in person to *Lisbon* to incite Enemies against that Traitor. Her fury was better sighted than her Love; for 'tis clear, he demanded a Crown to which he could make no pretence: but the Dutchess acted not upon that foundation, it was Jealousie alone which infused her revenge; and as the highest motive to her animosity, she found the Princess of *Morocco* so exquisitely beautiful, she could not but excuse in private that crime, which publickly she endeavour-

endeavoured to punish. This consideration excited her the more; she was in a rage, because she had no more reason to be so. The Princess of *Morocco* discovered all her confusions; and being together one day, I see, Madam, said she to the Dutchess of *Parma*, you will not have *Don Sebastian* true King of *Portugal*, because he cannot make you participate of the Crown; but, Madam, I will expiate the infidelity wherewith you charge him, by giving you the true Character of my Soul. Imploy your interest to restore him, retract those reproaches your unjust resentment hath diffused, and I am content the Prince shall perform that promise he made to you formerly; for I had rather see him in the Throne, and flatter my self in private, that owing me his life and his Crown, he loves me at his heart better than her who would deprive him, then to possess it quietly my self, and apprehend whilst he is even in my arms, his inclinations are somewhere else. These generous resolutions being by publick Fame carried into his Camp, the false *Don Sebastian* could not but resume in some measure that Love which his ambition had expelled. He was advanced with his confederate Troops to that part of the Frontier which separates *Portugal* from the Territory of *Oviedo*: he was forced to an Ingagement at that pass, where fighting to make *Xerina* Queen, as well as himself King, his zeal made his Valour so inconsiderate, he was taken Prisoner in the Combate; and being conducted to *Lisbon*, there was nothing discoursed of among his Competitors but chastising his temerity by some ignominious punishment: The defeat of *Tamiſta* had not been

so

ſo mortal, but there remained ſome conſiderable perſons who could give an account of the deſtiny of their King; all of them affirmed they had followed him to the River *Mucazen*; ſome that they ſaw him drowned, and ſome that they ran great hazard of the ſame Fate, in endeavouring to ſave him. This report was not according to what *Xerina* believed; ſhe had found her pretended *Sebaſtian* in the midſt of the Battel; and that which made moſt againſt him, was, that the habit by which the Princeſs deſcribed him, did not agree with what the *Portugal* Officers aſſured he had on that day. Nevertheleſs Nature had been pleaſed to put ſuch a reſemblance betwixt them, and it was ſeconded ſo well by their Wit and their Courage, it was not known which way to reſolve; the more this accident was examined, the more intricate it appeared. To deny the Crown to their lawful Prince, was an unpardonable offence; to proſtitute it, on the other ſide, to an Impoſtor, was no leſs unjuſtifiable. But death fixt their reſolutions; for whether Policy of State lookt upon *Don Sebaſtians* Alliance with the *Mores* as dangerous to that Kingdom; or that the Dutcheſs of *Parma* perceiving the States inclining to *Don Sebaſtian*, found out ſome unlawful way of preventing the Triumph of her Rival, ſo it was the counterfeit King dyed in Priſon, and left no ſmall ſuſpicion that his death was unnatural. 'Tis reported before he expired, he deſired to ſpeak with *Xerina*, and (the laſt moment being an admirable Touch-ſtone to try the jugglings of a mans life) he declared to the Princeſs of *Morocco* (as is reported) that he was not King of *Portugal*, and conjured her not

not to enterprise any thing against him whom they should chuse after he was deceased. This Declaration was no more than what was necessary, for *Xerina* had a Son by him, who would have been the occasion of very great disorders, nor could he do all this without great testimony of remorse: 'Tis not one way alone, Madam, said he to the Princess, in which I have deceived you; for that part of my fallacy, which made me your Husband, I reproach my self not much, I should have blamed my self much more (had I neglected it, being in my power as it was) than I think my self culpable, in accepting that honour: But, Madam, that which sticks closest, and gives me greatest regret, is, that for some time I have discontinued my affection, and (in hopes of a Crown which I never obtained, and which by a thousand accidents might have been ravisht from me, if I had) have forsaken a heart all the Crowns in the World were not able to recompence. Do not afflict your self with unnecessary compunction, replied the generous Princess, I loved the person of my *Sebastian*, above the Dignities which surrounded him: I thought to have found his person in you, and those Charms wherewith I was surprised, lost nothing of their Energy for not proceeding from a King. I confess I should not have observed them in an ordinary person, my Spirit and my Birth would not have permitted to have fixt my Eyes upon any less than a King. But at length I became delighted with my errour, for to a vertuous Woman the name of a Husband is so sacred, it wipes away all spots that can possibly accompany it. Let us strive to overcome your distemper

ſtemper my dear Prince? Pardon me, Fortune, for giving him that Title, ſaid ſhe with her Eyes up to Heaven, thou oughteſt to have given it, though thou didſt not; and then turning again to her Beloved, ſhe cryed, Force your ſelf, dear Sir, out of the jaws of death, if it be poſſible, perhaps our Deſtiny may be kinder in *Africk* than in *Portugal*. The ſuppoſed Prince was ſo ſtrangely affected with this exceſs of Generoſity, his very tranſport was ſufficient to have killed him: He expired in the Arms of his over-paſſionate *Xerina*, and her ſoul was in no ſmall danger of bearing his company. This man had abuſed her by a deceit inſupportable to the Quality of a Princeſs, and his ſubſequent inconſtancy was more offenſive than the other; but *Xerina* had loved him entirely, and (let vindicative Ladies ſay what they pleaſe) that perſon is never hated, which was beloved heartily before. They complain of their Stars, they abominate their Influence, and hate themſelves many times for having ſo little diſcretion; but this hatred indeed, is but a Copy of their Countenance, and never goes ſo deep as they would ſeem to pretend: The Ideas of a man who hath been perfectly beloved, ought always to be ſacred: No reſentment can attaque them without Sacriledge; and if any fury could be found ſo violent, as to violate that Law, ſhe never was capable of true affection, ſhe loved to ſatisfie her own appetite, and not only for Love. *Xerina* obſerved the laſt orders of her counterfeit *Sebaſtian*, with exceeding punctuality, as ſoon as her ſorrow permitted; ſhe retired into *Africk*, and gave not the leaſt oppoſition to *Theodore Braganza*, who was elected King of

of *Portugal*. I do not think the Reader requires further light in this Adventure, I have inlarged it much to what it is represented in my History, and I assure my self there are many who believe they have perused all the Memoires of that Age, to whom this Princess of *Morocco* is every where a stranger, except in the Annals of Love.

THE ANNALS OF LOVE.

THE EIGHTH PART.

Mahomet III. had three Sons by three different Sultaneſſes: *Muſtapha*, whom he cauſed to be ſlain in his own time; *Jacaya*, whoſe Hiſtory I am writing; and *Achmet*, who ſucceeded his Father in the Empire: *Jacaya*'s Mother was a Chriſtian; the Magnificences of the *Seraglio* were not able to eradicate the ſentiments of her Religion. She pretended her ſelf ſick, and a Phyſician, indulging her deſigns, adviſed her for change

change of Air to remove to *Magnesia*. She obtained leave to carry her Son along with her, and having dispersed it abroad, that he dyed of the small Pox (which had raged violently about that time) she caused another to be buried publickly in his stead, and committed the care of her Son to an Eunuch, one of her Confidents. The Eunuch transported him to *Greece*, and recommended him to the Tuition of the Bishop of *Thessalonia*: The good Bishop baptized him, and gave him careful Education till he was fifteen or sixteen years old. At that age the Eunuch, who was privy to the Mystery of his Affairs, had a great desire to impart them to him. The weight of a secret is too ponderous for persons of his Character; and to speak Poetically, would have been a troublesom bundle in the Ferry-Boat of *Charon*. See then the Prince informed of his Extraction, and very desirous to know what they talkt of him in the World. He disguised himself as a *Dervis*, and stealing from the Tutelage of his Bishop, he directed his Course privately towards the chief Cities in *Greece*. Many people were offended at the prematurity of his Profession, and believing him what his Habit represented, 'Tis pity, said the Ladies, this young man should have been so early devoted to Heaven. Being arrived at *Scopea*, he understood the death of his Father; he knew likewise that *Mustapha* being out of the World, the *Ottoman* Crown would have fallen upon his head, had not the false news of his death diverted it upon his younger Brother. His Mothers zeal to preserve him, began then to appear indiscreet: He was of an age in which they are more

ſenſible of earthly than celeſtial Dignity. He paſt into *Aſia*, where his Intelligence told him certain *Baſhaws* were in Revolt againſt their new Emperour: He diſcovered himſelf to be the Son of *Mahmut*, put himſelf in the Head of their rebellious Troops, and marcht againſt *Achmets* Lieutenants. A Romantick Author would not fail to have made him conquer his Enemy, and given the Empire to the Exploits of his victorious Arm; and not without reaſon, for right being on his ſide, why ſhould Fortune be againſt him? however he performed what a man of Courage could poſſibly do in defence of his Title; but in deſpight of his Bravery and diligence, he was wounded, defeated, and had much ado to eſcape the purſuit of his Enemies; I take the liberty notwithſtanding to inlarge, and interſperſe his Adventures with ſuch Accidents as are leaſt incompatible with the Hiſtory. Though this reverſe of Fortune was a moſt ſenſible affliction to our young Sultan, it did not quite ruine his hopes. Right of Blood never wants Protectors, no Kingdom being ſo empty of ſeditious and turbulent Spirits, but there will always be ſome will embrace with both Arms the pretence of a Revolt, if guilded with the leaſt appearance of Juſtice. The *Baſhaw Dervis* (who was very potent at the Port, and had a ſecret amity with the *Baſhaws* of *Aſia*) had a great inclination to aſſiſt them: He cauſed *Jacaya* to come to *Conſtantinople* privately in the Habit of a *Perſian* Prieſt; the Conferences of the Confederates are frequent and open; Plots are laid for depoſing *Achmet*, and advancing *Jacaya* to the Throne, and ſo probably, and forward were their deſigns,

his

his foot might have been said to have been upon the first step; but the very same day all things were to have been put in execution, the *Bashaw* Protector was discovered, and all the Princes hopes reduced to the single attempt of an escape. He put himself into the Train of a *Polish* Ambassador who was returning to his Master, and rebaptizing himself with a new name (*Hope*) he followed his Ambassadour to *Croatia*: This young Princes design was to discover himself to the King of *Poland*, and to desire Sanctuary in his Court; but by the discouragements he heard by the way, he was diverted from that resolution. His Affairs being great, and his History singular, they were the subject of all Conversations; some said *Jacaya* was dead, others he was retired to the Emperour of *Germany*. Every one playing the Polititian according to his own fancy, and arguing the ill consequences his retreat might bring upon them who received him, they gave the disguised Prince to consider his Refuge was to be chosen with all possible Caution. Before he would hazard himself, he concluded to take the secret advice of his friends; continuing therefore in his present condition, till he could receive their opinions; by his diligence and dexterity he had rendred himself so grateful to his Master, he was grown the greatest Favourite he had in his Family. In this quality he became his Confident in an Intrigue he held with a *Transilvanian* Lady called *Metzala*, whom the Wars of her Country had driven for protection into the *Polish* Court. This *Metzala* was very fair; the obligations betwixt them depended more upon utility than inclination;

but she was of so equitable a temper, she did Justice to the favours of Nature, in what object soever she met them. The outward condition of *Jacaya* could not disguise, much less efface, the goodness of his Meen; and the Beauty of *Metzala* was of a degree which would have stagger'd the Loyalty of a more religious person than *Mahomets* Son. The Lady and this counterfeit *Hope* began to despise the obstruction of their different Relations to the *Polish* Ambassadour. *Metzala* permitted the disguised Prince to droll in her presence, and to play upon the Age and Courtship of his Master: He took the boldness to make her several mysterious Presents as new-years gifts, or offerings upon her Birth-day; and (having given and received œlliades both on one side and the other) *Jacaya* presuming he was advanced so far, as that he might speak his mind without danger of reprehension, he writ a Letter imparting his thoughts, and carrying it himself, he delivered it to *Metzala* instead of another he was to have presented from his Master. *Metzala* was at that time taking the air in her Balcony, when she pretended *Hope* brought her the Letter. See, Madam, said he accosting her, a Present which perhaps you expected not: If it be welcom, I expect great reward from your Magnificence; if otherwise, your rejection will be punishment sufficient. *Metzala* took the Paper, and opening it, found these words.

Madam,

I am a Messenger of Love, and you ought not to be surprised with that Title; for it is a long time I have

have been so with you, hitherto I have only offered such vows as their age rendred, but luke-warm, and unfit to be presented to you. Now, Madam, I tender you a passion as ardent as sincere, and as violent as solid; the hand from whence this Offering comes, you may possibly at first think guilty of Sacriledge; but suffer not your self to be deluded by appearance, I'le assure you she is a Cheat, and if you please to trouble your self with a stricter disquisition, you will find no Rank or Quality so high, to which Hope *may not justly aspire.*

The trouble which was but too visible in the face of *Metzala*, whilst the was reading this Letter, the gave the disguised Prince sufficient conviction how she was agitated within: She changed colour every time, and her heart forcing her to desire what her reason hindred her to hope; she was preparing for great questions, but had not leisure to propose them; for a Lady of remarkable Quality came into her Chamber at the same time. She composed her self as well she could, and passing out of the Balcony to meet the Lady, You may tell your Master, said she to *Jacaya*, when I have examined the Diamond his Letter speaks of, I will give him my opinion; as far as I have yet perceived, it doth not answer his Character. That, Madam, replied *Jacaya*, is no wonder, the stone is ill set; and the Merchant said, as perhaps you may have observed, you must look further than ordinary to give it the true value. Well, we will see what it is, replied *Metzala*; making him a sign to be gone; I shall not be abroad all day to morrow, bring it to me again

after dinner. *Jacaya* withdrew after this Conference, and the *Polish* Lady which came in, being acquainted with the Amours betwixt the Ambassadour and *Metzala*, she concluded the Diamond they talkt of, was some new Present from him. She took no notice of her suspicion to *Metzala*; the friendship betwixt them was not arrived at so high a confidence. Their discourse were of the fashions, of the times, and such indifferent things; but as the greatest part of that Sex are less frank and open among themselves, than among men, she was not so reserved with the Ambassadour, as she was with his Mistress; she went that very day to a Walk where she met with him; she caused her Coach to drive as near him as she could, and thrusting her self out of the Boot, What do you do here? said she smiling, you are expected, to recompense your late liberality. Your *Turkish* Officer hath done his best to make her prize it; had he been the Merchant himself, he could not have said more of the Diamond. The *Polish* Lord could make nothing of that *Ænigma*, he would fain have had her explained it; but several Coaches having interposed, he could get to her no more: He drove immediately to *Metzala* to inquire of her, and very earnest he was to be resolved. The *Transilvanian* smiled at his request, pretending greater tranquillity than in justice he ought. This Droll *Hope* brought me one of your Letters after dinner, he makes always the pleasantest sport when he speaks of your passion; he said your heart is a precious Stone, with which a Queen would think her self honoured. This Lady came just in as he was in the Panegy-

rick,

rick, and heard that expreſſion: See, I beſeech you how fools may put wiſer people into diſorder, and how unhappy we are that are forced to entertain them? But the *Poliſh* Lord was not to be coak'ſt; he did not take this ſhift of *Metzala*'s as ſhe expected; it was a long time ſince he had been diſpleaſed with her courteſie to his man *Hope*. I beg of you, Madam, ſaid he, do not uſe that Boy to ſo much familiarity. Thoſe kind of people are not born to be the objects of ſo much Generoſity; and what among us is but a natural Civility, paſſes among them for a preference, will make them inſolent: How can you admit ſuch a Fellow as he into the particulars of your affairs? If he brings you my Letters, and returns your Anſwers, I have taken care he ſhall do that faithfully; but do not you, Madam, inlarge his Commiſſion. *Metzala* could not hear him ſpeak ſo contemptibly of a perſon for whom ſhe began to have a kindneſs, without ſaying ſomething in his defence. She told the Ambaſſadour, he did not know the treaſure he had in *Hope*; that he was a Servant he could not value ſufficiently: This diſcourſe confirmed the ſuſpicion of her Gallant, and he could not conceal it for his heart. *Metzala* found him injurious in his language, his converſation anger'd her, and ſome ſmart Reparties did paſs betwixt the Lovers. The Ambaſſadour was an old Fornicator, had had more than one Love-quarrel in his time; he underſtood the difference betwixt Choler and Choler. He doubted not but *Metzala*'s anger had a touch of infidelity in it. He turned away *Hope* when he came home, and cauſed it to be told him by way of charitable advice, that if

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ever he came within *Metzala*'s doors again, he would meet with very ill Complements before he went away. This way the true course to fortifie the inclination of *Metzala*'s. She apprehended (by an excuse *Jacaya* sent her, for not waiting on her any more) what the Jealousie of the Ambassadour had done, and what would otherwise have been a blameable condescension, becoming now but a laudable compassion; she was forced to make use of an undecent hour to inquire into affairs. He was brought privately into her Chamber, when she thought all her Family was in bed: There was not an obliging word but her kindness dictated it to her Generosity; she was in bed, and Women which are naturally handsom, are much better in that posture than dress't. *Jacaya* was importuned to explain what *Metzala* found obscure in her Letter; he told her his Birth, his Love to her, and the desires of his Soul in words extremely suitable to his passion; but his narration was interrupted when it was just at the best, The jealous *Polander* had conceived shrewd suspicions of the truth: All *Metzala*'s Servants were at his disposition, he caused them to be informed what it was he desired of their zeal. Those who were thought fastest asleep, were broadest awake; and scarce was *Jacaya* got into the Chamber of his Mistress, but the Ambassadour had notice, and ran immediately with two or three of his Servants, whither the Alarm invited: At the sight of all that Company, *Metzala* was strangely surprised, she demanded of the *Polander*, what it was gave him the confidence to come to her at that time a night, and how long he had been accustom-

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ed to ſuch Viſits as thoſe. Do not you juſtifie your ſelf to your new Gallant, replied the Ambaſſadour with a tone of contempt, my deſign is not to let him ſee your gate is open to me at all hours in the night, I ſcorn to boaſt of a Conqueſt in which my Valet participates. At that word he ordered thoſe who came along with him to ſeize upon *Jacaya*, whom he took for no better than his man *Hope*; but he proved to be *Mahomets* own Son. For catching hold of the *Polanders* Cimeterre, wreſting it out of the Scabbard, and putting himſelf upon his guard, he ſatisfied his Maſter it would be no eaſie matter to have his Orders obeyed. *Metzala*, affrighted at the action, and apprehending for a man whoſe Extraction excuſed her reſentment, ſhe leapt in a rage out of bed, and cryed out for help: An Envoy from the Grand Duke of *Tuſcany*, who lodged not far from her Houſe, and came uſually very late home, hearing of her Cry, ran in to ſee what was the matter: *Jacaya* knew the *Tuſcan* Envoy, having ſeen him many times in the ſtreets: He deſired his protections, and in few words told him, he was that *Ottoman* Prince which made ſo much noiſe in the World. The *Tuſcan* had received private Letters before, that *Jacaya* was in *Poland* in diſguiſe. The Prince endeavoured to perſwade him to a belief; and though the *Polander* lookt upon the relation as fabulous, and conjured the *Tuſcan* to receive it no otherwiſe; yet he did not think fit to be perſwaded by one who was ſo much concerned. He took the perſon of *Jacaya* into his protection till the morning, reſolving to carry him to the King to have the truth more ſtrictly examined; and he was

found

found to be as he pretended: He had all the declarations of the Sultaneſs his Mother, of the Eunuch, and the Biſhop of *Theſſalonica*; he had Letters from ſome of the *Baſhaws* of *Aſia*, which they had lately writ to him under the name of *Hope*; and to daſh all ſcruples that might be pretended, there was a *Chaous* from *Achmet* at that time in the Court (who had been ſent to the revolted *Baſhaws* when he was amongſt them) which knew him. The teſtimony of this *Chaous* was irrefragable, and had not the malice of his offended Maſter, diverted his Majeſties inclinations, *Jacaya* had found the refuge and ſecurity he wanted, in the Court of that Monarch; but that incenſed perſon laid ſo many impediments in his way, and contrived ſo many Plots againſt him, the *Turkiſh* Prince thought it not prudent nor ſafe to ſtay there, and expoſe himſelf any longer. He tryed to have him aſſaſinated, he miſrepreſented him to the King, and he had no ſooner cleared himſelf of one calumny, but he was aſperſed with another. He conjured the *Tuſcan* Envoy to deliver him from this perſecution, and procure him a Retreat to the great Dukes Court: and the *Tuſcan* acquitted himſelf of that generous Act with zeal and ſucceſs. *Jacaya* departed for *Florence*, not without great trouble to *Metzala*; but ſhe muſt of neceſſity be patient. The Grand Duke received him with great kindneſs, and aſſigned him conſiderable Penſions; the ſecret differences in the *Turkiſh* Empire, ſeconded the liberality of the Duke; and the perſon of *Jacaya* being every way compleat, he became immediately the Love and Admiration of the whole *Tuſcan* Court; which though it be not altoge-

altogether ſo great as other Courts of *Europe*, yet the Ladies are naturally handſom in that Climate: not a *Florentine* Woman he ſaw, but could eaſily expunge the memory of *Metzala*. At firſt he plaid the generous Gallant; but not finding that kind of Courtſhip ſo agreeable with his mind, he reſtrained his deſires to the perſon of a young Lady called *Angelica di Strozzi*, who was reputed the handſomeſt young Woman in *Tuſcany*. Her Mother was dead, and the Marqueſs *de Strozzi* her Father, having been happy enough in his former Amours, to ſuſpect the vertue of all the Women in the World, he was a continual Watch upon his Daughter; ſo as ſhe never went abroad but to Church, or ſome other Feſtivals where her quality did indiſpenſably require her; and even on thoſe occaſions ſhe was attended by an old Widow her Kinſwoman, who would never truſt her out of her ſight. It coſt *Jacaya* by that means many a ſigh before he could gain a favourable opportunity to explain himſelf; he endeavoured to have made his Eyes his Interpreters, but *Angelica* was at that time too young to underſtand that language. One night when they were making great Fire-works in the Grand Piazza at *Florence*, in joy for the Dutcheſſes being brought to bed of a Son, and *Angelica* was among the reſt of the Court-Ladies, looking out of the Windows; the Duke having called aſide the Marqueſs for his Judgment about the Fire-works which he underſtood perfectly well: and the old Sentinel being removed upon ſome other occaſion, *Jacaya* thought beſt to take this opportunity, as not being able to aſſure himſelf when he ſhould have another.

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He got as near his young Mistress as he could, and shewing her a Squib thrown into the air, which fell down with more than ordinary noise; So it is, Madam, said he, with Lovers desires, the constraint and confinement makes them more impetuous when they break forth; so that what ought not in strictness to be said under whole years attendance, seems in some measure to be excused, as soon as occasion is offered to speak it. I love you, Madam, and I do it exceedingly. I am sensible of all the precautions Civility exacts of a Lover in order to this declaration: But, Madam, should I imploy as much time in attending a convenient opportunity, as I have past already without meeting one, I should dye without doubt before your Ladiship would understand my disease. The young *Strozzi* was so surprised at the discourse, she knew not what to answer, besides she had no time; for the old Scout perceiving their Converse, flew back like Lightning to disturb it. The Prince cast many a glance upon his new Mistress all the rest of the night, or (to speak more properly) he never took his Eyes off of her; he observed her much discomposed, she lookt down upon the ground as soon as she perceived him; but he apprehended there was more of modesty than anger in her discomposure. After the Fire-works were done, there was a magnificent Supper, and after that a Ball. The *Turkish* Prince took out *Angelica* to dance, and gave her all the intimations of his passion, that the vigilance of the old Marquess would permit him to give: He did not perceive *Angelica* do it, and none else of the Company came near enough to him, to convey any thing

thing into his Pocket; nevertheleſs when he came to his Chamber, he found a little Table-book there with certain Lines in *Italian* to this purpoſe.

Impetuoſity and ardour in fire which hath been long conſtrained, is pardonable; but the noiſe and cracking, is abominable.

At the reading of theſe words, the *Turkiſh* Prince was in as great a Tranſport, as a Lover could be. He doubted not but it was in Anſwer to the Declaration he had made; and overjoy'd ſhe had received it ſo favourably, he paſt that night in extraordinary hopes. The next day he went to Maſs to the Church where *Angelica* went ordinarily, where he obſerved a grave Matron attending him, and making ſigns to him now and then to follow him out of the Church: He ſubmitted to the ſignal; and the Matron demanding, if he had found nothing in his Pockets over night; he was afraid at firſt to confeſs, leſt he ſhould do *Angelica* a miſchief before he was aware; but the old Woman obſerving his confuſion; Tell me truly, ſaid ſhe to him, for it was I that put the Table-book there, and the advice which is given comes from me: I am *Angelica*'s Nurſe; I was behind her yeſterday, when you had your diſcourſe, and I will promiſe to bring your affairs to a happy concluſion, provided you be diſcreet, and your intentions ſincere. Though it was great ſatisfaction to *Jacaya* to find an Agent ſo proper, and ſo ready to his hand, yet it could not but give him conſiderable regret to find *Angelica* had no ſhare in the Anſwer he had received; and

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he expreſt it to the Matron. Do not trouble your ſelf, ſaid the Matron to him, repoſe your ſelf upon me, I will do you what ſervice I can, for 'tis a long time ſince I have been preparing to be revenged upon the unjuſt ſeverity of the Marqueſs. His Daughter was not born ſo fair, to be lockt up in a Chamber, and we that are Governeſſes of ſuch Beauties as ſhe, have no way to make our ſelves conſiderable but by our addreſs in oſtentating our Talents. *Jacaya* concurred with every word ſhe ſaid, and ſeconding his approbation by a Ring he gave her off his finger, he made the Matron ſo firm to his Intereſts, that that very day ſhe carried him a Letter to his Miſtreſs, and returned him an Anſwer. The Contents of her Anſwer was only a requeſt to him to write to her no more; but let a Ladies requeſt be what it will, ſhe makes a great advance when ſhe is induced to write again. The Nurſe inculcated her cares very much, and promiſed faithfully to continue them, and their ſucceſs was accordingly; their Commerce by Letters was eſtabliſht, and there began to be a conformity in their ſtyles. Things being in this poſture, the grand Dutcheſs would needs regale the Ladies of her Court at the *Pratolin* (which is one of the moſt beautiful Houſes of Pleaſure the Duke of *Tuſcany* hath near *Florence*) *Angelica* and her Convey were of the number of the Gueſts; by accident the Marqueſs *de Strozzi* was fallen into diſcourſe with *Jacaya*, who partly in revenge, and partly to make his advantage thereby, paſt ſo artificially from one ſtory to another, and kept the old man in a perpetual motion all over the Walks, that at length he tired him quiet. The Dutcheſs

Dutcheſs was at that time in a *Salon* of ruſtick work, built in the moſt ſolitary part of the Wood belonging to that Palace; four little vaulted Arbors were (as it were) attending on that great one: The Company weary of walking, was retired part into the *Salon* with the Dutcheſs, and part into the leſſer Arbors by themſelves. The Marqueſs was of the laſt number; he entred into one of the little Arbors finding it empty, and being weary with walking, he was no ſooner ſate down, but he fell aſleep. *Jacaya* left him very civilly aſleep, and paſt to the Dutcheſs, to ſee if he could find out *Angelica*, and make any improvement of that opportunity: Pretending to inquire by accident of ſome of the Court, he underſtood ſhe was with her *Argus* in one of the Cabinets: He ſent a Gentleman of his Retinue to the old Matron, to let her know the Marqueſs would ſpeak with her on the other ſide of the Wood; and perceiving his deſign had taken, he went into the Arbor to ſupply her place till ſhe came back. The young Lady bluſht exceedingly when ſhe ſaw the *Turkiſh* Prince, and would immediately have been gone, but a ſecret inclination which ſhe could not overcome, prevailed with her to ſtay: *Jacaya* perceived her propenſity, and endeavoured to fortifie her, he prayed, he promiſed, he preſt, his deſires were violent, and his paſſion eloquent. The Arbor in which this Scene was acted, anſwered exactly to the Arbor where the old Marqueſs was aſleep, and by the effect of an Art which is common in all the grand Dukes Houſes (and of which we have formerly ſeen an Experiment in the Palace of *Mary de Medicis* built at *Paris*) that

which was ſpoken in one of theſe Arbors, was conveyed ſecretly into the other, without being perceived by thoſe who were in the body of the Vault. This tranſportation of the voice from the Angle of one Vault to another, is not a Romantick invention of mine own to diſcover my Intrigue, for there is no body hath travelled into *Italy*, but will aſſure you of ſeveral places in the *Pratolin* built after that manner; and before one of the vaulted Chambers in the *Palais d'Orleans* was altered, it was remarkable for the ſame piece of Architecture. The Marqueſs being ſo near, and in a place where he could hear diſtinctly all the *Turkiſh* Prince ſaid to his Daughter, the curioſity of knowing who was the Miſtreſs ſet him perfectly awake: He liſtned attentively, and underſtanding the promiſes wherewith *Jacaya* accompanied his Propoſitions; Yes, ſaid he to himſelf, that's the Dialect of all Lovers, I know that Leſſon without Book, and have made uſe of it to ſix ſeveral Ladies in my time, but the Women are meer Sots that believe a word of it. *Jacaya* preſſing hard, and *Angelica* not being diſpoſed to grant him the favours he deſired, the Marqueſs heard her anſwer: No, *Jacaya*, I cannot comply with the thing your deſires would exact; I am ſenſible I love you as well as is poſſible, and I muſt acknowledge there are certain minutes in which I wiſh my ſelf with you in the ſame liberty as now; but, Sir, the danger diſmays me, and it troubles me to think I am not able to do any thing for you now, but to manage my ſelf ſo as it may be in my power hereafter. But, Madam, replied the *Turkiſh* Prince with ſome kind of impetuoſity, the moments

moments theſe conſiderations make you loſe, may perhaps be irrecoverable. The Stratagem I have uſed to ſend your old Sentry away, cannot laſt long, and perhaps your Father may wake at the very inſtant I am ſpeaking: do not therefore, I beſeech you, dear *Angelica*, conſume thoſe minutes which are intended only for Love, in tedious expoſtulations. The Prince incouraging himſelf by his own proper diſcourſe, would doubtleſs have been too hard for *Angelica*'s ſcruples; but her Name which *Jacaya* had mentioned, diſcovering the Intrigue to the Marqueſs, he fetcht ſuch a cry, as put our poor Lover beyond all his deſigns. *Angelica* made but one leap betwixt the place where ſhe was, to the Dutcheſſes *Salon* and the *Turkiſh* Prince, being ignorant of the artifice by which the Marqueſs his cry was conveyed to his ears, believed he was diſcovered, and retired into the thickeſt part of the Wood, outragiouſly mad for the miſcarriage of his Enterpriſe. The Marqueſs had cryed out before he was aware, and durſt have ſworn almoſt he had done no ſuch thing; ſo that obſerving the profound ſilence which followed, and not perceiving what had cauſed it, he attributed it to a quite contrary effect. Perſons of his humour and age do ſeldom interpret any thing for the beſt. The old Marqueſs aſcribing that to the exceſs of their Love, which was nothing but their fear, he ran into their Cabinet in a fury; and if he had found them imployed, as he expected to find them, it is clear he would have out run into deſperate extremities; but by good luck he found no body there but the old Matron, who having ſought him all over the Wood

to no purpose, was returned to the Arbor where she had left *Angelica*, at the same instant the Marquess came in also. The good man being in an anger, demanded very snappingly why she had left his Daughter; and she demanded of him as short, why he took delight to make his Traps about the Wood, and through all the Walks about the Palace to no purpose. They gave account of their reasons on both sides; and the Marquesses suspicions being augmented by what she related, nothing could serve his turn but he would go and stab his Daughter before the Dutchesses face. But the reverend Matron restrained him as to that: She represented to his consideration, that what was past was irreparable, and impossible to undo; that he must leave those things to Destiny, and apply himself to the prevention of such practices for the future. I know very well, said she, *Jacaya*'s Extraction places him above the Laws, which might constrain particular persons; and though he would freely submit, I am not ignorant that Princes are never without some reason of State or other in their Pockets, to keep them from performing that in their restablishment, which they promised in their affliction: But the most casual Marriage will be better than that, what you believe is already consummate betwixt the *Turkish* Prince and your Daughter: Employ your self seriously to make one of the Marriages we speak of; and instead of ruining *Angelica* by an ineffectual discovery, conceal your resentment, so that by a dissembled confidence, you may hasten the moment of your satisfaction. The Marquess approved of her advice very well; he forced his Cho-

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ler as much as he could to compose his Countenance; and entring into the room where the whole Court was, he counterfeited that, and two or three days after so handsomly, the two Lovers apprehensions were intirely laid aside. They began to write Letters, as they had formerly done, and the Nurse which managed the Intrigue, observing by her private discourse with *Angelica*, that fear was the only impediment which kept her from satisfying the desires of the Prince, she thought she should do a meritorious act, if she could betray the innocent *Angelica* to a *Rendez-vous*, to which she would not otherwise consent. She saw her modesty made her reject all allurements of Love; but she hoped time and accident might make her more happy. This hope having long since been digested, and *Jacaya* well instructed in what he had to do, our female Engeneer found occation to have the Windows of a low Hall under *Angelica*'s Apartment, to be so altred, that the wooden Grilles or Bars might be taken out, and put in again with ease. These Windows were no higher than the Butresses, and lookt into a by-street that was little frequented. The Nurse complained that *Angelicas* Chamber was too hot, and the old Matron was brought to consent she should change her Appartment. The other being proposed and approved, the day was appointed for their removal, and the *Turkish* Prince had advertisement not to lose so fair an occation. He assured the Nurse by a Ticket, he would not fail to be at the assignation; but by the continual care the Marquess took to know how things passed, this Ticket fell into his hands. It

had no ſubſcription, and imported only thus much, That *Jacaya* would not fail to be at the place appointed that night at eleven of the Clock. And now the old Marqueſs would have ſworn he had them ſure: He ſent for the Officers of the Town, and having diſpoſed them into a room, and ordered them to remain there ready to execute their Offices when required; the Marqueſs not daring to truſt any Scout but himſelf, clapt himſelf upon the Watch in a little Cloſet, built in the form of a Watch-houſe, from whence he could ſee all that went in or out of his houſe. The hour appointed by *Jacaya*'s Billet being come, the Marqueſs heard one while in the ſtreet, which he took at firſt for the ſignal, and indeed at that whiſtle the Porter opened the Gate gently, and let in a perſon covered all over from head to foot with a Cloak *à l'Italienne*. The Marqueſs made no queſtion but this was *Jacaya*, and lamenting the condition of perſons of Quality, to be expoſed to the infidelity of their Servants, he followed with his Eye to a Gallery correſponding to *Angelica*'s Chamber, into which none but her Women were permitted to enter. The Viſion knockt, and the door opened; there was not any place ſo ſecret in the houſe, into which that whiſtle would not have given her admiſſion. The old man thought he had ſeen enough, he ſent for his Judge and his Notary immediately, he put himſelf at the head of them with a lamp in his hand, and making the leaſt noiſe he could for fear of loſing his prey, by the ſecret orders he had given, he got preſently to his Daughters beds ſide. The kreaking of his ſhooes in going, and the light of the lamp

lamp, having got before him to the Eyes and Ears of *Angelica*, ſhe clapt her head into the bed, and cauſed the party in bed with her to do the ſame. The Marqueſs drew the Curtain, and ſeeing two perſons in bed, he commanded the Judge to do his Office; and pulling a Daggar out of his Pocket, which he had brought with him on purpoſe, he ſwore a deſperate oath he ſhould marry his Daughter, or dye upon the ſpot. At theſe words of Judge, Death, and Daggar, *Angelica* threw her ſelf out of the bed, in a great fright, and eſcaping into a Cloſet on the inward ſide of her bed, ſhe fell a barricadoing the door with whatever ſhe could find. The Marqueſs not having ſo much occaſion for that part of his prey, as for the other, ſuffered her to go as ſhe would, and reſerved himſelf for what was behind. The Judge, the Notary, and ſome Servants ſelected for that deſign, ſeize upon the remainder, and haling it violently out of bed, the Marqueſs was ſtrangely ſurpriſed to find it was only his Daughters Nurſe: He cryed out it was none of ſhe he lookt for, he askt for *Jacaya*, and proteſted he would kill them every mothers child, if they did not tell him where he was. The old Nurſe underſtanding by that demand, what was the occaſion of this diſorder, ſhe took heart, and with the grave and ſevere tone of a Matron, askt him if *Angelica*'s Chamber was a fit place to look for a man at that time of night. True it was, as was mentioned in the Ticket, *Jacaya* was to have met that night in *Angelica*'s Appartment; but ſome Gentlemen from *Provence* having come to ſee the Marqueſs of *Strozzi*, that day, he had diſpoſed them

that night into the Chamber appointed for the Enterview, and put off the young Ladies removal till the next. The Nurſe went out before noon to give *Jacaya* advice; and for the better diſguiſing of her *Sally*, ſhe went to ſee one of her Relations that was ſick, and had continued with her to the very hour in which the Marqueſs ſaw her come in: For knowing the Jealouſie of her Maſter, ſhe thought it not beſt to come home till ſhe believed he was in bed, leſt ſhe ſhould be troubled with the impertinent queſtions he uſed to all people that had been abroad. She had deſired the Porter to open the Gate when ſhe gave him the ſignal, as he did, and it was ſhe the Marqueſs had ſeen enter both into the Court and the Gallery belonging to his Daughters Chamber. The cunning old Fox being aſſured the *Turkiſh* Prince was not to be found where he was ſought for, ſhe laid about her, and gave the Marqueſs all the reproaches ſhe could have given him, had ſhe been really innocent. She cauſed the Porter to be called, to teſtifie it was ſhe that came in: ſhe would needs have him ſend to the ſick perſon, where ſhe had been viſiting, to ſatisfie himſelf, whether ſhe was not newly come from thence; and purſuing her confidence ſo far as to preſs him to ſend to *Jacaya*, he did, and having found him in bed, ſhe put the poor Marqueſs into ſuch a contuſion, as he was never in before in his life. This ſtory made a great noiſe in the Duke of *Tuſcany*'s Court; ſome Ladies who emulated *Angelica*'s Beauty, and perhaps had their private deſigns upon the affections of *Jacaya*, began to talk of it at their pleaſure: *Jacaya* proteſted it was only the old

old Marqueſſes fancy, and that he had never had any familiarity with his Daughter: But the good man, to juſtifie his ſenſes, and demonſtrate that his age had as yet done him no prejudice in his judgment, gave a relation to all people of what he heard in the *Pratolin*; and pretended he had done the part of a wiſe man, when he had diſcovered upon what grounds he had done as he did. By this means was *Angelica* become the whole diſcourſe of the Court; and though ſhe was really innocent her ſelf, yet ſhe ſerved for an eminent Example, that in matters of Reputation, appearances are ſometimes as dangerous, as real tranſgreſſion. The Family of the *Strozzi* was very conſiderable in *Italy*; the Relations of *Angelica* were ſenſible of the injury the *Turkiſh* Prince had done her, and *Jacaya*'s ambition not ſuffering him to apply ſuch publick remedy, as would have been required, the Counſel of the Grand Duke, after great diviſion and debate, concluded at laſt that the poor Prince ſhould be put to ſeek his protection from the Pope. But the malice of the *Strozzi* not regarding the Holineſs of his Protector, they laid ſo many ſecret practices againſt his life, that they forced him out of *Italy*, and obliged him to paſs into *France* with the Duke of *Nevers*, newly come to the Dukedom of *Mantua*, whoſe Subjects refuſed to admit him into his State. The Court of *France* was at that time the moſt ſplendid in the World: The Marriage of of the young *Lewis* XIII. with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, ſupplied new matter to the Magnificence of the Queen Mother *Mary de Medicis*; and that time was ſo eminent for fair Ladies, that never was there ſo

many

many Beauties together in one Court, as in his Reign. The Duke of *Mantua* having brought the *Turkish* Prince into *France*, he would needs be his Patron amongst them: He proposed to him to accompany him in his Visits to the most beautiful, and most eminent in Dignities; but the Prince stopping him at the first words of his Proposition; I beseech your Highness, said he to the Duke, suffer me to forget there any such Creatures in the World: I see the Ladies of this Court are transcendently handsom, but it satisfies me to look upon them at Court as so many pieces of good Painting; I will never pursue them to their own Houses, if you will please to dispense. How! said the Duke, not see them, can you think to be in a Court so illustrious as this, and never visit the Ladies? Ha! my dear Prince, *Paris* is not *Constantinople*, you must visit them here, or be exposed to whatever their scorn or indignation can inflict; and you cannot imagine how dangerous the displeasure of that Sex is for a person of your Age and Extraction: You may play the *Turk* in your own Country, but in *France* you must imitate the *French*. I ought not any where to be lookt upon as a *Turk*, replied *Jacaya* a little angry, I came so young out of that Country, I have retained nothing of their Customs: My first years I spent in *Greece*, where they live with liberty enough; the Court of *Poland* is none of the strictest, and if one may believe the imaginations of the Marquess *de Strozzi*, continued he smiling, I, of all the World, have little reason to complain of the severity of *Italy*. But, Sir, I desire to be excused from any Amours in this Kingdom; and to preserve my self from

from the dangers which I have many times incurred, I tell you once again, I have no inclination to visit any of your Ladies. I am too much your friend, replied the Duke, not to root out that obstinate fancy; you will pass for some pitiful Creature, if you do not visit the Ladies: And for the dangers you speak of, they are not so great as you apprehend: the multitude of Beauties obstructing the choice, one can scarce give his heart to one, but the next fetches it again. That uncertainty preserves many souls from the torture of Love; and if it so happens one should be caught, a *French* Ladies Gallant runs no harder Risques than an ordinary Lover. And then not staying for the Princes answer, he pulled him along with him by force, to two or three Ladies of his Acquaintance, and among the rest the Duke of *Savoys* Ambassadours Wife, which was a very pleasant Person, and spoke *Italian* excellently well. But whatever these Ladies could do to signalize their Entertainment of *Jacaya*, they could not get the least obliging Syllable from him: He fixt his Eyes upon the ground like a Novice of two days old, and answered with nothing but monosyllables. The Dukes friends laught at him next day for bringing such a Spark into *France*: He found them altogether in the Ambassadresses House, where they were at play, till it was time to walk. What Innocent is that you have got? cryed they to the Duke, as soon as they perceived him: he is afraid to speak one word, and to look a Woman in the face, is as much as his life is worth; what do you with that poor Creature? or to what use do you design him? Ha! Ladies, replied the Duke,

Duke, he is nothing less, than what you take him for: He hath been told the *French* Ladies are much used to play upon Strangers; and not knowing the *French* Tongue very well, nor being yet acquainted with the Intrigues of the Court, he is afraid to expose his discretion till he be informed better in both: But such as you see him, if you could fasten him to your Chariot, I question whether you ever triumpht with a more illustrious Captive in your life. Alas! said one of the Ladies in a jeering tone, certainly that Honour must be left to a *Venus* in the Hangings, for whilst he was in my Chamber, he regarded nothing else. I am of opinion, says another in the same sly way, the little *Cupid* by my beds side, is Rival to your *Venus*, for the *Turkish* Prince was graciously pleased to vouchsafe him many a favourable glance whilst he was with me. For my part, said the Ambassadress smiling, I have neither *Venus* nor *Cupid* to imploy the contemplation of the Duke of *Mantua*'s new friend; the Beds and Borders in my Garden were the only things he thought worthy of his Eye-sight; and though he made me a large Visit, was a whole day in my Chamber, and I discoursed with him in a Language he understood better than *French*; yet I dare lay a good Wager, he cannot tell whether I be fair or brown, little or great, and that he scarce remembers I was the Ambassadress of *Savoy*. You may proceed, Ladies, if you please, replied the Duke smiling, and pass your Judgments upon the poor Stranger; but let me assure you, you are in an Errour at this time; that Sultan *Jacaya* is one of the wittiest persons of this Age, and one of the greatest

Courtiers

Courtiers beſides. Ha! Monſieur, cryed the Ladies, as it were altogether, do us the honour to let us know what days they are in which he ſhews. Every day in the year, replied the Duke, provided he be not among Women. He knows you too well to talk before you; but if you will agree upon a place where I may make him ſpeak without knowing any body hears him but my ſelf, I do not queſtion but you will make his miſtaken merit an honourable amends. The bargain was made, and to be put in execution next day. They choſe the Houſe of the Mareſhal *Baſſompierre*, where there were ſeveral places convenient to conceal themſelves. A Summer Houſe at the end of a Terrace-walk, which look't upon the River, was deſigned for the *Rendezvous*, and the Ladies being met at the hour appointed, the Duke of *Mantua* brought in his Monſter into a place where they could all hear him. After ſome preliminary diſcourſe about the ſituation of the Houſe (in which thoſe of them which were curious, confeſt he did well) the Duke cutting himſelf ſhort, and looking upon *Jacaya* with a ſubtile ſort of ſmile, Obſerve, ſaid he, this place, where in ſpight of the Beauty which you cannot but diſcern, I believe you but ſeldom appear, becauſe for the moſt part it is full of Ladies: The Mareſhal of *Baſſompierre*, to whom it belongs, is a great Admirer of that beautiful Sex, and will not have his door ſhut againſt any that hath but the ſhape of a Woman; therefore being ſo fine a Houſe, and at the very Gate of *Paris*, 'tis odds if at this very hour there be not five or ſix Ladies, which conceal themſelves in ſome of the ſolitary places. As to them,

replied the Prince ſmiling in his turn, my care is at an end: the Viſits you forced me to make ſome days ſince, will preſerve me againſt their Charms; for after the rate that I deported my ſelf with thoſe which I ſaw, I am miſtaken if they will not ſhun me as much as I can avoid them for my heart. 'Tis true enough, ſaid the Duke, you were very ridiculous (if you will give me the liberty to tell you ſo) I thought ſo my ſelf, more than they did, replied *Jacaya*, and when I think of the perſon I have acted, I know not how I could have the power to do it. To tell you the truth, replied the Duke, it was not at all natural. Alas! no, perſiſted the Sultan with a ſigh, I am nothing leſs than indifferent for Ladies, or diſtracted in their Companies; on the contrary, I am born not only inclinable, but paſſionate for that Sex. I cannot ſee a handſom Woman, but ſhe is ready to draw my Eyes out of my head, and gives me ſo pleaſant a commotion I am not able to define it. I love ardently, I love nicely, I devote my ſelf wholly to what I love; and am convinced in this life there is no pleaſure ſo great as to be beloved where one loves. But hitherto Love hath ſeemed incompatible with my ſafety, and with the juſt ambition of my mind: It diſturbs all my deſigns, it drives me from all my proteſtations, and no ſooner can I entertain the very ſhadow of an Intrigue, but the malignity of all the Conſtellations do ſeem to declare againſt me. Make therefore no more Combinations againſt my tranquillity, continued he ſmiling; for I am at length reſolved to love nothing for the future, and I am of opinion ſhould ſooner break with you, than be prevailed

prevailed upon by your perſwaſion to love any thing again. You have cleared your ſelf of their Ambuſcadoes in very good health, replied the Duke with a tone tending to Raillery. The Ambaſſadreſs yeſterday was ſaying in merriment, you knew not whether ſhe was handſom or otherwiſe; How! ſaid the Prince with a little more red than ordinary in his Cheeks, ſhe was very much miſtaken, never any Woman of her Excellence eſcapt my obſervation; nor dare I confeſs all the impreſſions ſhe made upon my heart. Why! replied the Duke, being ſomewhat ſurpriſed, hath the Ambaſſadreſs given you any impreſſion? I durſt have ſworn your Eye had not been long enough upon her, to have known her from another Woman. Ha! good Sir, ſaid *Jacaya* to the Duke, you are too politick, you have a mind to inveigle my heart, and I am afraid are ingaged, if poſſible, to intangle it: Do not command me to give you a deſcription of the Ambaſſadreſs, we muſt always be tender of ſpeaking of what we would not keep conſtantly in our mind; let it ſuffice I know her proportions very well, and that the luſtre of her comely black Hair, the vivacity of her Eyes, the Majeſty of her Shape, the ſweet and obliging Air expanded all over her body, her fine Mouth, and her incomparable Teeth, were never obſerved more ſtrictly, nor with more veneration than by me. I know further, that Nature hath ſeemed to pleaſe her ſelf in giving her the Arms and Neck of a fat Woman, with the ſhape and proportion of a lean: The Ladies who had no ſhare in *Jacaya*'s *Elogium*, thought it high time to interrupt him; they ſallied

out

out of their Reconditory, and crying out to the Duke of *Mantua*, Pardon us, Sir, we recant, the Prince of *Turkie* is as gallant and courtly as you describe him; they acquainted *Jacaya* with their Conspiracy against him, he reprehended the Duke by a significative look, and to render their design ineffectual then, and discourage his friend from such Plots for the future, he returned home to his own Lodgings, in spight of all the Ladies importunities to the contrary. This kind of deportment set them all into a loud laughter, Come back, Sir, come back, cryed they to the fugitive Prince, we will promise you Quarter; do not be afraid of your heart, we know a way to secure it. But the Prince marcht on to his Coach without seeming to hear them: The Ambassadress, who was naturally amorous, and according to the inclination of her Sex, could not but hold her self obliged to the *Turkish* Prince for the Character he had given her, told her Companions it was an affront to them to have a man run from them in that manner; and that if she might advise, they should make him repent of his insolence. They liked her counsel very well, they had none of them any design upon the heart of *Jacaya*, they had already as many of those as they could tell how to manage; but they thought it pleasant to torment the poor Prince. The Duke of *Mantua* promised to assist them; he did not look upon it as any defect of the friendship he had promised them, to deliver him up to three or four the handsomest Ladies in the World, at their earnest request. *Jacaya* came not into the Queens Appartment, but through twenty or thirty *œillades*; the

the Ladies of the League, gave the word to ingage him by turns, every one in a particular converſation; and the pretence they made uſe of, rendring their deſire but merriment, it was no ſtrange thing for a perſon of quality to be ſeen walking with the Sultan, or in entertaining him otherwiſe alone. Ha! Ladies, ſaid he to them one day, I am here in my *Aſylum*, do not violate the Priviledges of the place, by endeavouring the Captivity of my heart. Alas if you had it, you knew not how to uſe it; I know the humour of the *French* Ladies already, their greateſt weakneſs is their levity. In the Countries from whence I come, they are conſtant; they ſpeak nothing, but they think; and when they think a thing, all their care is to put it honeſtly in execution: Thoſe Ladies would be much troubled to deſtroy a man; but in this Court, the Goddeſs moſt adored is Pretence. Great liberty, great kindneſs: Society is not only permitted, but commanded; and when of that, which in another Country would be all, we endeavour to make our advantage in this; we find that all amounts to juſt nothing. Quarter therefore, Quarter, fair Ladies, for a poor Stranger. The *French* Ladies were generous, and conceiving they had diverted themſelves long enough with what they entertained at firſt only for their diverſion, they began to think of letting the poor Sultan alone, to enjoy himſelf after his own Mode. But the Ambaſſadreſs was not ſo indulgent; in her judgment *Jacaya* demanded Quarter in ſuch a way as was not fit to be granted. She found him in the *Thuikries* with the Duke of *Mantua* one day and accoſt-

ed him; May one be ſo bold, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the Sultan, paſſing near him, as to deſire the honour of your Uſherſhip? No, Madam, replied *Jacaya*, you are too handſom at this time; and having ſaid ſo, he made a low Reverence with deſign to have been gone; but the Duke of *Mantua* catching him by the Arm; It ſhall never be ſaid, ſaid he, you made your friends bluſh for your incivility towards the Ladies. Sir, ſaid the Prince to the Duke, with ſome diſcontent in his countenance, I cannot comport with your manner of uſage; and if you anger me any further, I will fall in Love with the Ambaſſadreſs. The Duke of *Mantua* bluſht indeed at that menace, without knowing the reaſon. He could not get it out of his head during the reſt of their Converſation; and taking the Sultan home with him to Supper, he demanded of him very ſeriouſly if he were in earneſt, when he ſaid he would love the Ambaſſadreſs of *Savoy*. It was not yet come to a reſolution; but the Sultan, who had a mind to be merry in his turn, and obſerved the Duke askt him that queſtion with ſome little commotion, he was glad of that occaſion to revenge himſelf. Yes, Sir, ſaid he very gravely, I am moſt certainly in earneſt; do not you think her worthy of being beloved? 'Tis not of her worth I ſpeak, replied the Duke, the queſtion is, whether ſhe will love you again: What would you ſay, ſaid the *Turkiſh* Prince, if ſhe be in Love with me already? I will ſay you are a happy man, replied the Duke. Read theſe Verſes then, ſaid *Jacaya*; and giving him a Table-book out of his Pocket, the Duke opened it, and found theſe words.

Nothing's

Nothing's ſo deep below, ſo high above,
But feels the mighty influence of Love.
The rugged Earth, th' inexorable Sea,
The Winds, the Stars, all owne his Soveraignty;
Nothing's too far, too great, too good; he ſwayes
All things at will, and ev'ry thing obeys.

What are theſe Verſes to the purpoſe? continued the Duke. Turn the leaf, replied the Sultan, and when you have read all, I'le ſatisfie your Curioſity. The Duke followed *Jacaya*'s directions, and found on the other ſide, as followeth.

The little Bird which claps his wings,
And hops from th' Myrtle to the Thorn;
From thence to th' Elm, and chirps, and ſings,
What would it ſay (had it been born
With reaſon) in thoſe warblings.
But oh! bleſt Love, that doſt inſpire
Such Anthems for my ſhady Quire.

The Bull that in the Paſture lies,
And ſtamps, and ſtares about, and lows,
Shows not his rage ſo much thereby,
As his affection for the Cows.
The gentle Brook which murmuring flies,
Why in ſuch haſte? but that it ſhows,
It loves, it longs, and would be there:
And would you (dear) be ſingular.

Now, Sir, ſaid the Prince of *Turkie* to the Duke of *Mantua*, what is your opinion? would not one

resolve to love upon less sollicitation? I confess, replied the Duke, these are of importance; but tell me sincerely, is it the Ambassadress who invites you from your indifference in this manner? You are very strange in your questions, replied the Prince smiling, am I not indiscreet enough of my self, but your affected incredulity must render me more so? Had the Duke told the Sultan at the same time of his own affection for the Ambassadress, it was then in time, and *Jacaya* had suppress his natural inclination: But the Duke dissembled as well as he, and told the Sultan he was glad of his good Fortune. In the mean time it is not to be imagined, the effect this Juggle of *Jacaya*'s produced in the Duke of *Mantua*'s mind: Till that very minute he never perceived he loved the Ambassadress; but when he examined the secret displeasure it was to him, to believe the Sultan in her affections, he doubted not but that displeasure arose from an inkling of Love. He past away that whole night in detesting the ignorance of his passion, and representing to himself what he had done towards the making of that Intrigue, which disturbed him, he could not sufficiently admire the oddness of his Destiny. As soon as she was to be seen the next day, he made a Visit to the Ambassadress, and found her translating a piece of *Pastor Fido* out of *Italian* into *French*. The Lady being as courteous as witty took great pleasure in giving the Sultan intelligence of the *French* Language, by her Translations out of *Italian*, which *Jacaya* understood perfectly well. With this design it was she gave the Prince the first fragments in his Table-book; and had the Duke consider-

conſidered, he would have remembred the ſenſe was there exactly in the Scene of *Silvio* and *Linco*; but he was ſo ſtrongly perplext with jealouſie and anger, he had not time for any ſuch reflexions. Is it *Jacaya*, Madam, ſaid he in a biting way to the Ambaſſadreſs, which imploys your Poetical Vein? Yes, replied the Ambaſſadreſs, not obſerving the manner of his pronounciation, how do you know it is for him I put my Wit upon the Tentars? *Jacaya* is not endued with ſo much diſcretion, replied the Duke to let his friends be ignorant of any favours he receives from the Ladies. Ha! Sir, replied the Ambaſſadreſs, the favours he receives from me are common to all the perſons of Worth which I know, if they be ignorant of the *French* Tongue. I find at my arrival at this Court they did me an extreme pleaſure to make me perfect in that Language, and I am endeavouring to do the ſame kindneſs to *Jacaya*: He doth not receive the effects of your goodneſs, Madam, replied the Duke, in that way; and then he gave her an account of all that paſt betwixt *Jacaya* and him. He deſigned to have incenſed her by that information, and obliged her to have baniſht *Jacaya* from her Company. But his intelligence produced a contrary effect. *Jacaya* was one of the moſt accompliſht Princes in the World, and our *Savoyenne* diſcerned too well, to be ignorant of his perfections. Nevertheleſs, the leſs ſhe obſerved the Punctilioes uſual upon ſuch occaſions, ſhe complained highly of *Jacaya*'s indiſcretion, and affecting to paſs by him without any Salute, ſhe perſwaded the Duke of *Mantua* ſhe was really angry. In that opinion he was very well pleaſed, and

his Love became ſo violent, it was no eaſie matter for him to conceal it. The Sultan, who had ſpoke truer than he intended, perceiving his threat was effectual in earneſt, ſpared not by all means to propagate his affairs. Tell me, Madam, I beſeech you, ſaid he one day to the Ambaſſadreſs, what is it a man muſt do to deſerve your Eſteem? The reſpect I bear you, favours too much of timidity: That Character I know doth not pleaſe you, you have been ſo often pleaſed to expreſs your ſelf to that effect, that I might take another upon me. I endeavour to obey you, I follow you where-ever you go, I entertain you as often as I can, and could I believe you would hearken graciouſly to what I ſhould ſay, I could tell you great things: But you ſeem to grow cold at the leaſt ſignification of my flame; and having no inclination to hear any body ſpeak, but when they are reſolved to be ſilent, your Curioſity ceaſes as ſoon as I prepare my ſelf to ſpeak. My Curioſity did not expect to have heard from the Duke of *Mantua*, that you were my Gallant, replied the Ambaſſadreſs ſomething tartly: Why? Madam, ſaid the *Turkiſh* Prince, did the Duke of *Mantua* inform you ſo? Yes, doubtleſs, replied the Ambaſſadreſs, he is too much my friend not to give me notice of your indiſcretion. He is mine too very much, Madam, replied *Jacaya*, the kindneſs he hath done me is a ſufficient teſtimony; I could not have expected it from him, and (if I may have liberty to ſay ſo) it was but by chance I diſcovered that ſecret to him. But he hath made the beſt uſe of it for me, and ſaved me many a Complement: You know now I love you, without my trouble

trouble of ſwearing it; and I may imploy all that time which would have been neceſſary to have perſwaded you to it, in uſing my beſt means to make you love me. The Ambaſſadreſs found this Declaration ſo pretty and ſingular, ſhe had not power to keep her countenance any longer, but fell out into a laughter. Some Lovers, continued the *Turkiſh* Prince, would have been offended at this effuſion of mirth; but I am not of their opinion, I hold it pleaſant any ways to divert the perſons we love; and ſince you are ſo pleaſed with my aſſurances, 'tis an Entertainment I ſhall give you as often as I may. As he promiſed, he performed; When at any time he ſaw the Ambaſſadreſs ſerious: Reſume your good humour, Madam, ſaid he, I love you no leſs at this inſtant, than when my aſſurances put you into ſuch a fit of laughter. When ſhe was gay, and merry (as ſhe generally was) my affairs go on now very well, ſaid *Jacaya* to her, you ſee without doubt my paſſion written in my Eyes, being in the ſame humour in which I found you the firſt time I profeſt it. The Ambaſſadreſs forced her ſelf as much as ſhe could to be ſevere; but her ſeverity would not hold againſt the inſinuation of the Sultan: She accuſtomed her ſelf inſenſibly to hear him tell her he loved her, till that cuſtom became a habit, and produced a paſſion in her wherewith the Sultan had good reaſon to be content. The Duke of *Mantua* was too much affected with that Intrigue, not to pry into the bottom of it: He advanced ſo far as to give the Ambaſſadreſs his judgment of it, without declaring the true motive which impelled him. She received his advice as a piece of pleaſantery,

ſantery, and paying in counterfeit Coin what he delivered in true, ſhe turned all *en ridicule*. He would have ſpoke more intelligibly, and to the charitableneſs of his advice, added another Epithet that belonged to it; but his Love was no happier than his Jealouſie. Ha! ſaid the Ambaſſadreſs to him, you have not taken a right Copy of Prince *Jacaya*. by your looks one would imagine your diſcourſe were ſerious. I intend it no otherwiſe, Madam, replied the Duke, the paſſion wherewith you have inſpired me, is (in my judgment) the ſeriouſeſt affair I can treat of. That part doth not agree with you at all, Sir, replied the Ambaſſadreſs, I know you are but merry, and ſhould I take your pretences for truths, I ſhould likewiſe deſire you to remember who I am; but I am not ſo eaſily deluded. Why do you now tell me you love me? are my Charms any greater now, than they have been theſe two years that you have been expoſed to them? No, Sir, you do but railly, and (give me leave to ſay) not with the neatneſs and dexterity, is to be expected from an ingenious man; and ſeeing the Prince of *Turkie* come in at the ſame time, Come hither, Sir, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, come hither, and let me hear ſome of your Amours before the Duke of *Mantua*, that he may diſcern the difference, and begin a new Leſſon; for two hours together he hath been endeavouring to imitate you, but could not attain. I am to day, Madam, replied the Sultan, in no humour to make Love; you look upon me this morning at Maſs, in ſuch a way as hath diſcompoſed me for all this day: I could not diſcover the leaſt ſpark of kindneſs in your Eyes.

Tell

Tell me, I beſeech you, is it enough for a Lover, that they be ſparkling without kindneſs? or do you think they have acquitted themſelves of their duty, when they have dazled a poor Creature? I muſt ſee Love in them, or renounce their Empire; and when mine declare I love more than ever, I expect yours ſhould make anſwer, *And I'le aſſure you there's no Love loſt.* If that be all, replied the Ambaſſadreſs, rather than the Duke ſhall want his Leſſon, I'le look upon you as you pleaſe. Do I look well now? continued ſhe, fixing her Eye upon him with as much tenderneſs as ſhe could. Ha! I know you, dear Eyes, ſaid the Sultan, I ſee now you are diſpoſed to hear me; and then he ran out into a thouſand amorous expreſſions, but the Duke of *Mantua* (who took no recreation in that kind of divertiſement) interrupted him, by departing haſtily out of the room. *Jacaya* obſerved his Phyſiognomy ſo changed, he was afraid he had been ill, and deſired the Ambaſſadreſs ſhe would permit him to follow him, which he did, but could not overtake him till he came to his Lodgings. The Prince of *Turkie* deſired to know, what it was obliged him to retire ſo abruptly, and aſſured him the Ambaſſadreſs was very unquiet till ſhe could be ſatisfied of his health. The Duke being brim full of paſſion, anſwered not the Sultans Complement; but looking fiercely upon him with his Eyes, in which grief and rage were both livelily delineated; *Actum eſt*, it is decreed, cryed he, I love her; my Love hath not been thus long conſtrained. but to break out with the greateſt violence, and I will periſh a thouſand times before I will endure my Rival ſhall

be

be beloved. *Jacaya* thought him in a Phrenſie, and taking him by the Arm to feel his Pulſe, What do you talk of a Miſtreſs, and a Rival? you are in a burning Feaver, do you remember who it is that ſpeaks to you? Yes, Prince, replied the Duke, with ſomewhat more moderation, I know you too well, you are the Ambaſſadreſſes Darling, but you muſt reſolve to take away my life, or renounce thoſe addreſſes. Why, Sir, ſaid the Sultan in a great ſurpriſe, do you love the Ambaſſadreſs? To ſay I love her, replied the Duke, is too mean; I admire, I adore her, and either you muſt reſign, or one of us muſt dye. *Jacaya*, confounded at this Alarm, as may well be imagined, fell down upon the Chair that was next him, and leaning his Elbow upon the Table, fell into a contemplation of his Deſtiny. He loved the Ambaſſadreſs entirely, and though his paſſion was begun in ſport, and continued in a Frolick; yet at the bottom he was moſt abſolutely ſerious. He was of an amorous Complexion, much ſubject to Love, and in that reſpect it was no eaſie matter for him to renounce it; on the other ſide, he had been infinitely obliged to the friendſhip of the Duke; he had protected him againſt the Conſpiracies of the *Strozzi*; he had given him all neceſſary ſupplies, and he had never been admitted in *France*, but by his means. Love! Ha, cruel Love, cryed he with a ſigh, will you be always mine Enemy? Alas! Sir, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the Duke, I foreſaw the miſery is befallen me; and had you left me in that liberty I deſired, I had never pulled it down upon me: Had you no other way of breaking with me, than by making me your Rival:

Rival: I ſuppoſe my friendſhip hath tryed you, and I do not admire it; the unfortunate are often tedious to their friends; but had it not been enough to let me have known ſo, without adding the conſequences of an infructuous paſſion? Do not call me to an account, ſaid the Duke, for what I have done; I knew nothing of it my ſelf, and would have ſworn I ſhould never have been in Love with the Ambaſſadreſs: The very moment before I knew ſhe had a kindneſs for you, my Love began to declare, by the approaches of my Jealouſie; the news of your being in Love ſet me alſo on fire; and that fire having been a long time depreſt ſecretly in my heart, that part of it which appears but its beginning, is indeed the utmoſt extremity. It is not that I am weary of your friendſhip, and I offer you mine as pure as you have found it; But, dear Sultan, ſhew me your compaſſion by your compliance; Ladies are unconſtant, and perhaps you will do that of your ſelf one day, either out of wearineſs or revenge, that I conjure you to do now in kindneſs to me. The *Turkiſh* Prince could not reliſh that Propoſition; all that his obligations and Policy could get from him, was only a promiſe to endeavour to maſter himſelf. In order to which he abſented himſelf for ſome time, and pretending a Curioſity to ſee the Kings Houſes, and other Palaces about *Paris*, he had ſeveral Entertainments with ſeveral Lords of the Court. Whether in ſome of thoſe Entertainments the Duke of *Mantua* laid any deſign for him; or whether the conſideration of his miſfortune in his Love exſtimulated him to retire into ſome unknown part of the World,

World, where that paſſion was a ſtranger, is not known; but certain it is, he diſappeared in an inſtant, and could never afterwards be heard on. The Duke of *Mantua* was not much happier; for the Ambaſſadour dying in *France*, and his Lady returning into *Savoy*, the Dukes Affairs called him into *Italy*, and gave him no leiſure to abandon himſelf to the deſires of his paſſion.

A Table

A TABLE of all the Hiſtories contained in theſe Eight Parts.

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